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Music & Supermodels

WAY COOL SPECIAL ISSUE

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NEWT GINGRICH BY MOLLY IVINS

MUSIC POLL RESULTS

ALANIS MORISSETTE

SEX, SUPERMODELS AND ROCK STARS

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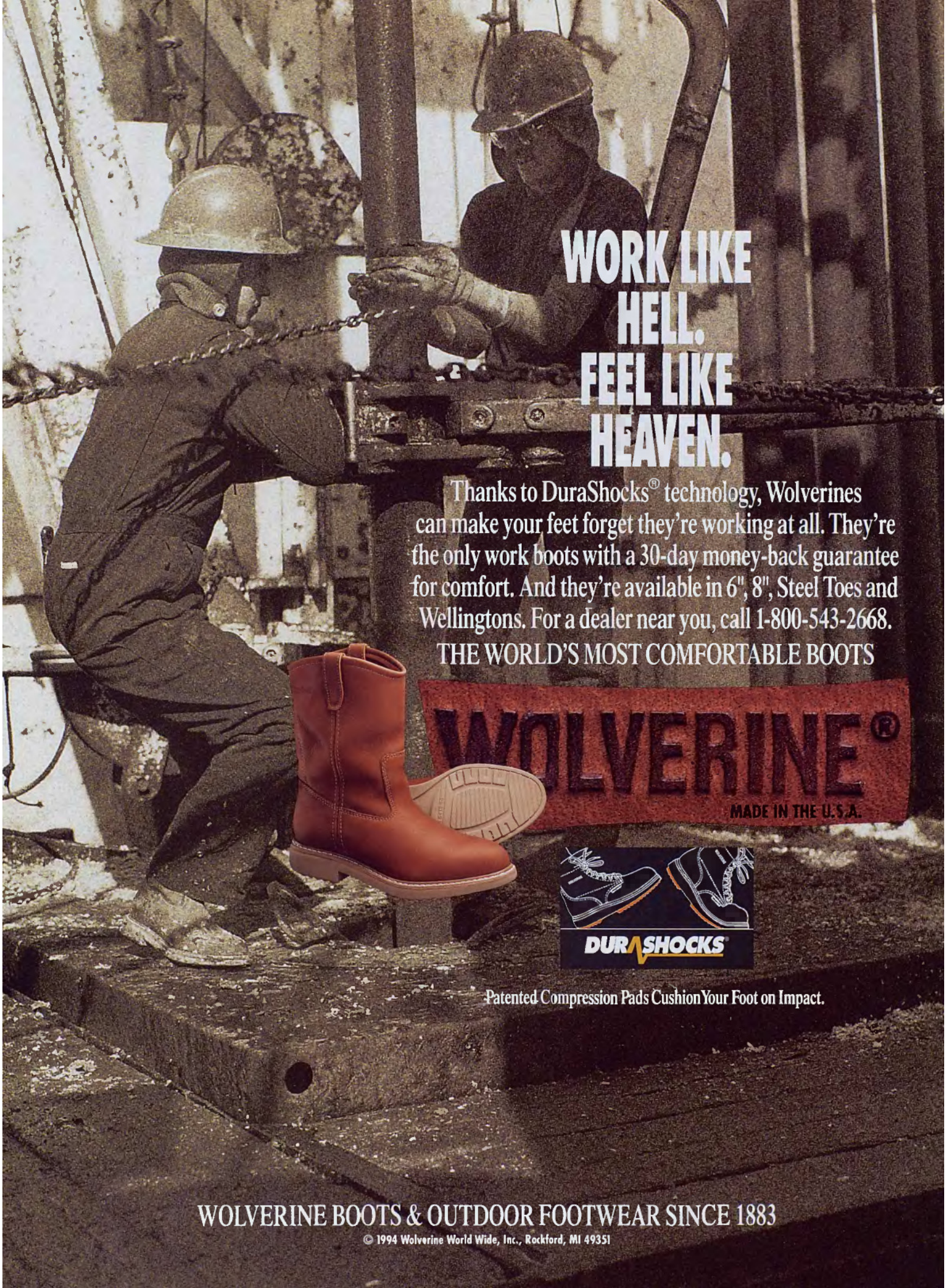
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PLAYBILL

IN THIS ISSUE, we look at two tectonic movements of our culture: pop music and the cult of supermodels. *Playboy Music 1996* features our readers' poll (Hootie is this year's big fish) and examines a global industry that keeps the hits coming—sometimes despite itself. Take **Alanis Morissette** (but return her, please). As **Charles Young** relates in *Alanis Morissette Is a Big Deal*, she was the surprise star of last year with her harrowing single about sexual betrayal, *You Oughta Know*. Young wishes her more success—not more jerky boyfriends. To find new talent before it finds them, record labels are turning to college radio. In *The Rise of Radio U.* (art by **John Craig**), **Mark Jannot** introduces junior air jocks who are more than ham radio operators with degrees. Thanks to Associate Editor **Barbara Nellis** for pulling together our coverage.

Between rock and a hard body: These days, musicians and models interbreed as if in a genetic experiment gone awry. Associate Editor **Christopher Napolitano** has recorded how they trade licks in *The Social History of Rock Stars and Supermodels*. What's in it for the guys? You're kidding, right? Just check out our most glamorous pictorial yet: *Supermodels*. They are all here—Cindy, Claudia, Elle and several other gorgeous causes of global warming. Equally high voltage are the photos of **Carmen Electra,** a protégée of the once-and-former Prince. We wrap our package with superstar threads in *Rockin' Fashion*, then **Glenn Kenny** reviews surround-sound systems in *Sound Advice*.

Now for a different kind of speaker: For more than a year, **Newt Gingrich** has been the ringmaster of the Republican's big top. How's his show so far? We asked syndicated columnist **Molly Ivins** for a critical review—and she reveals that Newt's tongue is as dangerous as Bob Packwood's. Ivins, who just joined the *60 Minutes* team, is a barbecue of a read. Perhaps a novelist's impact is never so overt as a politician's, but **Ray Bradbury's** influence is vast. He heralded the space age with *The Martian Chronicles* and fought McCarthyism with *Fahrenheit 451*. His dramatic, futuristic stories have shaped today's science fiction movies and TV shows. Always a friend, Bradbury charmed us again for this month's soulful *Interview* with **Ken Kelley.** Bradbury expresses his hope for the future and his disdain for political correctness and bureaucrats.

To plan for your personal future, you can either watch financial reporter **Lou Dobbs** on CNN's *Moneyline* or read this month's *20 Questions* by **Warren Kalbacker.** Dobbs says the market will go higher and explains why he is full of bull. Even if derivatives make you shudder, you will enjoy Dobbs' description of Ted Turner in tears.

Moving from the back pocket to the front, you'll find more sensational advice from **Sari Locker,** the media's baby Dr. Ruth. Locker answers the most pressing questions faced by her generation in *Can Friends Do It?* (The answer: not really—but relative strangers can.) **Kenny Scharf,** renowned pal of Andy Warhol and Keith Haring, did the plugged-in artwork. In this month's fiction, **T. Coraghessan Boyle** also takes on the mating game—in Alaska. *Termination Dust* is the story of a hundred single women, a lot of single men and a Romeo with no feet.

It's enough to make you turn to baseball—at least you know the rules. In *Playboy's 1996 Baseball Preview*, designated writer **Kevin Cook** makes his picks for the World Series. (**David Wilcox** did the illustration.) There's one thing we all agree on—the game is back. From the sandlot to **Shauna Sands:** A striking model photographed by **Stephen Wayda,** Shauna is our Playmate. Call her a Miss May bride—she's marrying Lorenzo Lamas of TV's *Renegade*. Fittingly, she's bad to the bone.

YOUNG

JANNOT

CRAIG

IVINS

NAPOLITANO

KENNY

KALBACKER

LOCKER

SCHARF

BOYLE

COOK

WAYDA

WILCOX

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PLAYBOY

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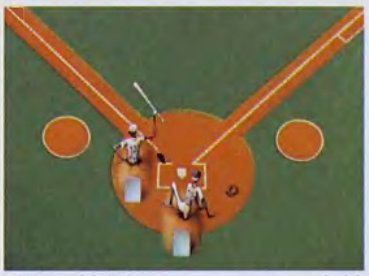

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COVER STORY

You know these women on a first-name basis—Cindy, Claudia, Stephanie, Elle, Kote. This month, PLAYBOY takes o look at the world's top cover girls as they drop their covers and show us something extra. We extend our special thanks to Dana Fineman of Sygma for our cover shot of premium supermodel Cindy Crawford. As you can see, our Rabbit has no inhibitions—he loves to neck.

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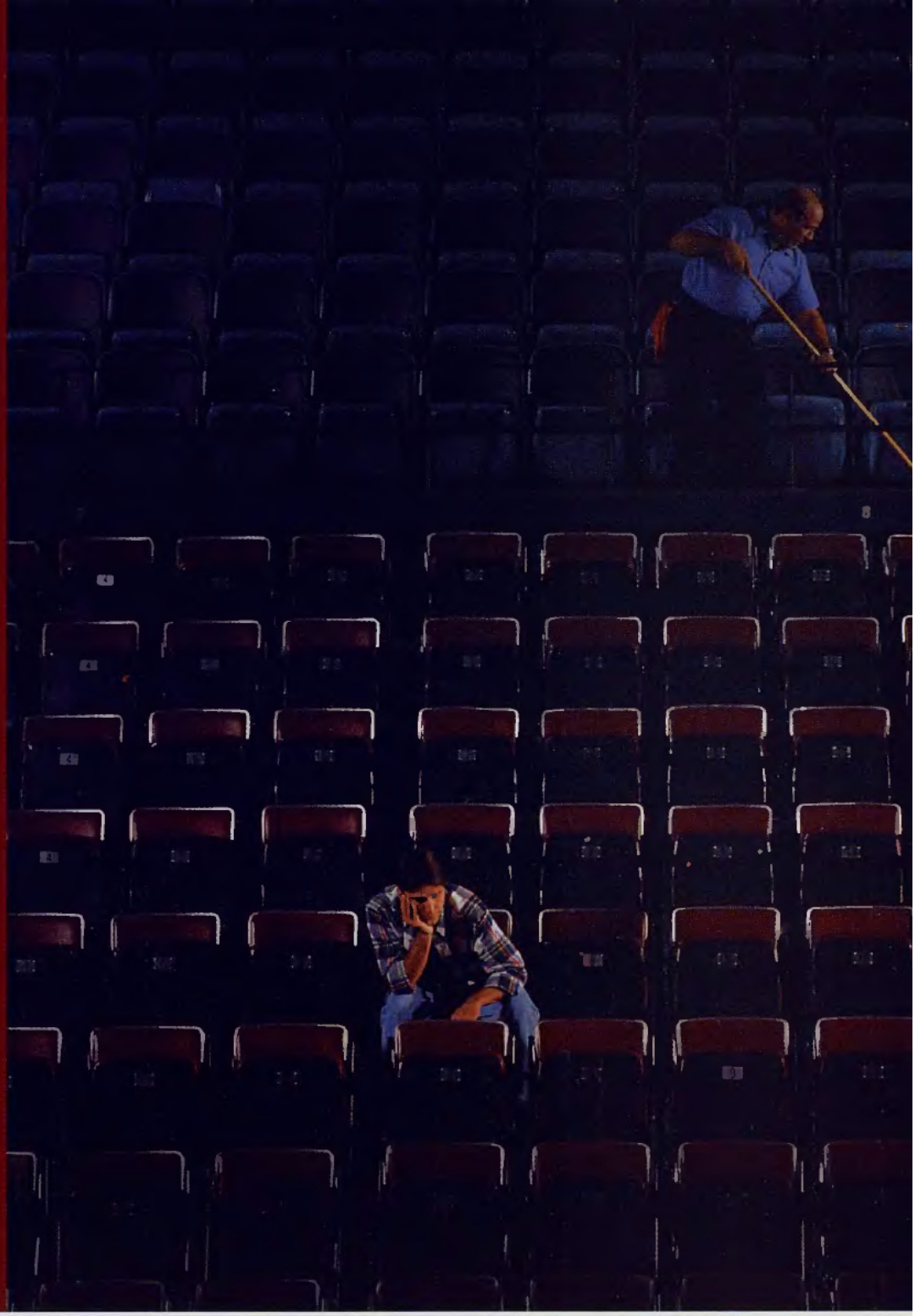

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MICHAEL JACKSON

Why is it that everyone wants to kick Michael Jackson when he's down? I get tired of reading tripe like Joe Queenan's *Memo to Michael Jackson* (February). Michael is a gifted artist and performer who has given more to society than the people who try to deface his image. I don't get the joke.

Lee Hanson
Sequim, Washington

Now that Joe Queenan is writing for PLAYBOY, don't ever let him go. We love his humor.

Paula and Don Hassler
Phoenix, Arizona

Queenan believes that Michael Jackson has lost his touch, but the day he can show me an entertainer who compares to Michael, I'll pose nude for your centerfold, free.

Marguerite De Lisa
Staten Island, New York

ZAPPED

Although I have never been an admirer of muscular women, I changed my mind after one look at Raye Hollitt's pictorial (*Zap*, February). She is both graceful and feminine. Add my name to her list of fans.

German Vanegas
Houston, Texas

Zap is the sexiest lady you've ever featured. She proves that femininity is not synonymous with weakness. I hope you have plans for an encore.

Grant Miller II
Birmingham, Alabama

I wanna be Zapped!

Mike Bernier
Bangor, Maine

I have long been a fan of female bodybuilders, and from the early days of *American Gladiators*, I have been in love with this amazing woman. I was thrilled to see Zap's great pictorial in the February issue.

Jason Camp
insomnia@io.com
Greeley, Colorado

The search for the Holy Grail is over for me. Raye Hollitt is the hottest woman of all time.

Gary Cain
Wilmington, Delaware

LOVE HER, LOVE HER NOT

Courtney Love (*Love Hurts*, February) is a spotlight-grabbing, low-talent Madonna wannabe. If only her mommy had told her she was a good little girl, perhaps we wouldn't have to suffer through her antics.

Russell Cardwell
Summerville, South Carolina

Neal Karlen's comparison of Courtney Love to Jackie Kennedy is completely off the wall. Kennedy was a lady.

Wes Pierce
Orlando, Florida

BRUCE WILLIS

Bruce Willis' popularity is no accident (*Playboy Interview*, February). He's not only a good actor, he's also the kind of guy you'd like to have playing on your bowling team.

David Croonquist
Lancaster, California

Bruce Willis and Demi Moore are white trash. No amount of monetary success in Hollywood can transform them into anything more.

Sheila Guckenberger
Cincinnati, Ohio

I loved your interview with Willis, but he is wrong about one thing. I would vote for him if he were a politician, and so would many of the teachers here at his old elementary school. Tell him that

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the next time he comes to town, the staff at Carleton School would love to treat him to lunch.

Wendy Baral Cooper
Penns Grove, New Jersey

COVER

Sandra Taylor, Traci Adell and Catherine Shaw all on one cover (February)! Give a guy a heart attack, why don't you. Oh yeah, that Leslie what's-his-name is OK, too.

Ryan Price
Santa Rosa, California

NIELSEN RATINGS

The Leslie Nielsen pictorial (*Naked Nielsen*, February) is awful. It's not only preadult, it's also precollege and pre–high school.

Larry Lowenthal
Cooper City, Florida

Naked Nielsen is hilarious, but it would have been interesting to see how you would have done him up with Anne Francis and Robby the Robot from *Forbidden Planet*, a truly great science fiction flick for which Nielsen will be remembered forever, clothed or not.

Walter Briggs
Alexandria, Louisiana

RAW DATA

According to your February *Raw Data*, 98 percent of female respondents to a *Glamour* survey claimed that "their male partners didn't know when they faked orgasms." This undermines the myopic view of the 38 percent who claimed "their partners would be devastated if they knew" that they faked it. I say just fake it faster, please. I've got some real work to do.

Raymond Hughes
Claremont, New Hampshire

REPORTER'S NOTEBOOK

Robert Scheer has missed a crucial point about Nineties race relations in "Integration: The Big Lie" (February). He points out that in one survey many whites believe that African Americans are faring better than whites in jobs, education and health care but then says that the opposite is true. What Scheer has missed is that this perception of advantage is based on a never-ending barrage of assistance programs for which blacks are eligible. As a young Caucasian graduate student, I won't apologize for any resentment I feel as I watch opportunities dance out of my reach.

M. Todd Scott
Portland, Oregon

ALOHA

First there was the Kona Coast—one of the best places on earth to visit. Then there was Kona coffee—one of the most delicate and flavorful brews to drink. And now there is Kona Carmack—one of the finest-looking women ever to have graced the pages of PLAYBOY (*Aloha, Kona*, February).

Charles Hoff
Thousand Oaks, California

Forget the goddess Pele. There is a brand-new goddess in Hawaii: Her name is Kona and she certainly has a fire all her own.

Chadd Cranford
Dallas, Texas

Kona's hotter than a Hawaiian volcano. It comes as no surprise that her name means "never weary." God knows, I never weary of looking at this gorgeous woman.

Mark Rogers
South Hackensack, New Jersey

I've been to Hawaii nine times, and you have given me a good reason to

make my tenth trip. I might see Kona somewhere on my beloved islands.

Mayland Harriman
utainer@aol.com
Port Arthur, Texas

With this Kona no sugar is needed. She percolates with sensuality.

Glenn Leibel
Westchester, New York

Kona Carmack is a breath of fresh air for many of us here at Ohio University. Send her a huge Bobcat hello.

Jeff Crass
Athens, Ohio

MEN

Asa Baber's column ("Just the Facts," February) reminds me of a recent conversation I had with my roommate. We are both in our early 20s and come from broken homes. We both spent an appreciable amount of time without our fathers. We agree that children of divorce are far less likely to inflict that kind of pain and suffering upon their own children. Baber is right on target: It's vitally important for men to regain our lost status as partners in the rearing of our children.

Brion Thomas
Camp Lejeune, North Carolina

Once again Asa Baber comes through with a great column. His research strengthens my belief that men have a profound impact on the lives of children. Only through the teaching of Judeo-Christian morals and values can America's men rebuild this nation's families and communities.

Michael Schroeder
Montgomery, Illinois

Let's face it: Some people have no business having children, whether they want them or not. If they don't think they have the means to raise a child, there's a safe and legal abortion clinic up the road.

Rocky Hanrahan
Wilmington, Massachusetts

WOMEN

If Cynthia Heimel ("My Life As a Man," February) had taken her medication as prescribed by her doctor, she would have experienced its benefits rather than the unpleasant reactions she wrote about.

Karl Metzger
Panama City Beach, Florida

The day the February issue arrived in the mail, I was feeling a little depressed. Then I read Heimel's column. I laughed until I cried. Thanks so much for cheering me up.

Dan Schuler
DCSxxx@aol.com
Lisle, Illinois

HARRY WU

It's great that you published an interview with the real Man of the Year, Harry Wu (*20 Questions*, February). He had the courage to disclose the unfair advantage that China has in trading with America. He's a guy with *cojones*.

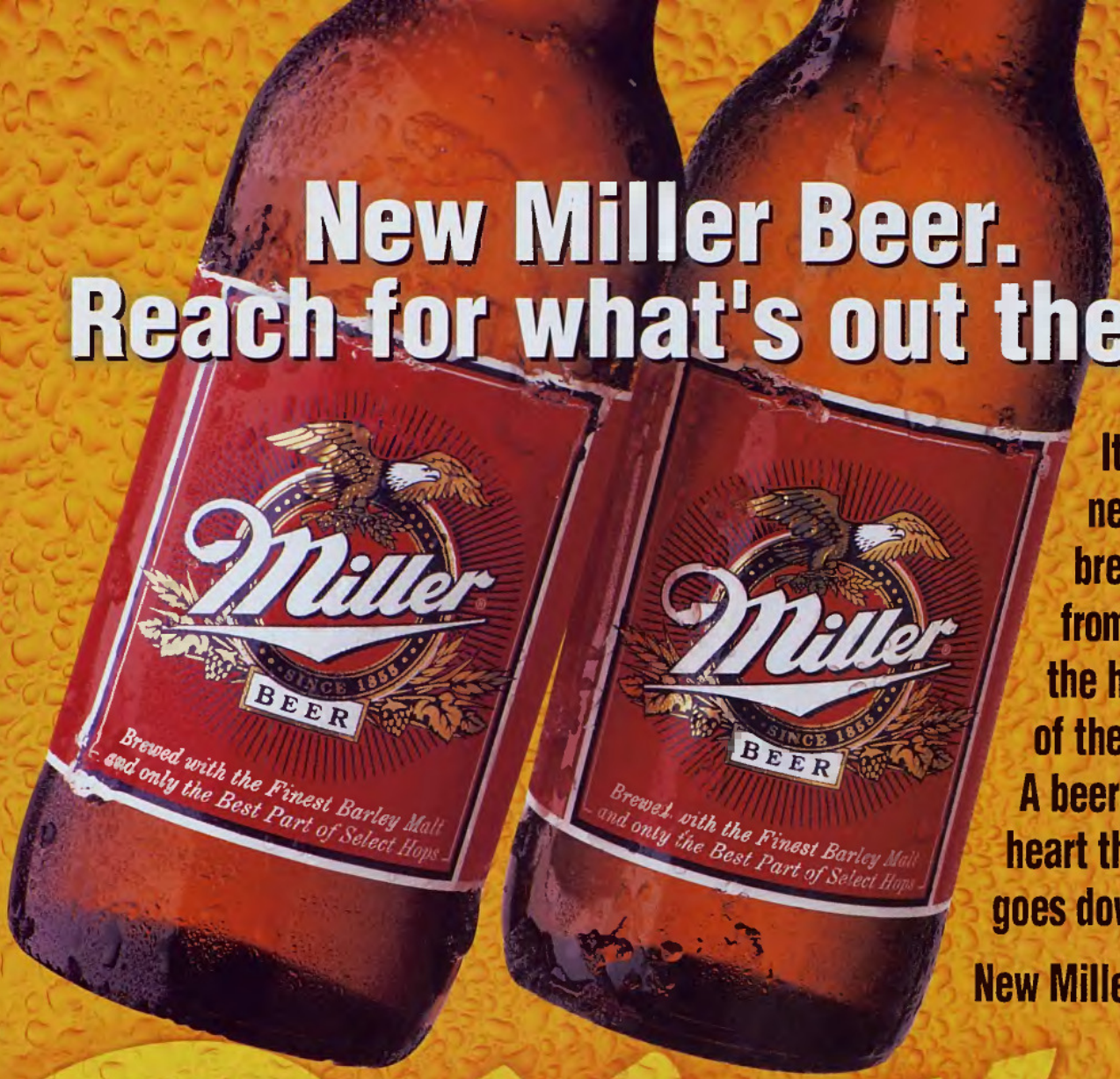
Luis Sanchez
Miami, Florida

BLACK WATER, DEEP CANYON

I have spent many vacations and weekends hiking and four-wheeling in the canyonlands of Utah, and I have only six words for Mark Jenkins (February): You're damned stupid and damned lucky. It is magnificent country, but you had better respect it and understand what happens when it rains.

Bruce Florquist
Rawlins, Wyoming

New Miller Beer.
Reach for what's out there.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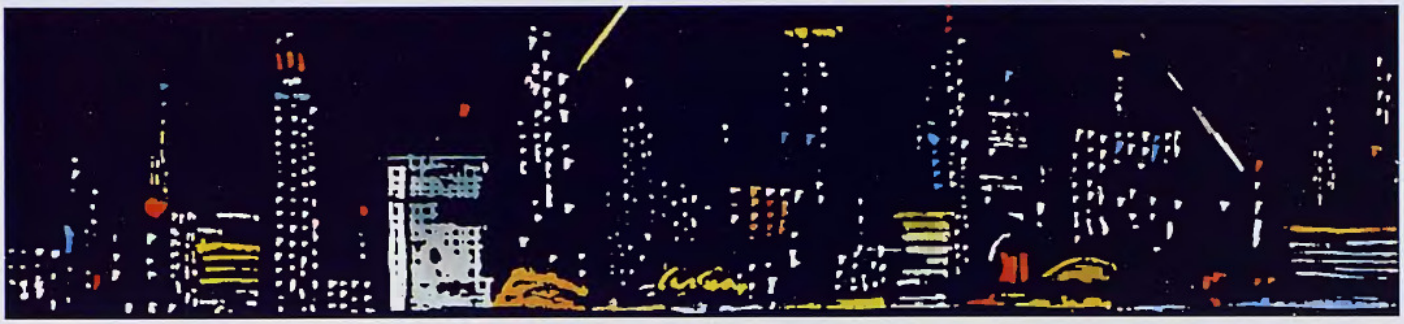
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



MAY THE CIRCLE BE UNBROKEN

The students at Miami University in Oxford, Ohio have taken matters into their own hands. The university finally recognized the Miami U. Masturbation Society—by permitting the coed group to use university facilities for its meetings. Whether student activity funds—those most-easy-to-come-by dollars—will be forthcoming is unclear. Jason Pfaff, executive supreme dictator of the society, says he's planning a mixer, the Bring Your Own Kleenex Dance. "It's the only social where you don't need a date."

NIPPONESE NAPPERS

There is a hotel in Tokyo that caters exclusively to the nap trade. Apparently, exhausted and downtrodden executives can enter any of several tents set up in a large room and take a restorative snooze in half-hour increments. Rates for 30 minutes range from $3 to $6.

JACKSON POOLLOCK

When the 50 pieces of art by Keith Boadwee were shown at the Ace Contemporary Exhibition in Los Angeles, many viewers found his work explosive and disturbing. He created his pieces by administering enemas of egg tempera paint to himself and capturing his eruptions on canvas. A videotape at the gallery documented how Boadwee made the works and showed him squatting over canvases. Was this some kind of ironic ode to abstract expressionism? Boadwee told *Buzz* magazine, "I wanted to prove that I can make just as good a painting as they can, with my butthole."

BYRD IS THE WORD

Visit West Virginia, home of Senator Robert C. Byrd, and you'll find an array of public pork. Among them: Robert C. Byrd Aerospace Technology Center, Robert C. Byrd Cancer Research Center, Robert C. Byrd Bridge, Robert C. Byrd Expressway, Robert C. Byrd Highway, Robert C. Byrd Locks and Dam, Robert C. Byrd Institute, Robert C. Byrd Institute for Advanced Flexible Manufacturing, Robert C. Byrd Industrial Park, Robert C. Byrd Visitor Center at Harpers Ferry National Historical Park, Robert C. Byrd Health Sciences Center of West Virginia University, Robert C. Byrd Hardwood Technology Center, Robert C. Byrd Community Center, Robert C. Byrd High School, the Robert C. Byrd Scholastic Recognition Award and the Robert C. Byrd Honors Scholarships.

BOY NAMED SUE

William Warren, who is serving a life term in Oklahoma's Joseph Harp Correctional Center, has accused prison officials of cruel and unusual punishment for making him wear regulation white cotton underwear. Warren claims to suffer from irritable bowel syndrome and is suing for the right to slip into something more comfortable around the cellblock: women's nylon bikini panties. Uh, William, if you think your bowel is irritable now. . . .

SNIFF THIS

Just what your nose needs: St. Martin's Press is marketing a set of 21 scratch-and-sniff postcards called *New York Smells*. Each aroma is designed to match the picture on the front of the card: the Rockefeller Center Christmas tree is pine-scented, Katz' Deli smells like salami and the Fulton Fish Market makes you wish you had a head cold. Apparently, the postcard of Times Square requires so much scratching, you'll need to see a doctor.

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

WELCOME TO TERRIZONA

Bumper sticker spotted on a heavy-duty pickup in warm and scenic Brisbee, Arizona: IF IT'S CALLED THE TOURIST SEASON, WHY CAN'T WE SHOOT THEM?

DUMBER AND DUMBEST

In their book *America's Dumbest Criminals*, Leland Gregory, Daniel Butler and Alan Ray chronicle the misadventures of our nation's most moronic masterminds. For example, a Rhode Island burglar charged with robbing vending machines paid his bail with $400 in quarters. Our favorite is the jewel thief who replaced the standard diamond-tipped glass cutter with the less conventional cinder block. But when he tried to use it to smash the Plexiglas window of a jewelry store, the cinder block bounced back, hit him on the head and knocked him out.

BARINGS ON THE ROCKS

Nick Leeson, the currency trader whose injudicious bets broke Barings Bank, has inspired a drink at Harry's Bar in Singapore. The Bank Breaker is a mix of whiskey, Midori and soda. It costs about $6.50 and, according to some customers, tastes like cough syrup. Well, we knew Leeson wasn't looking forward to taking his medicine.

THE KEG PARTY

Dispatch from our friends in the Czech Republic: The Association of Friends of Beer, formerly known as the Friends of Beer, has joined the Liberal National Social Party, and Ivo Dvorak, chairman of the Beer Party, became a

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"Next year is going to be a very important day for us."—A TIMELY REMARK BY THE MAYOR OF CHICAGO, RICHARD M. DALEY

ATOMIC DUSTBINS

According to the *Bulletin of Atomic Scientists*, number of states that store nuclear warheads: 16. Number of warheads in North Dakota, the state with the highest total: 1710.

DAVE CALVER

FACT OF THE MONTH

According to the Illinois Tourism Bureau, the top five tourist attractions in Illinois are suburban shopping malls.

GIVING AT THE OFFICE

Of the 184 largest charitable organizations surveyed by the *Chronicle of Philanthropy*, number that pay their chief executives more than $100,000 per year: 154. Number that pay their chief executives more than $200,000: 83.

FATAL ATTRACTIONS

Number of murder stories covered on three major networks' evening news from 1990 to 1992: 380. Number of murder stories on network evening news in 1994: 802. Of these, number not related to the O.J. Simpson case: 371.

LET'S B REAL

Amount the federal government spends to produce one B-2 bomber, which was recently revealed to have radar that cannot distinguish a rain cloud from a mountainside: $2.2 billion. Total number of B-2s built: 20. Weight of an empty B-2: 160,000 pounds. Cost per pound: $15,714. Cost of a pound of 24K gold (at $385 per troy ounce): $4620.

A KISS IS JUST A KISS

According to an *Advertising Age* survey on America Online that asked "If you were a candy, which would you be?", percentage of respondents who said Cracker Jack: 30. Percentage who said pink Bazooka bubble gum: 27. Percentage who said M&Ms: 24. Percentage who said Jolly Ranchers: 11. Percentage who said Hershey's Kisses: 8.

ROLL PLAYING

Average number of rolls of toilet paper bought by an American household each year: 119. Average number of sheets to a roll in 1985: 500. Today: 250. In 1995 percentage of the toilet paper market controlled by Charmin: 30. By Quilted Northern: 15. By Scott: 14.

BOOK 'EM

Number of books in the Library of Congress: 16.4 million. Number of volumes missing: 300,000. Number of miles of bookshelves in the library: 500. Number of security guards: 120.

BOOK 'EM II

Amount borrowed by Americans to pay for college in 1992: $16 billion; in 1995: $24 billion. Percentage of college students who have loans: 50.

LIGHT LABOR

Peak membership of United Steelworkers Union in 1981: 1.2 million. In 1995: 600,000. Peak membership of United Auto Workers in 1969: 1.53 million. The UAW's current membership: 800,000. Peak membership of the Machinists Union in 1973: 1 million. Current membership: 484,000.

THE TYPEWRITING ON THE WALL

Total sales of typewriters in the U.S. in 1993: $591 million. Total sales of personal computers: $6.9 billion.

LOSING WAGERS

Percentage increase annually from 1967 to 1973 in median income of Americans: 2.6. Percentage decrease annually from 1989 to 1993: 1.8. Median income in 1989: $39,696. In 1993: $36,959. —PAUL ENGLEMAN

member of the LNSP's Central Council—as befits a man of his political clout. The Friends of Beer, to those of you who are snickering into your ice-light-pale-lager-microbrewed foam, got a full one percent of the vote in the 1992 national election.

POP ART

There are soft drinks and there are not-so-soft drinks, or so thinks Los Angeles–based bottling company Skeleteens. It has introduced several new flavors, including Brain Wash, Fuk Ola Cola and Love Potion No. 69. Brain Wash is neon blue and makes your tongue—and your feces—that way, too. At first popular with counterculture thrill-seekers such as bikers and coffeehouse sitters, the drinks are seeping into the mainstream. Though the FDA claims the drinks are safe, some have gotten a slight buzz from them. They do have a lot of caffeine, and some contain jalapeño, ginseng, ginkgo, yohimbe or mad-dog weed. Skeleteens is also planning a dessert made of chocolate ice cream, fresh corn and roasted watermelon seeds, called Icecrement.

IT TAKES TUTU TO TANGO

The Oakland Ballet just wanted to beef its gate with the young crowd. Instead, it created a minor fuss when it covered 20 area billboards with a picture of lithe male and female dancers and the message, "Go ahead, take another date to miniature golf and die a virgin. Oakland Ballet. You just might like it." Some people objected to the notion that the ballet would encourage kids to lose their virginity. We find the first and second positions dubious, but the ad might put zip in reviews: "Truly breathtaking moves. And the dancing wasn't bad, either."

ELVIS REX

For your next toga party, consider the work of Jukka Ammondt. He's a 45-year-old assistant professor of German romanticism and the literature of melancholy at the University of Jyväskylä in Finland. But Ammondt is also an Elvis scholar who translates the King's most beloved songs into Latin. And if that weren't enough, he also performs them. Audiences at his recent American tour (which included a Scandinavian festival in North Dakota and a cruise ship that circled the Statue of Liberty) were treated to *Nunc Hic Aut Numquam (It's Now or Never)*, *Glauci Calcei (Blue Suede Shoes)*, *Totus Potus (Tutti Frutti)* and the unforgettable *Nihil Es Nisi Canis (You Ain't Nothing But a Hound Dog)*. When asked why he does this, Ammondt confessed a strong affinity for Presley and a desire to preserve classic Elvis songs in a classic language. His best work is available as *The Legend Lives Forever in Latin* on the K-Tel label.

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MUSIC

R&B

R. KELLY is a star of contemporary R&B. As a gifted singer, songwriter and producer, his first two albums were both platinum successes. He composed *You Are Not Alone*, arguably the best song on Michael Jackson's *HIStory*. Yet the Chicagoan's work has often been marred by weak lyrics and bouts of bad taste that would make even Luther Campbell blush. On his self-titled third effort, ***R. Kelly*** (Jive), he tones down his lyrical excesses. Still, as song titles *Tempo Slow*, *Hump Bounce* and *Religious Love* suggest, Kelly is no poet. No, this man's primary gift is for silky, caressing backing tracks. There is a sensuousness to Kelly's approach that offsets his strident vocals, which alternate between the gruff cadences of a preacher and the cool timbres of a true love-man balladeer. It's appropriate, then, that the standout track of this 16-cut collection is *Down Low (Nobody Has to Know)*, a song with Ronnie and Ernest Isley, who have long specialized in singing about love and lust.

—NELSON GEORGE

The soundtrack for ***Waiting to Exhale*** (Arista) celebrates black divas. Genius Aretha Franklin and crossover queen Whitney Houston need no introductions, but Patti LaBelle, Chaka Khan and Toni Braxton might. Keyed to Houston's starring role in the movie and showcasing the above performers as well as TLC, SWV, Mary J. Blige and Brandy, *Exhale* celebrates a past and future filled with rich voices. Premiere writer and producer Babyface Edmonds provides material that suits and challenges the talents he brings together. The result is a stronger and more varied album than most of the singers could manage on their own, as well as a chance for us to luxuriate in gorgeous music.

Rock and Roll Hall of Famer Al Green has released his first secular album in more than 15 years: ***Your Heart's in Good Hands*** (MCA). In case you have doubts, it's worthy of him. And not only that: ***Greatest Hits*** (Right Stuff/Hi) is also finally available on CD. Need I say more?

—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

ROCK

In between yoga, meditation and visiting Amazonian shamans, Sting has concocted another eclectic solo album. ***Mercury Falling*** (A&M) is both his most tuneful and his most challenging work since the Police. Bittersweet Celtic and Brazilian-style melodies are propelled by a Stax-like pulse, supplemented by the original Memphis Horns. *I Was Brought to My Senses* and *You Still Touch Me* are ruminations on death and rebirth, while *I Hung My Head*'s loopy time changes suggest Monk or Mingus. Finally, *Let Your Soul Be Your Pilot* is as fine a tune as *Every Breath You Take*.

DAVID COWLES

R. Kelly: A true love-man balladeer.

R&B from R. Kelly, the *Waiting to Exhale* soundtrack and yes, Sting.

Many of rock's greatest groups, including the Who, the Sex Pistols and Nirvana, have had a guitar sound as unique as their melodies and messages. Lustre, a trio from North Carolina, plays with a similar blend. On ***Lustre*** (A&M) Will Marley's muscular chord attack soars with eloquence. And his blissful axwork is wrapped around edgy songs. Imagine Soundgarden's crunch infused with the Beatles' exuberance and you're getting close. One of the most addictive records in ages.

—VIC GARBARINI

NOFX sent me a poster of some guy getting cozy with a sheep. So how could I not review the group's ***Heavy Petting Zoo*** (Epitaph)? Punk rock in the southern California tradition of the Descendants and the Dickies, NOFX actually sings harmony and mixes thrash-speed chords with rhythm riffs and passages of ska. More overtly humorous than Rancid, less teenybop than Green Day, NOFX could be the next punk threat on the charts. Even if it isn't, I enjoy playing this album loud.

—CHARLES M. YOUNG

Scots Pirates' ***Revolutionary Means*** (Schoolkids) is the third album by this Michigan supergroup. Fronted by the Rationals' Scott Morgan and including the Stooges' Scott Asheton and the Up's Gary Rasmussen, the CD applies high-energy rock to comparatively mellow adult concerns. The resulting tension enlivens *Marijuana Wine*, *Dear Dear Diary* and a couple of R&B covers. *I Need Some Easy Money* and the blistering, Stones-style *You Got What You Wanted* add contrast to the power anthems, *88* and *Fuck the Violence*. Morgan remains one of the great white soul voices of the Sixties. If the band still had the MC5's Fred Smith (as it did when it was called Sonic's Rendezvous Band), this would be the perfect inheritor of garage rock sensibility. Not that there's anything missing here, except maybe a way to get to hear it on the radio. But that's part of what makes Scots Pirates inspiring. They kick out the jams. (523 East Liberty, Ann Arbor, MI 48104. 313-994-8031.)

Bittersweet by the Volebeats (Third Gear) is punk, but the sonics are country. It opens with a Barry White song, which sounds as classic as something by the Stones, then ricochets through a set of originals damn near as good. (P.O. Box 1886, Royal Oak, MI 48068.)

Teisco Del Rey Plays Music for Lovers (Upstart) is not, despite the title and cover art, any of that bachelor-pad cheese. It's more like what might have happened if someone had given director John Waters a guitar instead of a camera for his 12th birthday. (Box 44-1418, West Somerville, MA 02144.)

—DAVE MARSH

COUNTRY

Jo Carol Pierce is a songwriting actress from Austin who would be called a performance artist if she lived in New York or Los Angeles. So call her a displaced country singer with patter. The patter has been worked into a full-fledged theater piece. For all the raconteur wit of songs like *You Bother Me* and *Does God Have Us by the Twat or What?* it's the patter that makes ***Bad Girls Upset by the Truth*** (Monkey Hill) an inspiring exploration of what it might mean to serve Jesus by taking a new man to bed every week. If no bed is available, the backseat of your car will do just fine. (804 Spain St., New Orleans, LA 70117.)

—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

BLUES

Most of the blues albums that cross my CD player tend to follow trails already blazed by Stevie Ray Vaughan or B.B. King. The newer albums have large elements of virtuosity and energy, but something seems to be missing—something like originality. So it was a surprising pleasure to discover ***Lookout!*** (Blacktop), an album of 16 original guitar

instrumentals by Rick Holmstrom. Retro in taste, Holmstrom seems to have found a cave in 1956, slept for 40 years and emerged with his chops and his enthusiasm in top working order. Though virtuoso enough for guitar worshipers, he plays without the slightest influence of what white rock bands have been doing since the late Sixties. I say he knows what he likes and he plays it. Whether it's jump blues, early rock or swing, his phrasing always goes somewhere in service of the song. He always gets to the point in less than three minutes. And on *Rub It*, he does a slamming imitation of Lightnin' Hopkins. —CHARLES M. YOUNG

JAZZ

In 1995 the critics lined up to praise Jacky Terrasson's first U.S. album, which blended the lyricism of Keith Jarrett with the minimalist trio created by Ahmad Jamal. Now comes ***Reach*** (Blue Note), on which the beguiling Paris-bred pianist extends his range both forward and back. He opens with an homage to Monk and closes with a bow to Bud Powell. He also deemphasizes his clever but ultimately confining arrangements to focus on deeper and more satisfying improvisations. Terrasson's maturation makes *Reach* a success. —NEIL TESSER

Charles Mingus' ***The Black Saint and the Sinner Lady*** (Impulse) is by far the funkiest of all Sixties jazz masterpieces newly reissued on CD. Mingus' monstrously beautiful album uses gospel growls, Latin riffs, funk bass lines and Ellingtonian piano (courtesy of Jaki Byard and Mingus himself) to revel in every aspect of black spiritual life. —DAVE MARSH

Whether you call it acid jazz or trip hop, there's a vibe coming out of Europe that samples rap, jazz, techno, rock and soul. ***The Rebirth of Cool, Volume III*** (Fourth & B'way) collects the U.K.'s Tricky and Portishead, France's MC Solaar, Germany's Kruder & Dorfmeister and our own Beastie Boys to give coherence to an international trend. A few connections seem tenuous, but overall, this CD makes you feel mellow, smart and, of course, very cool. —NELSON GEORGE

CLASSICAL

Alfred Schnittke has emerged as one of Russia's best contemporary composers. His ***Music for Cello and Piano*** (Ode) is simple and enchanting—even at its most melancholy. A century ago Viennese composer Alexander Zemlinsky wrote exquisite songs at the twilight of the Hapsburg empire. His ***Lieder aus dem Nachlass*** (Sony Classical) may at first seem aloof or restrained, but the songs reveal their emotional intensity on subsequent listens. —LEOPOLD FROEHLICH

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
R. Kelly	8	7	8	7	6
Lustre	3	10	7	5	7
Scots Pirates *Revolutionary Means*	7	8	7	8	7
Rick Holmstrom *Lookout!*	6	8	7	8	8
Various artists *Waiting to Exhale*	8	7	10	6	6

LONGEVITY DEPARTMENT: This past January **Wayne Newton** gave his 25,000th performance in Las Vegas. Not a dry eye in the house.

REELING AND ROCKING: **Flea** is among the stars of the forthcoming movie *Whiskey Down*, about a group of late-night diners who get into a fight over a $6 million lottery ticket. It co-stars **Virginia Madsen, Ernie Hudson** and **Sean Patrick Flanery**. . . . Director **Robert Rodriguez** (*El Mariachi* and *Desperado*) has formed Los Hooligans Records. He will sign artists as well as release soundtracks. . . . **Bob Dylan's** version of *Ring of Fire* can be heard on the soundtrack to *Feeling Minnesota*. **Los Lobos** is doing the score. . . . **David Was** is assembling an *X-Files* soundtrack on which **Elvis Costello** and **Brian Eno** have teamed up. Other artists include **R.E.M., Frank Black** and **Filter**. . . . The **Deftones** will appear in *Crow: City of Angels*, a sequel to *The Crow*. The soundtrack and the movie will be released this summer. . . . **Björk** is recording a song for *Stealing Beauty*, **Bernardo Bertolucci's** new movie starring **Jeremy Irons** and **Liv Tyler**.

NEWSBREAKS: It's **Spinal Tap's** 30th anniversary, so you'll probably need *This Is the Spinal Tap Zine* (send $3 to P.O. Box 11967, Chicago, IL 60611-0967). . . . The end of the **Grateful Dead** has already been felt at box offices of venues that counted on them every year for sold-out concerts, not to mention security and concession jobs. Other Dead news: **Mickey Hart** has an album out now that features **Bob Weir** and **Bruce Hornsby**. Hart, along with Weir and **Phil Lesh**, will perform with the San Francisco Symphony in June as part of a festival on American music. Will any of them tour this summer? Maybe. Together? Maybe. . . . The word is that **Guns n' Roses** are in the studio working on an album for a fall 1996 release. They may tour. Their manager says,"The entire band is clean and in great shape." . . . Both **Ann** and **Nancy Wilson** plan solo albums before they make another **Heart** record. . . . **P.M. Dawn** co-wrote and co-produced a song for the **Bee Gees'** new album, the first time the Bee Gees have ever written with outsiders. It will be released this year. . . . If you weren't in Memphis for the King's 60th birthday festivities, you missed the world premiere of *The Elvis Overture*. . . . **Me'Shell NdegéOcello's** latest CD is out any minute, a follow-up to her Grammy-nominated debut. . . . Never mind the **James Brown** title, **Garth Brooks** is about to become the hardest-working man in show business. He plans to be on the road until 1999. His film company has four movies in production, but Brooks doesn't expect to be cast in any role except producer. . . . The rap wars are heating up again at the retail and radio levels. *Rock & Rap Confidential* reports that this past fall, Emerson College in Boston banned most rap from the college radio station. Why? College officials said playing rap had caused break-ins at the station's studios. . . . The Janus Jazz Aspen at Snowmass will feature performances by **Ray Charles, Patti LaBelle, Al Green** and **David Sanborn** between June 19 and September 2. Call 970-920-4996 for more info. . . . **Todd Rundgren** wrote the theme song for an ABC series produced by **Jim Hensen** Productions. . . . **White Zombie** had to have its video for *Super Charger Heaven* translated before MTV would agree to air it. A sampled speech in the middle of the video is in Latin, so the channel sent it to a UCLA language studies prof, who reported it to be a dramatization of a heresy trial. Who says rock and roll is lowbrow? —BARBARA NELLIS

By STEPHEN RANDALL

AT LONG LAST, you have a chance to revel in tawdry gossip about the seamy sex lives of stars—and not feel the least bit ashamed. Thanks to Gloria Steinem and some other unlikely participants, you can read some of the slimiest nonfiction ever published and still feel noble, as if you'd picked up a copy of *It Takes a Village*. Hey, you can feel better than noble. You can feel like a feminist.

This unusual opportunity comes in a book called *You'll Never Make Love in This Town Again*. It's the tale of four women in Hollywood—Liza, Linda, Tiffany and Robin—who slept with the most famous and powerful men in show business and lived to regret it.

Were it not for Steinem, you might read about group sex involving Bob Evans, sex toys with Don Henley—or simply the obligatory Warren Beatty scene—and mistakenly think of this book as exploitation, some sort of tacky exposé of the private (and sometimes kinky) sex lives of celebrities. How wrong you'd be.

Steinem knows better, as she so often does. So does Lois Lee, the misguided founder of Children of the Night, a worthy charity that helps save runaways from a life of prostitution. So does Joanne Parrent, a naive would-be filmmaker who served as the book's editor. As spokeswomen for the humble hookers (all but Robin were high-paid call girls), Steinem and Lee have declared this book to be an act of courage. Why? Because *You'll Never Make Love in This Town Again* breaks the code of silence, the unwritten law that protects customers of prostitutes while leaving the prostitutes to take the fall. "In *You'll Never Make Love in This Town Again*," announces Steinem on the book's cover, "four women break the code and tell us what the emperor is really like—with no clothes on. The book also explains why women-hating movies are foisted on the world. Women-hating men are making them."

Lee sees the four authors as latter-day Joans of Arc who "have taken that first brave step in trying to end the oppression and conspiracy of silence—to name their counterparts."

"Even I had the opportunity to become a hooker—a small-busted, brown-haired intellectual who usually wears jeans and very little makeup," writes Parrent in the book's introduction. "I was honored to work on this book because it exposes men who routinely use and abuse vulnerable, insecure young women in Hollywood." With Hugh Grant as their poster boy, these women set out to even the score. No more protection for johns. Equal humiliation for all.

JOHN SCHAELZER

Hollywood hookers: Who are the real victims?

The sex lives of stars exposed—for fun, profit and feminism.

But there's one small problem. *You'll Never Make Love* isn't about the perils of prostitution. Any truth-in-advertising law would change the title to *I Had Sex With Stars—and a Couple of Arab Guys*, and if it's about exploitation, it's hard to determine the victims. Are they the hookers, or the celebrities who crossed their paths (often innocently)? The victims may even be Steinem and Lee, who linked their reputations to such a questionable enterprise.

A surprising majority of the book's examples don't involve prostitution at all. Most stars, it seems, don't pay for sex (are you paying attention, Hugh?), but they're in the book nonetheless. James Caan is "obsessed with sex. He's crazy about licking pussy," writes Linda. "What I found to be totally strange about James Caan was the fact that he never once asked me to lick him." George Harrison gets a free blow job from Liza at a party because, she explains, "When will I have another chance to blow a Beatle?" Matt Dillon, Jack Wagner and Matt Lattanzi seem like reasonably caring lovers, even if they didn't call back for second dates. No money changes hands. There's no coercion. No abuse. For supposed professionals, these women give away more free samples than Baskin-Robbins.

The book does uncover some ugly examples of sexual harassment, but with a twist. Liza dated Rod Stewart for a year but she's angry—he never once bought her a present! Tiffany meets John Ritter at the airport and later they have sex for more than nine hours (apparently there's a silver lining to Ritter's underemployment: plenty of free time). Tiffany is miffed. No present, and no offer to help with her nonexistent acting career. She feels more forgiving the next time they meet and invites him over to visit. But damn, the same thing happens—great sex, but no dinner invite, not even a follow-up call. Tiffany is pissed off once again.

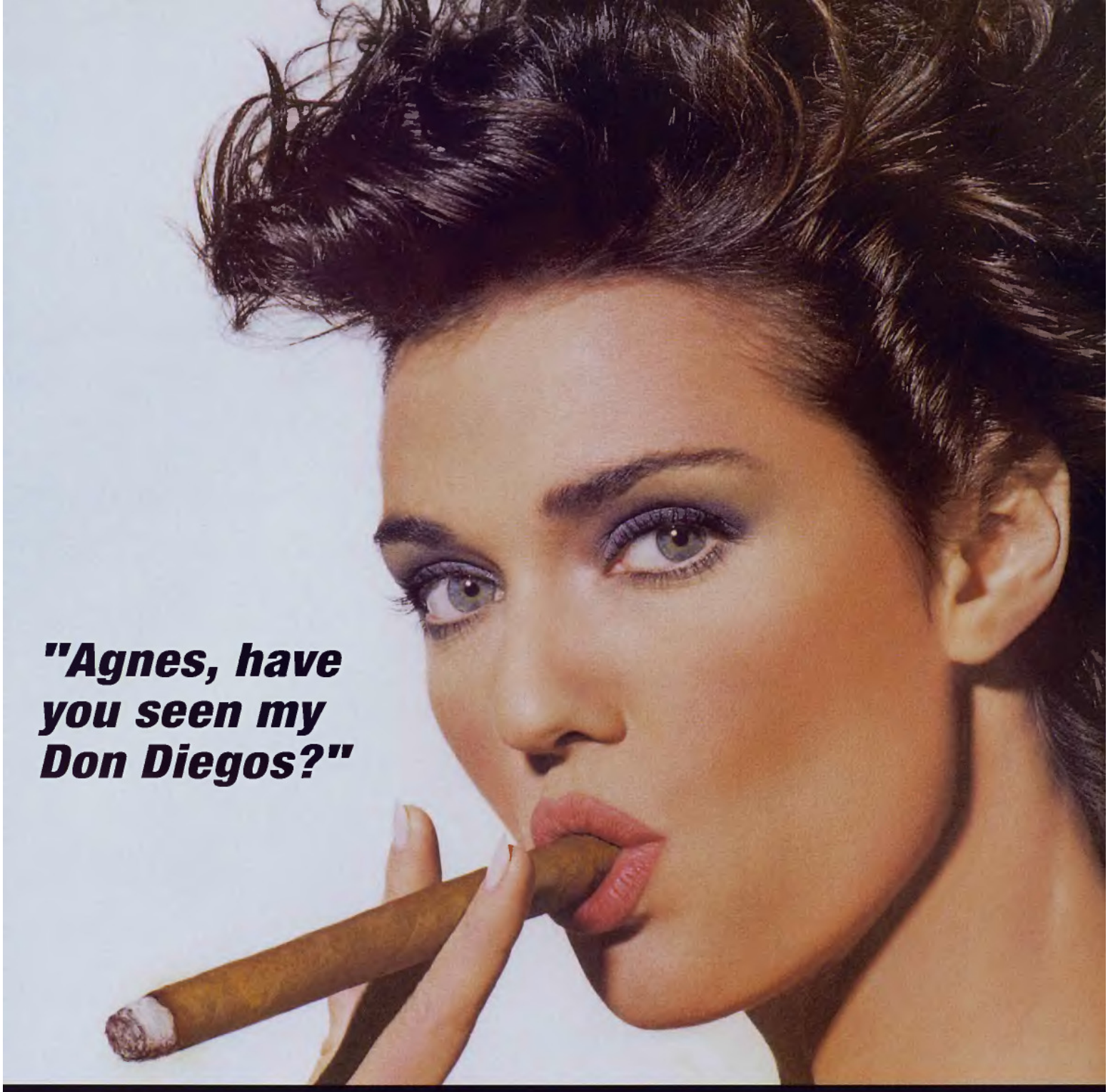
Remember those training videos that Human Resources departments show you which warn about quid pro quo sex? About offering some sort of payoff for sex? This is what they're trying to teach you, except in reverse. These women don't want to have sex *unless* there are strings attached.

These are four pathetic women whose lives turned out badly, and they're frantically trying to figure out whose fault it is. Robin has the most trouble appearing victimized. As her story opens, she's happily married to a wealthy businessman and has a career as an actress on TV's *Falcon Crest*. But evil lurks on the set in the form of co-star Lorenzo Lamas. She and Lorenzo begin an affair and fall in love. Even though her husband begs her to come back, Robin is powerless to resist Lorenzo's charms. She dumps her husband and becomes engaged to Lorenzo in a whirlwind of publicity. When that relationship falls apart, Robin knows exactly who to blame, and it's not herself. It's the man "who had stolen me from the arms of my stable, devoted husband."

Liza knows who to blame, too: her parents, who didn't love her enough. Tiffany points the finger at her pal Heidi Fleiss. For Linda, it's drugs.

As they traipse from party to party, our foursome meets some nice guys who treat them well, some paying customers who seem relatively benign (Glenn Frey, one of the few stars who forks over cash, behaves like a perfect gentleman), and a few genuinely bad men. But the more they party, the more our heroines show a startling talent for making the same mistake over and over again, as well as a flair for hypocrisy. Liza, who details many experiences with group sex, has a fit when boyfriend Timothy Hutton suggests a three-way with another man, breaking off the relationship and humiliating Hutton. Three pages after attacking Hutton (yes, three—we're talking about short-attention-span literature), Liza writes, "I believe there is a little bisexuality in most of us" and then provides details of her lesbian encounter with Vanna White.

These are *(concluded on page 164)*



We're so sure you'll love today's Don Diego Cigars, we'll give you a sample box of ten Coronas, Plus a Don Diego Cigar Cutter and a booklet "How to Judge A Good Cigar," (a $28.50 value), for $15.00. Send check or money order to: Don Diego Cigars, P.O. Box 407166 ZA, Fort Lauderdale, FL 33340-7166. Allow (12) weeks for delivery. Offer expires July 31, 1996. Offer not available to minors. Limit one per customer. Offer available only in the USA.

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Get in touch with your masculine side.

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

AS A TALE of reckless passion between a small-town high school teacher (Dennis Hopper) and his sexiest pupil (Amy Locane), ***Carried Away*** (Fine Line) has the nice distinction of unfolding in unexpected directions. It is erotic, adult and intelligent in its treatment of the teacher, whose true love is another teacher (Amy Irving), the widow of his best friend. The movie was adapted from a Jim Harrison novel called *Farmer* and directed by Brazilian-born Bruno Barreto (whose 1978 *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands* was a hit). For Locane, this movie should provide a major career boost. Often nude, she is a knockout as the down-home vamp who leads her teacher into several steamy indiscretions in a hayloft. Some equally provocative scenes between Hopper and Irving (who is married to Barreto) are augmented by Hopper's testy encounters with a local doctor (Hal Holbrook) and the wayward girl's vaguely menacing dad (Gary Busey). *Carried Away* is as straightforward and soulful as good country music. ¥¥¥

•

Serial killers are all the rage in movies here, and Italy's star comedian Roberto Benigni is all the rage over there. ***The Monster*** (Cinepix) puts the two together in a slapstick spoof adapted from a French original by actor Michel Blanc, who also plays the movie's eccentric psychiatrist. Benigni is Loris, an inept con man cursed with the bad luck to be mistaken for a murderer who preys on women. The comely undercover detective assigned to watch Loris is Nicoletta Braschi (Mrs. Benigni offscreen). His sexual proclivities invite suspicion at a party where he tries to pick up an innocent woman wrongly identified as a nymphomaniac, or when he drops a cigarette down his trousers and starts flailing away at his crotch. Although fitfully funny, Benigni's antics often play like alien corn that looks golden only in Rome. ¥¥

•

The tomato crop behind the house where five friends gather for a weekly dinner party is more than amply fertilized in ***The Last Supper*** (Sony Pictures), an audacious, irreligious black comedy directed by Stacy Title. Dead bodies buried under the vegetable patch make everything fruitful, according to Dan Rosen's far-out screenplay. Cameron Diaz, Annabeth Gish, Ron Eldard, Jonathan Penner and Courtney B. Vance play the lethal five, who impulsively cover up the death of an uninvited right-wing interloper (Bill Paxton). They subsequently find murder so sweet that they decide to dispatch other visitors whose views they deem loathsome. Their life-and-death games are given a sociopolitical twist by posing the question: Would the world be a better place if someone had killed Hitler in Austria in 1909, when he was merely an eccentric art student? Among the would-be victims are Jason Alexander, Ron Perlman and Mark Harmon. Without quite endorsing justifiable homicide, the movie makes murder look like a wicked liberal's last stand. ¥¥½

Locane: Ready to be carried away.

Erotic complications in a small town, bodies in the vegetable patch and Christy on the runway.

•

Set in an English country mansion, ***Loaded*** (Miramax) features seven angry young people whose plans to shoot a horror film are sidetracked by sex, drugs and death. Written and directed by Anna Campion (sister of *The Piano*'s Jane Campion), the movie is a mediocre shocker but a viable showcase for the feisty seven—among them Mathew Eggleton (as the pivotal bad boy), Thandie Newton (of *Jefferson in Paris* and *The Journey of August King*) and Catherine McCormack (Mel Gibson's true love in *Braveheart*). Given a sharper screenplay, this wild bunch might have really managed to raise the roof. ¥¥

•

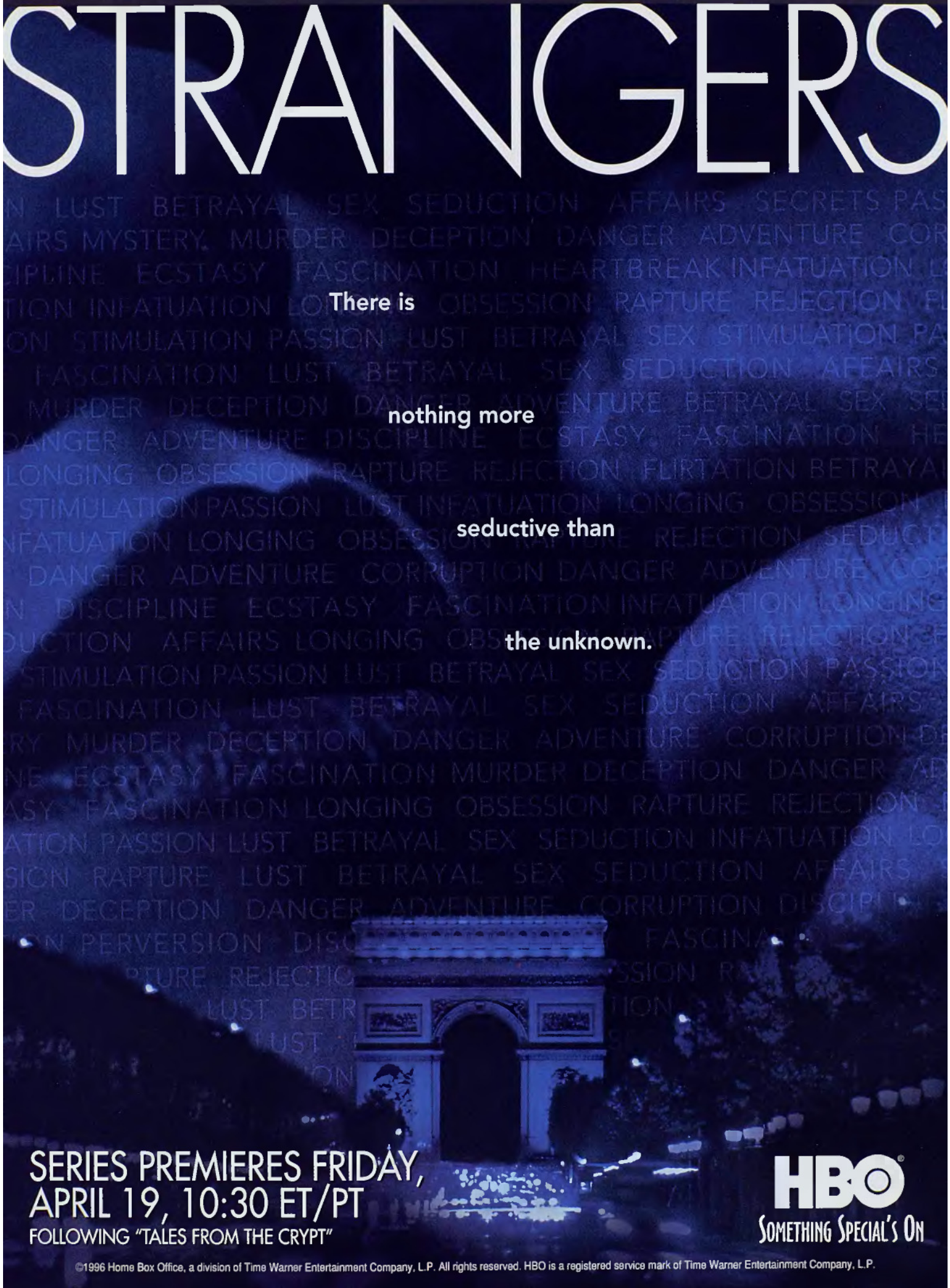
Supermodel Christy Turlington's traffic-stopping face is the main attraction of ***Catwalk*** (Arrow Releasing), described as "one model's journey through the three weeks of Milan, Paris and New York." Director Robert Leacock's restless camera follows Turlington at work during the annual spring collections. She looks divine, as always, hanging out with such winsome colleagues as Kate Moss and Naomi Campbell as she treks through airports and hotel rooms, from designer to designer, show to show. These beauties goof around a lot, or, as Christy comments, "You're with people and you laugh and have a good time." Trouble is, the haute couture scene looks suffocatingly vapid. If that's what *Catwalk* means to say, the point is made. But Turlington on the job with designer Isaac Mizrahi merely serves as a reminder that last year's classically campy *Unzipped*—with Mizrahi's own entourage in focus—said it all and said it better. ¥¥

•

This year being the 60th anniversary of the Spanish Civil War, British director Ken Loach's ***Land and Freedom*** (Gramercy) comes at a good time. Jim Allen's screenplay, much too talky here and there, concerns a young Liverpudlian communist named David (Ian Hart, who portrayed John Lennon in 1993's *Back Beat*). As a volunteer fighting against Franco's fascism, David winds up learning about love, war and ideology—the last through spirited debates about the revolutionary militia's arguments with Stalinist zealots. David's party-line loyalty puts a strain on his relationship with Blanca (Spain's Rosana Pastor), a militant rebel who sees Stalinism as a betrayal of the cause. Filmed in English and subtitled in Spanish, Loach's fiercely partisan drama is told in flashbacks—which seems a needless device. Even so, there hasn't been such a potent mainstream feature on the subject since *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. Even without that kind of star power, *Land and Freedom* still resounds with fiery conviction. ¥¥¥

•

Touted in its homeland as the most successful German comedy of all time, ***Maybe . . . Maybe Not*** (Live Entertainment) promotes open-mindedness about sexual orientation. As the handsome Axel, Til Schweiger plays a hormone-driven heterosexual whose appetite for casual infidelity causes a breakup with his girlfriend Doro (Katja Riemann). Largely to advance the film's plot, Axel winds up both jobless and homeless—until he meets a couple of homosexuals (Joachim Krol, Rufus Beck) and begins to hang around in gay bars, sporting a tank top that drives the boys crazy. The title of director Sonkë Wortmann's jaunty screenplay reflects Axel's sexual ambivalence—



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Judd: Hitting the right notes.

OFF CAMERA

Although country music isn't her bag, **Ashley Judd,** 27, is a sophisticated country girl making a big-town splash. This member of the celebrated Judd family—with sister Wynonna and mother Naomi to sing her praises—steams up the current *Heat* as Val Kilmer's wife. She'll surface again as "a deeply troubled person" married to rogue cop Luke Perry in *Normal Life*, and she has a major role in the next John Grisham thriller, *A Time to Kill*. Added to that, she co-stars with her new best friend Mira Sorvino in an imminent HBO epic called *Norma and Marilyn* as the Norma Jean who ultimately became Marilyn Monroe (where Sorvino takes over). "We're two parts of a sort of dual role."

Not bad for a Judd who claims, "I sing only for my nephew." This Phi Beta Kappa graduate of the University of Kentucky, where she majored in French and cheered the Kentucky Wildcats, recalls school as "a heavenly time for me—I'm a huge basketball fan." Nowadays she rents a place in California while restoring "a beautiful 175-year-old house on our family farm in Tennessee." She's also an avid cigar smoker who won't talk about men despite rumors of a post-*Heat* friendship with Robert De Niro and a closer relationship with Matthew McConaughey, her co-star in *A Time to Kill*. "The person I'd really like to work with is Robert Duvall, a friend I met while auditioning for a role he was offering but which I didn't get."

Since her auspicious film debut in *Ruby in Paradise* a few years ago, Ashley usually gets what she wants. Sensitive about "racy material" that might shock her relatives, Ashley radiates confidence without arrogance. Why? "My sister, Wynonna, calls me a homing pigeon—someone who will always find her way."

though it all ends neatly with his sins forgiven, Doro pregnant and a set of gay chums. For liberated types, the movie is still a maybe. ¥¥½

•

How's this for a trendy, romantic blockbuster: Michelle Pfeiffer teamed with Robert Redford in the glamorous, fast-paced world of TV news. She's an ambitious beauty on her way to a top network spot after a faltering start, first as a gofer, then as a nervous weather anchor. He's her boss, mentor and husband-to-be—a seasoned, serious journalist who has opted out of the rat race to run a small TV station in Florida. ***Up Close and Personal*** (Touchstone) is an easy-to-take love story with just enough hip insider detail to make it work as a luxury-class vehicle for two potently photogenic stars. Producer-director Jon Avnet (*Fried Green Tomatoes*) knows he has a couple of icons on camera, and they deliver with the help of stalwarts Stockard Channing, Joe Mantegna and Kate Nelligan. The screenplay by husband-wife team John Gregory Dunne and Joan Didion, though smoothly professional and sophisticated, lacks the cutting edge of *Broadcast News* or *Network*. This is slick news-biz lite, with a climactic dark side reminiscent of *A Star Is Born*. ¥¥¥

•

The wobbly wheels of justice, recently subject to scrutiny, are reexamined in ***Primal Fear*** (Paramount), a tense thriller that stars Richard Gere as a Chicago defense attorney who relishes celebrity. Gere plays Martin Vail, who strides into the media limelight after taking the case of a strange young man (Edward Norton) charged with the grisly murder of a Chicago archbishop. Norton delivers a tour-de-force performance as the accused lad—an apparent simpleton burdened with dark secrets about the archbishop's sex life. Laura Linney is the prosecutor pitted against Gere—her former lover and adversary prone to shifty courtroom tactics. Though far-fetched at times, *Primal Fear* makes Gere jump headfirst into ethical quicksand. ¥¥¥

•

Director Mike Nichols' ***The Birdcage*** (United Artists) is his Americanized, falling-down-funny remake of *La Cage Aux Folles*, already famous as a French movie and a hit musical. This cheeky adaptation by Elaine May is a joyride for Robin Williams and Nathan Lane as a gay couple running a campy Florida show spot. Broadway recruit Lane is the club's star drag queen and Williams is the cooler partner, whose son wants to marry a right-wing senator's daughter. Enter Gene Hackman and Dianne Wiest, hamming brilliantly as the square visiting in-laws-to-be. Here's a madcap gay gala about family values. ¥¥¥¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Angels & Insects (Reviewed 2/96) Improper Victorians show and tell. ¥¥¥
Beautiful Girls (4/96) Checking out the boys at a lively class reunion. ¥¥¥
The Birdcage (See review) Gay couple leaves you holding both cheeks. ¥¥¥¥
Carried Away (See review) Sexed-up schoolgirl becomes teacher's pet. ¥¥¥
Catwalk (See review) Model Christy Turlington hits the runway. ¥¥
The Celluloid Closet (4/96) Brilliant look at gay sex in cinema. ¥¥¥¥
Cemetery Man (4/96) Grisly guignol with Italy's sexy Anna Falchi taking up slack in the schlock. ¥¥
City Hall (4/96) New York city politics as played by Pacino. ¥¥¥½
Dead Man Walking (3/96) Sarandon and Penn face off on death row. ¥¥¥¥
Denise Calls Up (4/96) Young moderns live life by fax, phone and PC. ¥¥¥
Fargo (4/96) The Coen brothers go west in a funny crime drama. ¥¥¥¥
The Flower of My Secret (4/96) Lusty Almódovar comedy. ¥¥½
French Twist (3/96) Betrayed wife Abril gives lesbianism a chance. ¥¥¥
From the Journals of Jean Seberg (4/96) Bio of the doomed semistar. ¥¥¥½
Hate (4/96) Youthful vandals raising hell in a French hood. ¥¥½
Heat (4/96) Dysfunctional buddy movie with De Niro and Pacino. ¥¥½
Land and Freedom (See review) Fiery take on the Spanish Civil War. ¥¥¥
The Last Supper (See review) Guess who's dead meat after dinner? ¥¥½
Loaded (See review) Bright young moviemakers face real-life horror. ¥¥
Maybe . . . Maybe Not (See review) A German gay support group. ¥¥½
Mr. Holland's Opus (3/96) Through the decades with Dreyfuss as a one-in-a-million music teacher. ¥¥¥½
The Monster (See review) An Italian nerd is mistaken for a sex fiend. ¥¥
Nixon (3/96) His frenzied rise and fall, written in stone by Oliver. ¥¥¥
Othello (3/96) Branagh bedevils Fishburne. The Moor is not merrier. ¥¥¥
Pie in the Sky (4/96) Boy meets girl who wants to take wing for Paris. ¥¥
Primal Fear (See review) Gere defends an iffy murder suspect. ¥¥¥
Richard III (3/96) Shakespeare's evil king, played flashily by Ian McKellen as a modernized English Nazi. ¥¥
12 Monkeys (3/96) Director Gilliam's heady time trip keeps Willis, Stowe and Pitt careening along. ¥¥½
Up Close and Personal (See review) With Pfeiffer and Redford as lovers, it's prime time most of the way. ¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

GUEST SHOT

It's no surprise to *Star Trek* fanatics that **Patrick Stewart** loves a good science-fiction flick on video. "*War of the Worlds* was my favorite as a kid," recalls the man who boldly replaced William Shatner at the helm of the Starship Enterprise. "But *Aliens* is even better, because the horror builds without letting you off the hook for a second." Stewart also admits to being a sucker for rewinds of *Shane* ("the most grittily realistic Western ever"), *Schindler's List* ("a perfect film") and *Searching for Bobby Fischer* ("I wish I'd directed that one myself"). But his nod for best film of all time goes to *On the Waterfront*: "When I saw that one as a teen, it changed my entire life," he confesses. "Until then, my ambition in life was to marry Doris Day." *Que sera, sera.* —DAVID STINE

VIDBITS

Last we checked, wasn't Al Green singing on the soundtrack of *Pulp Fiction*? Now ***The Gospel According to Al Green*** (Kino on Video) explores the life of the Rock and Roll Hall of Famer (including great footage of the Reverend Green and his Memphis church choir). Robert Mugge's 1984 vidbio also features such evergreens as *Let's Stay Together* and *I Can't Get Next to You*. . . . Contrary to Hollywood hype, computer-generated animation does not begin and end with *Toy Story*. Miramar, best known for its *Mind's Eye* series, has been at it for ten years—hence ***Decade,*** an anniversary collection of greatest hits. The program includes more than a dozen shorts (*Technodance*, a funky chorus line, remains tops) and music from, among others, Santana, Peter Gabriel and Philip Glass.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

Who can forget a first impression? Movie fans can't—especially when a favorite film character makes a memorable entrance. Here are a few lasting firsts:

Gone With the Wind (1939): After hearing about him for half an hour, Scarlett finally spots dashing Rhett Butler—flashing that lusty smile—at the bottom of a winding staircase. Gable's greatest opener.

Night Shift (1982): Dynamic Billy Blaze (Michael Keaton, in his big-screen debut) bursts into Henry Winkler's morgue playing air guitar and humming *Jumpin' Jack Flash*. He's an instant hit.

Raiders of the Lost Ark (1981): That hat, that gun, that whip: Spielberg teases us with a sequence of mysterious rearview silhouettes before finally revealing the face of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford).

King Kong (1933): You can just barely make out something awesome—and very, very large—coming through those trees, but nothing can prepare you for the monkey mug Fay Wray faces.

Dr. No (1962): First you see the manicured hands shuffling cards, then you hear the suave voice delivering a come-on to a pretty brunette. Only then do you get Sean Connery's inimitable big-screen bow as 007: "Bond. James Bond."

Batman (1989): Keaton again, this time descending from darkness for some rooftop fisticuffs as the Batdude. Pow!

Star Wars (1977): You never see his face, but the domed black helmet and mechanical deep breathing of Darth Vader are spooky enough to raise goose bumps. James Earl Jones' voice adds just the right touch of doom.

The Sting (1973): Paul Newman is a slouched drunk in a brothel bathtub as novice grifter Robert Redford enlists him to mastermind the greatest heist in history. Even plastered, Newman's a pretty boy. —BUZZ MCCLAIN

LASER FARE

Voyager's special edition of ***Seven*** ($125) should satisfy (1) Brad Pitt fans and (2) psychos. To enhance the movie's serial-killer plot, the platter includes close-ups of crime-scene photos staged for the film, along with still-frame shots of clues left by the killer. Also included: deleted scenes, outtakes and other buried treasures for Pitt fanatics. . . . Back in the days when *Saturday Night Live* was, uh, funny, nothing beat its sharp-witted TV-commercial parodies. Now Lumivision has packed together nearly three dozen of the show's funniest spots in ***SNL Goes Commercial*** ($29.95). Included: Lily Tomlin's Ernestine ragging on the phone company; Kevin Nealon pitching Chia Head, a hair-growth product; Eddie Murphy as Velvet Jones, selling his Harlequin romances (including *Kicked in the Butt by Love*), and as Buckwheat, plugging Our Gang Records ("unce, tice, ee times a lay-duh"); track star John Belushi pushing Little Chocolate Donuts; and Gilda Radner for Jewess Jeans. Conspicuously missing from the disc is one of our faves: "Pussy Whip, the dessert topping for cats." —GREGORY P. FAGAN

GUILTY PLEASURE OF THE MONTH:

Demi Moore's a postfeminist Prynne—and Gary Oldman a dopey-eyed Dimmesdale—in the critically disclaimed ***Scarlet Letter***, a cheeseball update of the Nathaniel Hawthorne classic. OK, so it may not exactly be what you remember from your junior high reading (Hester in a hot tub?), but take comfort in this: It's funnier than *Ace Ventura: Pet Detective*.

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
LAUGHS	***Get Shorty*** (wiseguy Travolta finds calling as Tinseltown schmoozer; DeVito and Hackman round out sly Leonard tale), ***Mighty Aphrodite*** (classic Woody angst with Sophaclean spin; Mira Sarvino's gold-hearted hooker steals it).
DRAMA	***Leaving Las Vegas*** (hopeless boozer spirals ever downward in land of keno; Cage is brilliant, as is Shue's streetwalker), ***Prophecy*** (Christopher Walken leads dark angels' assault on earth; spooky and offbeat).
DOCUMENTARY	***Crumb*** (creepy, painful peek at private world of Zap Comix inkman Robert Crumb; multi-trophy winner), ***I Am Cuba*** (Russian filmmaker's frenzied, sensual spin of the Communist isle, circa 1964; darling of art-film circuit).
HOLLY-WOOD	Hally Hunter double bill: ***Copycat*** (hamicide cop HH enlists shut-in shrink Sigourney Weaver to bag serial killer; nerve-racking), ***Home for the Holidays*** (artist HH and family do dysfunctian on turkey day; directed by Jodie Foster).
CONCERT	***Carly Simon: Live at Grand Central*** (one-hour gig in Manhattan's stately depot; great echoes, all the hits), ***Richard Pryor Live in Concert*** (1979: after the heart attack, before "the fire"; arguably his best stand-up outing ever).

IN THE SWIM

Knee-length Jams have had their day, and bikini briefs look best on Olympic divers. So what's a guy to wear to the beach this summer? Streamlined, thigh-length swim trunks that show off a fit form and an eye for the latest retro styling. DKNY offers a cotton-and-nylon version in black, white, red or blue, with a logo and a nylon clip belt ($75). Austyn Zung's mid-thigh swim trunks are made of a sleek black viscose-and-Lycra blend ($80). Designer Gene Meyer does some California dreaming with his short, square-cut trunks ($90). They're made of cotton, polyester and Lycra and come in gingham check color combos such as indigo and white (pictured here) and royal blue and black. Polo Sport's square-cut nylon-and-Lycra racing trunks hit the top of the thigh and come in red or black with a U.S. flag logo (about $40). Armand Basi takes a minimalist route with his square-cut bikini briefs in Spandex with blue-and-white vertical stripes ($75). For something more flashy, 2B's nylon thigh-length surf shorts have a lace-up front, a single side pocket and a Velcro fly. Colors include black, royal, gold and maroon ($55).

A REASON TO TERRY

Terrycloth isn't just for towels and bathrobes anymore. Designers are using the lightweight fabric to create summer shirts that are cool and casual and look equally great with shorts and khaki pants as well as layered under a jacket. Nautica's short-sleeved French terry polo shirt by David Chu is available in green, blue and coral ($68). Gaspar Saldanha offers a short-sleeved V-neck version ($165) and a zip-top polo ($210), both in black with gray trim or vice versa. The Richard Edwards line is known for its hip urban style of sportswear, which includes a polo, a V-neck vest with attached collar and a long-sleeved button-through shirt—all made of white, navy or black terrycloth ($65 to $90). Verso's signature athletics-inspired cotton terry shirt jacket has taping detail and comes in black, chalk, gray and navy. And for refreshing color, opt for Nicole Farhi's short-sleeved cabana-style terrycloth shirts ($90) in tropical shades such as lime green as well as white.

HOT SHOPPING: LOUISVILLE

The horsey set hits the Kentucky Derby the first Saturday in May, an event preceded by parades, marathons and balloon and steamboat races.

For shopping, trot to the hip Highlands area. Avalon (1500 Bardstown Rd.): Offbeat street, skate and rave gear, plus used Levi's and cords. • Sasquatch (1019 Barret Ave.): Modern furniture, odd collectibles, local art, vintage clothes and shoes. • Jerry Shelton (1287 Bardstown Rd.): Upscale Euro-style suits and sports jackets, plus casual Derby duds and lots of ties. • Ear X-tacy (1534 Bardstown Rd.): A vast collection of CDs from hard-core indies to imports. • Edenside Gallery (1422 Bardstown Rd.): Eclectic art and jewelry. • The Bluegrass Brewing Co. (3929 Shelbyville Rd.): A casual watering hole with beers brewed on the premises and potent mint juleps at Derby time.

CLOTHES LINE

Most 27-year-olds are more into passion than fashion, but jazz sax player **Joshua Redman** is a well-rounded guy. He scored big when his favorite designer, Donna Karan, agreed to outfit his quartet. "My ideas about fashion and being an artist are in sync with her clothing," he says. On tour, Redman will be sporting a lightweight wool double-breasted suit in navy with wide pinstripes. He finds ties restricting, so he plans to accent the suit with a white DKNY banded-collar shirt. He'll also wear DKNY black suede boots. Offstage, he favors black Nikes, Banana Republic khaki slacks and Calvin Klein T-shirts—"in muted colors only, please."

CLEAN AND SIMPLE

Combination hair-and-body shampoos help you travel light—whether you're going global or just to the gym. Among our favorites is DK Men's Hair & Body shampoo, which includes soy and wheat proteins for extra conditioning and the subtle scent of Karan's Fuel for Men fragrance. Calvin Klein's crisp-smelling Escape for Men combo cleanser is a woodsy, herbal-scented gel with skin conditioners. Loyal users of Penhaligon's Racquets double-duty formula for shampoo include members of the British royal family. Issey Miyake's All Over Shampoo is a cool blue gel that smells like fresh greenery with hints of tobacco and musk.

MARTIN HOFFMAN

STYLE METER

SHOES	IN	OUT
STYLES	Spectators; split and cap toes; high-vamped loafers; bucks; Hush Puppies	Monk straps; tasseled loafers; rubber sandals; heavy lug soles
MATERIALS	Flat and woven leather or fabric combinations; suede; muted patent leather	Alligator or crocodile skins; real or faux pony skin; mirror-finish patent leather
COLORS	Two-tone combos; black; white; off-white; brown tones such as chocolate and khaki	Burgundy, light tan, navy or rust leathers and suedes

A MAN'S GUIDE *to buying* DIAMONDS

ARE YOU *one of the* TWO MILLION victims of engagement ring *anxiety*?

❶ Relax. Guys simply are not supposed to know this stuff. Dads rarely say "Son, let's talk diamonds."

❷ But it's still your call. So read on.

❸ Spend wisely. It's tricky because no two diamonds are alike. Formed in the earth millions of years ago and found in the most remote corners of the world, rough diamonds are sorted by DeBeers' experts into over 5,000 grades before they go on to be cut and polished. So be aware of what you are buying. Two diamonds of the same size may vary widely in quality. And if a price looks too good to be true, it probably is.

❹ Learn the jargon. Your guide to quality and value is a combination of four characteristics called *The 4Cs.* They are: *Cut*, not the same as shape, but refers to the way the facets or flat surfaces are angled. A better cut offers more brilliance; *Color*, actually, close to no color is rarest; *Clarity*, the fewer natural marks or "inclusions" the better; *Carat weight*, the larger the diamond, usually the more rare.

❺ Determine your price range. What do you spend on the one woman in the world who is smart enough to marry you? Most people use the *two months' salary guideline.* Spend less and the relatives will talk. Spend more, and they'll rave.

❻ Watch her as you browse. Go by how she reacts, not by what she says. She may be reluctant to tell you what she really wants. Then once you have an idea of her taste, don't involve her in the actual purchase. You both will cherish the memory of your surprise.

❼ Find a reputable jeweler, someone you can trust to ensure you're getting a diamond you can be proud of. Ask questions. Ask friends who've gone through it. Ask the jeweler you choose why two diamonds that look the same are priced differently. Avoid Joe's Mattress & Diamond Discounters.

❽ Learn more. For the booklet, *"How to buy diamonds you'll be proud to give"*, call the **American Gem Society**, representing fine jewelers upholding gemological standards across the U.S., at **800-341-6214.**

❾ Finally, think romance. And don't compromise. This is one of life's most important occasions. You want a diamond as unique as your love. Besides, how else can two months' salary last forever?

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BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

JOSEPH WAMBAUGH tops this spring's books with a wild southern California saga about yachting, espionage, the Americas Cup and murder. In ***Floaters*** (Bantam), he dazzles with his intimate knowledge of police life, black humor, raunchy dialogue and a cast of Nineties choirboys. The story concerns a complicated plot to sabotage Team New Zealand, which has become mixed up with the murder of a local prostitute by her pimp. The best scenes take place at the raucous parties of the Americas Cup Drinking Club, a sailors' bash hosted by a different San Diego bar each week.

As always, Wambaugh's cops are memorable. Fortney and Leeds are members of a Harbor Unit team that pulls the floaters (dead bodies) out of the bay by day and chases cuppies (Americas Cup groupies) through the bars at night. Officer Rita Mason, dressed in "Day-Glo green satin shorts, knee-high green plastic boots with spike heels, a white peekaboo chemise and a sequined jacket on top," can hardly wait to go back to stabbings and drive-bys instead of being a decoy hooker. "Anne of a Thousand Names" is a female homicide detective who earned her moniker from three divorces, but was tough enough to become the first San Diego PD woman to make the SWAT team. And then there's Letch: "Norman G. 'Letch' Boggs was one of those middle-aged cops immune to sexual harassment complaints. Letch was short, bald, with the muscle tone of a bruised banana. He smelled worse than a Beastie Boys concert because he consumed more garlic than Sicily."

Wambaugh initiated the crime novel craze in the early Seventies with *The New Centurions* and *The Blue Knight*, which take you into the inner lives of policemen. Those books have the verisimilitude of police work in part because their author served 14 years with the LAPD. *Floaters* displays a cop's expertise and the literary power of a master storyteller.

The story of the Billionaire Boys Club has been told many times over the past decade, but never with the power of Randall Sullivan's ***The Price of Experience: Power, Money, Image and Murder in Los Angeles*** (Grove Press). Led by a charismatic con man named Joe Hunt, the sons of some of the richest families in southern California formed an organization that would do anything for money—including kill. Sullivan's riveting tale is amazingly detailed and artfully presented. He slowly draws the reader into the story by examining the boys' friendships at the exclusive Harvard prep school, where Hunt was the token scholarship student. By the time the Boys Club is formed, with its bizarre code of loyalty and self-justifying philosophy, you can hardly turn the pages fast enough. This is contemporary history, brilliantly written.

Joseph Wambaugh's *Floaters*.

A gaggle of spring crime books—both fictional and true.

A different sort of report about a well-educated young man dabbling in crime is told by Peter Alson in ***Confessions of an Ivy League Bookie*** (Crown). With humor and introspection, he describes how, as an unemployed Harvard graduate, he began to work in a bookie's office on St. Marks Place in New York. As it turns out, being a clerk in a bookie joint isn't that different from a job at Goldman, Sachs—it just pays more. Alson grapples with his conscience, his fears of arrest, his embarrassment at enjoying "success" outside the law, and he tells it with candor.

A trio of lesser-known crime novelists has compelling new books. In Robert Crais' sixth Elvis Cole adventure, ***Sunset Express*** (Hyperion), the wife of a Los Angeles celebrity is found brutally murdered, and the evidence incriminates her husband. Charged with murder, the husband hires a superstar defense attorney who assembles a team of lawyers and investigators and announces that an LAPD detective has planted the evidence against his client. Does this sound familiar? Crais has fun playing off the O.J. case. But this time, Elvis has the fast-talking lawyer on the run. There's more déjà vu in Randy Wayne White's ***Captiva*** (Putnam), an inventive story of an argument between sport fishermen and commercial fishermen that escalates into violence in Florida. Doc Ford, the protagonist of White's four crime novels, is a government agent–turned–marine biologist given to philosophical ruminations, who lives in a remodeled fish-storage shack built over the water on pilings in Dinkin's Bay, Sanibel Island. Happily, White knows how to build a plot around this reincarnated Travis McGee with touches John D. MacDonald would have appreciated. ***Power in the Blood*** (Thomas Dunne/St. Martin's) by E.L. Wyrick features Tammi Randall, a quick-witted 28-year-old attorney for the Legal Aid Society in Teal County, Georgia. When she travels to nearby Warrendale to meet a movie star who wants to buy the entire town, she discovers her intended client dead—and a whole lot of intriguing confusion about who did it.

Edward Humes' ***No Matter How Loud I Shout*** (Simon & Schuster) and Melissa Fay Greene's ***The Temple Bombing*** (Addison-Wesley) are two nonfiction books of painful importance. Humes' work exposes the injustice in Los Angeles Juvenile Court. This Pulitzer Prize–winning author chronicles the experiences of five children struggling to survive in the system. In her second book about the civil rights movement after *Praying for Sheetrock*, Greene examines the bombing of the Reform Jewish Synagogue in Atlanta in 1958. Her book presents a sweeping portrait of Atlanta, but it also is a methodical study of the social and political conflicts that led up to the bombing. The temple's rabbi had been one of the few whites with the courage to condemn the racism and anti-Semitism of white supremacist groups in Atlanta. The bombing became a rallying point for supporters of social justice and nonviolence.

BOOK BAG

Showing My Color (HarperCollins), by Clarence Page: Part memoir and part social history, this collection of impolite essays on race and identity thoughtfully examines our continuing rift.

The Oxford Book of American Detective Stories (Oxford U. Press), edited by Tony Hillerman and Rosemary Herbert: From Edgar Allan Poe to Sue Grafton, these tales chronicle the evolution of crime fiction.

John Dillinger Slept Here (Minnesota Historical Society), by Paul Maccabee: This is a small masterpiece of social history that describes how an earlier "war on crime" provided Americans an entertaining distraction from their Depression worries—except in St. Paul, where enlightened civic policy maintained the peace far more simply by offering sanctuary to public enemies.

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MEN

By ASA BABER

How can I use the term pussy-whipped and stay solvent? No one is supposed to mention those words today. Saying them aloud in the workplace could get you fired, retired, sued and screwed. But say them with feeling anyway: *pussy-whipped*, a pungent phrase that has been banned from our dictionaries for years because of pressure from arbiters of the feminist persuasion.

For decades we have handed feminists the power to edit and reprogram our language. But even though we live in this self-imposed cultural dictatorship, most guys still say pussy-whipped (silently, of course) from time to time. For us, it is an expression too colorful and illustrative to banish forever.

To be pussy-whipped simply means that a pussy is whipping you. It has become a pink, slippery, thrashing, living thing, an angry ogre in curls, a ravenous beast with a wrinkled face, a creature as wide as a building and as deep as an oil well, with the roar of a lioness and the mouth of a shark. So salute that shaggy monster and get out of its way, fella!

The Pussy Monster has incredible power over men. Guys will change their beliefs, clothes, magazine subscriptions, aftershave, vocabulary, eating habits, location, work schedule, mode of transportation and social mannerisms just to escape the ferocity of a real pussy-whipping. Why do men surrender in this matter without a fight? Because most guys just want to get laid, and they know that a whipping pussy is not a welcoming pussy.

The Pussy Monster censors, shames, blames, dismembers, scolds, scourges, thrashes, shellacs, pecks, rebukes, flays, criticizes, isolates and emasculates its targets. Although I'm proud to say that I have sometimes stood up to the monster and refused to give in to it, I also acknowledge that I have been viciously pussy-whipped on many occasions. Like so many men, "Yes, dear" has been my mantra in the past, and I know that I will never totally lose my need to placate the Pussy Monster after it has been provoked. I like it too much when it's cooing and smiling, you see.

When we say that a man is pussy-whipped, we mean that he will do anything for female approval. We mean that he is a wimp, a wuss, a mama's boy, a tattletale, a sweetheart of a guy who plays hopscotch with the girls at recess and never gets his hands dirty. When a guy is pussy-whipped, he will ignore his male friends, his work, his hobbies and his sense of himself as a man, all in the hope that the Pussy Monster will embrace him and not reject him.

VAL TILLEY/HUNGRY DOG STUDIO

DIAGNOSIS: PUSSY-WHIPPED

As guys, we often ask ourselves whether or not we are pussy-whipped. We wonder about our friends in the same context. That being the case, here are some questions and answers to help you recognize the symptoms. But one warning: After you read this, don't look in the mirror for a while.

(1) *If I never argue with the woman I'm dating, am I pussy-whipped?* Yes.

(2) *If I always argue with her, am I healthy and independent?* No, you're just as fucked-up as the guy above.

(3) *What are the first physical signs of pussy-whippedness?* Sniveling, pleading and whining, followed by a hunching of the shoulders, an ascension of the testicles into the belly and an intense need to urinate. Headaches and backaches are also common, as are tremors of the penis, agoraphobia and a hesitant, pigeon-toed walk.

(4) *Does this disorder have a name, and what are the first psychological symptoms of it?* Appropriately, shrinks call this affliction PMS (Pussy Monster Syndrome). Men suffering from it hold the humiliating belief that masculinity is nature's way of saying you're an asshole. A man with PMS, under intense stress as he tries to feminize and deconstruct himself, suffers from a marked deterioration of all logical thought processes. He often imagines himself lost in a series of huge crimson caverns that have fleshlike walls covered with semen, moss, peanut butter and lubricating jelly. Many men with PMS also report hearing the songs *I Am Woman* and *I Enjoy Being a Girl* somewhere in the distance.

(5) *Can gay guys be pussy-whipped?* They get to choose.

(6) *Which American presidents have been pussy-whipped?* Ask which ones haven't and we can talk.

(7) *What is the present state of therapy for men with PMS?* Because 90 percent of male therapists are lifetime victims of the syndrome, and because a high percentage of female therapists are perpetrators of it, there has not been much original thought in this area. However, a special form of testosterone therapy is being tested at a private clinic in Gstaad, Switzerland. Other therapeutic approaches include golden showers, the consumption of salmon sushi and a form of aversion therapy in which the patient is forced to watch 600 hours of Michael Jackson videos nonstop.

(8) *What does a man in the throes of pussy-whippedness look like?* Within a week or two, he looks exactly like Larry King.

(9) *Do you foresee a time when men will not be frequently pussy-whipped?* No. But astronomers are analyzing data from the Hubble space telescope, and there may be a galaxy out there where sexual behavior is actually rational. But if its inhabitants are visiting us secretly, as rumored, forget it. Once in the earth's atmosphere, they will inevitably be contaminated—PMS is highly contagious in all dimensions.

(10) *When you write a column like this, don't some women become angry with you and reject you?* Yes. Especially the ones alerted by Cynthia Heimel. She still whips me with solid professionalism in her *Women* column, but I try to remind myself that the whippier they are, the harder they fall. I believe that soon Cynthia will stop whipping me and start loving me to distraction. Boy oh girl, I can hardly wait!

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WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

MARY JO PHALEN

PORNOGRAPHY: DOES IT SUCK?

As your (token) feminist columnist, I feel I must address the issue of pornography, a subject bubbling and curdling in the brains of all thinking females.

Pornography is disgusting. It is sordid, ugly, foul and egregious; it has zero redeeming social value. It portrays women as depersonalized sex objects, and slutty, mindless sex objects at that. It degrades and marginalizes women and encourages feelings of alienation and hostility in men. Plus, those endless close-ups of arrhythmic genitalia are both madly offensive and paralytically boring. I just really, really hate porn.

Unless, of course, it's good porn.

Then bring it right over. If it's good wanking material, I'll even brave the video-store guy's slack-jawed stare as I rent, oh, *Romancing the Bone*. Normally I prefer an old-fashioned dirty Victorian novel, but if a porn video has some good situations, I can replay those images for years in my head.

"*Romancing the Bone*?" says Lily incredulously. "You're joking. What about *House of Dreams*?"

Lily Burana is my friend, and she's hilarious. She is wearing clothes at the moment, but if you want to see her naked, just turn to page 134 in the April PLAYBOY. Too bad her giant brain isn't visible.

Lily is a "sex worker" (exotic dancer), so I've invited her over to give me a reality check on Andrea Dworkin and Catharine MacKinnon, those fun-loving antiporn stars of the feminist movement. Lily is poring over Dworkin's book *Pornography*. Suddenly she has apoplexy.

"Listen to this insanity!" she yells. "The epidemic of cesarean sections in this country is a sexual, not a medical, phenomenon. They fuck the uterus with a knife. Modern childbirth—surgical childbirth—comes from the metaphysics of male sexual domination."

I think that says it all about Dworkin. The woman is a loon. And just listen, if you dare, to MacKinnon: "Sooner or later, in one way or another, the consumers want to live out pornography further, in three dimensions."

"Oh, right," says Lily. "She thinks all porn is rape, so all men are rapists. We all played cops and robbers as kids, but do we all get on top of the Quickie Mart with machine guns?"

I am deeply offended by Dworkin and MacKinnon. They are so single-mindedly, fervently, insanely wrongheaded—according to them, every man is an evil rapist, every sex worker an abused zombie—that they have managed to polarize feminists in a pointless and destructive way. I am a person who in fact has problems with some porn, but these babes have forced me to make a choice, forced me to jump onto the pro-porn bandwagon and wave many flags.

"I think we should set me up against Andrea Dworkin, like on *American Gladiators*," says Lily. "We can go head-to-head, sell tickets. I mean, who wouldn't pay to see her in Spandex?"

To counterattack, there are now women who make a career of being sex-positive feminists. Sex-posi, Lily calls them. It's a submovement. These women write and perform and go on talk shows to explain to the world that sex is good, sex is pleasurable. Susie Bright is probably the most proficient and well known of these women. I have met her—she is sweet and intelligent. But I cannot believe that Susie has to proselytize. That there are feminists who actually believe sex is bad, that all penetration is rape, who flock to the antiporn stars and kiss the hems of their garments. This is a hell of a note.

We can always blame our favorite whipping boys, the status-quo-driven media and right-wing politics. And I think I will. MacKinnon is a strange bedfellow of the Christian Coalition (but Dworkin is too weird). And the media can point to these lunatic prudes and say, "Guess what, girls? These are your feminist role models." Women will be loath to identify, so we'll all just have to go back into the kitchen and shut the fuck up.

But some media are sex-posi. On a recent episode of *Mad About You*, Jamie was so horny she lay down on a washing machine in spin cycle, using it as a vibrator. On *Seinfeld* Elaine has complained that her new boyfriend wouldn't go down on her. It was fabulous. Certain people would probably call it porn.

Pornography is allegedly the cause of many sex crimes. No statistics support this. Women were raped before there were movies or even books. Violent porn wouldn't sell if it didn't strike a chord of sickness already in the psyche. I know from experience that as we get healthier, our fantasies get healthier. I used to get turned on by . . . well, never mind.

MacKinnon, Dworkin et al. are quite willing to play havoc with the First Amendment. They won't stop shrieking until pornography is made illegal. If this happens, things will become infinitely worse. Sex workers now have better working conditions than ever before. Lily raves about microwaves, clean dressing rooms and clothes driers.

"But if they get their way," she says, "the only thing they'll succeed in doing is driving the sex industry deeper underground, making it much more dangerous than it is now.

"I am a feminist," she continues, grabbing one of my cigarettes and pretending she smokes, "and I won't play the dick-sucking step-and-fetchit routine. All sex workers have felt exploited. People are weird to you. It's not just a job description, it's a character indictment. At the same time, I'm discredited by feminists, which shows me that the movement has a long way to go."

Pornography is not evil. Most of it simply portrays babes who want it, and want it bad. The worst pornography, in which women are abused and raped, is a mirror of evil. The actual evil lurks in the heart.

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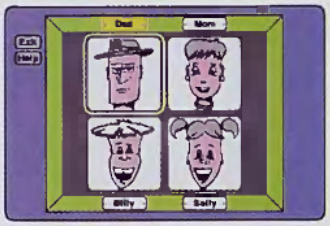

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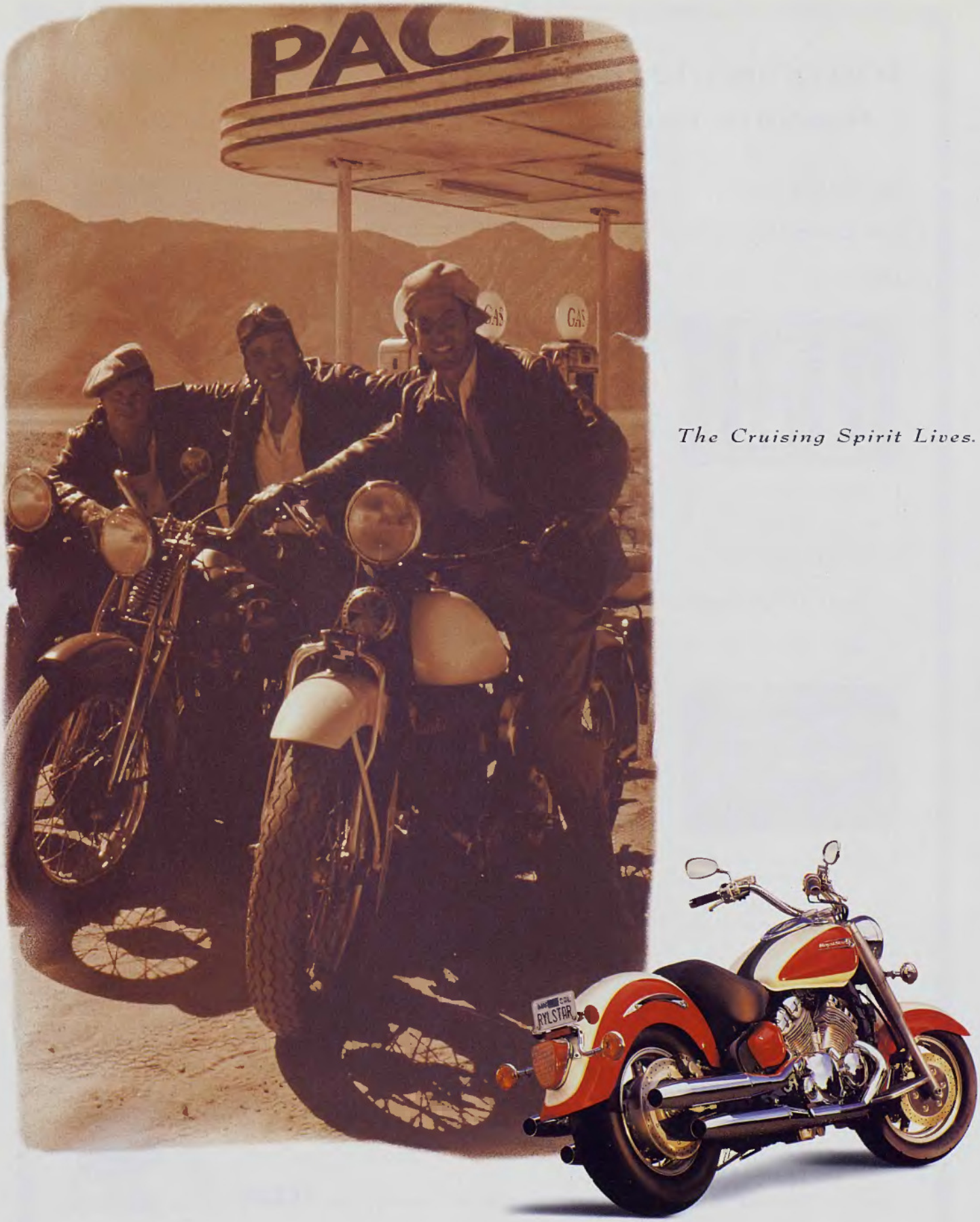

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Your advice in March to the female reader who wanted to buy a vibrator was good, but as a woman who has enjoyed them for years (with and without a lover), I thought you could have offered more information. First, before you buy a vibrator, make sure it fits your lover's hand (and, of course, your own). Large vibrators may look impressive, but they're clumsy. Second, a thinner head will provide a more intense vibration, as will a head that sits on a stem so that the vibrator resembles a handheld mixer. Third, if you've never used a vibrator before, start with one that's battery-powered. Plug-in vibrators can be quite extreme. Finally, I've found that hard plastic vibrators are best for clitoral stimulation. But this type isn't good for insertion because it doesn't conform to the shape of the vagina. Latex dildos are better for that, but they don't offer as much stimulation. Everything is a trade-off.—R.J., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Thanks for the tips; "Consumer Reports" couldn't have said it better. Another important feature we neglected to mention is the on-off switch. One expensive model we tested has an on-off switch that is a panel running the entire length of the vibrator. Unfortunately, when the vibrator is moved up and down—which is how many women use it—the device turns off and on repeatedly. Unless that's your idea of a good tease, choose a vibrator that has a small, discreet switch.

I was intrigued by your reply to the woman who wanted to buy a vibrator to improve her love life. I've been married for 22 years to a wonderful man and have never felt the need to buy what were once called marital aids. Who uses these sorts of things?—R.C., Seattle, Washington

You'd be surprised. Sex toys have long been big business, although marketers and sex researchers have yet to find any universal traits among regular users beyond a tendency to drool near plastic. A study released two years ago by the University of Chicago did find that about 20 percent of a sample of 3432 adults considered sex toys "somewhat" or "very" appealing. As PLAYBOY *reported last month, a questionnaire filled out by 246 customers of a large sex-toy catalog provided some interesting facts (most buyers were between 30 and 50, most began using toys when they were in their 20s, more said they were Republicans than Democrats) that persuaded the Center for AIDS Prevention Studies at the University of California–San Francisco to include questions about toys on its ongoing sex survey of 8000 adults. The findings are expected later this year.*

You've probably heard this complaint before: Why is it that men never bring women flowers once the courtship is over? It's not the same if I have to ask for them.—R.W., Trenton, New Jersey

Once the flowers have done their job (catching your attention), most men seem to falter. Avoid saying, "You don't bring me flowers anymore"—it sounds like a bad song, and he might have a gripe of his own. ("Yeah, well, what happened to those great blow jobs?") Instead, suggest he grab a bouquet on his way home to help brighten up the bedroom. When he does, shower him with praise and demonstrate how good the flowers make you feel. After you've done that once or twice, you may be surprised at his initiative.

Before my husband and I started dating, he had a very active sex life. He and his girlfriends even made videos. He asked if that bothered me, and I said it didn't. But when I discovered where he hides the videos, I had pangs of regret. I know they are his property, but now I feel hurt. What should I do?—H.D., Detroit, Michigan

We understand your discomfort but also admire your respect for your husband's privacy. Tell him you discovered the tapes by accident and that you feel awkward. Explain that you don't want him to erase his past, just to remove the tapes from the house. Remind yourself that his collection represents exactly that: his past (those women aren't coming back). Then grab the camcorder and make a video with him that he won't have to squirrel away.

When I shave on consecutive days, my face feels like I applied a cheese grater to it. If I don't shave every day, my girlfriend complains. If I force myself to shave every morning, will my skin toughen?—M.D., Baltimore, Maryland

Shaving is hard on every guy's face, but there are ways to make it less so. Many men like to shave after a hot shower, but we've found that this can make your skin dry. Instead, try shaving before you shower, when your skin is still slightly oily. Spoil yourself by changing the blade after every second shave, and by using a shaving brush and soft soap (ask your barber which brand he recommends). When shaving, always draw the razor in the direction of your beard's growth (preferably with twin blades, which are more forgiving). And be sure to use a light touch. Many men suffer razor burn because they apply too much pressure and forget to let the blade glide across their skin. When you're finished, rinse with cool water to close the pores, pat dry and dab on an alcohol-free aftershave. Finally, apply an oil-free moisturizer. You should notice less irritation.

I would love to have anal sex with my girlfriend. She's willing, but only if I let her slide a dildo into my anus. Is that fair?—V.F., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Sounds square to us. Have her start small and work her way up. The abundance of nerve endings around the anus provides immense pleasure, but it's not a place you just shove something the size of a dildo without plenty of lube and preparation. More than one frisky female has slid a finger into her lover's rear while giving him a blow job or as he's about to come during intercourse and been stunned by the surge of erotic energy.

My girlfriend agreed to watch adult videos with me, but when we did, she said they were boring. I had gotten the same reaction from two former girlfriends, so I wasn't surprised. Why don't women like porn as much as men do?—T.R., Phoenix, Arizona

Who says they don't? In our experience, they just don't enjoy bad porn as much as men. In an experiment by psychologist Ellen T.M. Laan of the University of Amsterdam, a group of women screened two porn films. The first was the standard low-budget fuckfest, the other depicted Everywoman characters initiating and clearly enjoying sex. The 47 female subjects knew nothing about the origins of either film but reported being repulsed by the first movie and excited by the second. Surprisingly, their physical reactions (measured in genital blood flow) were the same during both films, indicating that while their bodies were instinctively aroused, their minds were not. This sort of brain play doesn't seem to occur in men, since we're supposedly all-erection. But any guy knows that even if his penis is rock-hard, he can still get bored watching unimaginative fantasies (we have yet to meet a guy who has watched an adult movie without hitting fast-forward at least once). Next time, select an

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

early Andrew Blake film or erotica by actress-turned-director Candida Royalle and then see how your girlfriend reacts.

Although we sometimes make love, more often my new boyfriend puts his hands behind his head, closes his eyes and says I can do whatever I want. I've told him this is humiliating. But he says because he isn't initiating the sex, I have no right to be upset. What do you think?—C.B., Atlanta, Georgia

We're happy to confirm what you already suspect: You're dating an asshole. Worse, you're missing out on something better.

I took up golf a year ago and am now on the verge of my first sub-90 round. Is it worthwhile to buy the more expensive balata balls, which supposedly give you more stopping power on greens but could magnify slight draws and fades into stroke-costing hooks and slices? Or should I stick with my Top-Flite Magnas? What's the science?—L.B., Tampa, Florida

Like all beginning golfers, you're reading too much. It's not science, it's golf. Try the balatas. Count strokes. Try your two-piece balls. Count strokes. Go with the ball that gives you the lower scores.

With all the chat services available on the Internet, it seemed inevitable that I would meet a woman from another part of the country. We typed back and forth for hours, then spoke on the phone for several more. I really feel there is chemistry between us. The problem is she lives 2000 miles away. Does this type of relationship stand a chance?—B.D., San Francisco, California

If there's one thing the Internet has done for dating, it's destroyed the virtual monopoly college students once held on frustrating long-distance relationships. Although we don't like to discourage a budding romance, use equal parts heart and head in this one. You haven't met this woman, and without knowing her more intimately, you can't make any useful judgments. Proceed with caution and understand that you face some formidable obstacles. At least nowadays you can have a challenging long-distance relationship without the challenging long-distance bills.

I love to give my boyfriend blow jobs, but I have a habit of sucking too hard and sometimes leaving a hickey on the head of his penis. Does this cause any long-term damage, or is it like a hickey on the neck? No complaints from him, but it sure looks funny.—A.D., Atlantic City, New Jersey

Does the phrase "Sucking the chrome off a trailer hitch" mean anything to you? Take it easy. The delicate skin covering the penis should be tongue-washed rather than vacuumed. We're sure he appreciates your enthusiasm, but you'll probably get more of a rise out of your boyfriend with a gentle, teasing blow job than by leaving red welts on his dick. Not only that, it's hard to find turtlenecks that small.

Six months ago, I left a long-term relationship. Now I'm interested in a woman I see at the gym. I haven't introduced myself because she resembles my ex-girlfriend. What should I do?—M.V., Minneapolis, Minnesota

This is a common experience after breakups. It may have less to do with subliminal efforts to replace your ex and more with knowing what you like. If things work out and you get to know her better ("You look like someone I just broke up with" is not a good opening line, by the way), you'll notice as many differences as similarities. If the relationship gets serious, you may well laugh that you ever compared the two.

Should I lift weights before or after swimming or running? I've heard that you should lift before, but I'm usually too tired then to get in a good workout.—T.S., Salt Lake City, Utah

It depends on who you ask. One exercise researcher says he tells people to lift first just so the benches won't be all sweaty when he's working out. Whichever order you decide is best, you should include weight training and aerobic exercise in the routine. If you find that the combination is getting the best of you, ease up. Lift every other day, alternating with aerobics. Or if you can't work out that often, limit your lifting to 30 minutes and give your body at least 15 minutes to recover before hitting the pool or track. A study at the University of Florida Center for Exercise Science concluded that performing one set of lifting exercises (8 to 12 reps) three times a week can be just as beneficial as the standard three sets. You should use enough weight so that the final reps are difficult because of muscle fatigue.

I am a 27-year-old law student who has come to understand how studying can induce horniness. I have many female colleagues in the same predicament, and there is no limit to the number of future attorneys and judges in need of a profound and thorough fucking. Following a recent exam, I had a drink with a beautiful redhead who sat in front of me the entire quarter, wiggling her astonishingly pert ass back and forth in her seat. I spent the next three days making love with her virtually nonstop, until I had to break things off to keep a date with a girl in my study group. That led to another two days of sex with my study partner. As a result, the skin on the shaft of my penis feels slightly raw. Am I in any danger of injuring myself from having too much sex?—H.B., Houston, Texas

Your condition, known as honeymooner's burn, is nothing a few nights of sleeping alone won't heal. Probably. Judging from our knowledge of the situation. Results may vary. This advice is for informational purposes only. If your condition persists, see a doctor. (If you think we're giving an aspiring lawyer any footholds, you're nuts.)

My husband and I have three children and we both work full time. It used to be that whenever we tried to have sex, there would inevitably be interruptions. Our lives are still hectic, but we have solved the problem. Three nights a week, after the kids have gone to bed, we give each other massages with baby oil. This gives us time to talk, and the massage relieves stress and makes our bodies wonderfully soft. If we are tired we fall asleep holding each other. But more often than not we feel rejuvenated and have fantastic sex. Maybe this will help other couples who want more intimacy but feel too harried.—H.J., San Francisco, California

Thanks for the suggestion. Quickies have their charm, too, but if you're bugging out from a long day of work, a slow rubdown gives your body a chance to shift gears. The more relaxed you are, the more receptive you'll be to the touching, kissing and caressing that make for great sex.

A friend says that a lot of men suffer groin injuries because they ride their bicycles too much. Is that true?—B.G., Portland, Oregon

If you spend a lot of time pounding your nuts against the seat or bouncing onto the crossbar after hard stops, you can do serious damage to your abilities as a lover. Many bikers suffer numb penises after long rides because of pressure applied to the perineum, the area between the scrotum and anus. This is not good. Last year, researchers reported in the "Journal of Urology" (we read it so you don't have to) that an estimated 250,000 American men have erectile dysfunction because of crotch injuries they suffer while cycling. To prevent problems, make sure your bike is large enough. There should be two to four inches of clearance between your genitals and the crossbar when you're standing flat on your feet. Bike manufacturers now make split seats (two halves with a hole in the middle), seats filled with gel and seats with shock absorbers. Get one. More important, take shorter rides and longer breaks. A penis is a terrible thing to waste.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to advisor@playboy.com. Look for responses to our most frequently asked questions on the World Wide Web at http://www.playboy.com/faq/faq.html.

INTERNET SEX

it's not all bestiality, torture and alt.sex.pervert

First I took a bandanna and affixed it as a blindfold. Then I went to the freezer and found two Popsicles. I took the tip of the orange Popsicle and touched it to her clit. She giggled and squirmed and guessed 'Ice?' I said, 'Nope, keep guessing.' After I stroked it along her outer lips and back up to her clit, she said she still couldn't guess. That's when I took the entire Popsicle and thrust it into her. She gasped and ground her hips against my hand. I slowly pulled the Popsicle out and inserted it into my mouth. Her juices were dripping by now, and so was the Popsicle. It tasted heavenly. She said, 'Do that again, please!' through excited gasps. I did it again and again, and she squirmed in pleasure. This time she said, 'What the hell is that?' I put it to her lips and said, 'Taste.' While she sucked on the orange Popsicle, I continued fucking her with the second one. Eventually I had to clean up: Kissing her, I worked my way up her thighs to her pussy. The tastes combined to make a sweet, tangy flavor that was like nothing I'd ever experienced. It was simply delicious. She came like an avalanche. It seems that the cold from the Popsicles had numbed her inside, but when my tongue entered her, it heated her up so fast she couldn't control herself."

Seek and ye shall find.

Last year, shortly before Congress passed a bill banning "indecency," "filth" and "lewdness" on the Internet, I spent several months talking about sex online and exchanging erotic e-mail with reckless abandon and capitalist intent. I was collecting material for a PLAYBOY book to be called *365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life* (Plume). I hoped to celebrate those secret Oriental sex techniques we learn from our Toyota mechanics, or tricks gleaned from dog-eared copies of *Delta of Venus* or from that foreign exchange student back in college.

I posted a message on PLAYBOY's World Wide Web page (http://www.playboy.com) asking for homespun sex advice. Had anyone discovered something lust-friendly in literature? Had anyone learned something from an X-rated movie? Had anyone come across a reference to a mysterious sex trick and wondered exactly what it entailed?

I learned that the Internet, along with its reputation as a digital confessional, is filled with people who love to trade information about sex.

And I discovered that words are powerfully erotic—in a way that images are not. Sex is not what happens—it's what you notice. When you describe an incredible sex act you reveal the wiring, the essential tension, the idea behind the entertainment.

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

What was the most popular sex trick in cyberspace? Dozens of correspondents offered some version of the following:

"Sam Kinison gave out a great tip for when you're going down on a woman: Just lick the alphabet. Start with the capital letters and then proceed to the lowercase ones."

Some people have suggested tongue-tracing hieroglyphs, numbers, the letters of the Hebrew alphabet, words of love—whatever works.

After I posted the alphabet technique one woman wrote in to quibble, suggesting that such sophomoric advice showed exactly what was wrong with American men. I guess she wanted her lover to lie there pretending his tongue was stuck to an ice cube tray. But free speech being the best way to correct free-but-sophomoric speech, another woman told me that the alphabet trick is fine—just find the one or two letters your lover likes best and repeat them over and over. It's the repetition, not the spelling bee, that works.

The Internet offers proof that decent Americans have an insatiable curiosity about sexual inventiveness. The people who wrote me shared an understanding—that sex is the trading of attention, enjoyment and energy, that the question "What are you doing?" is usually followed by "Oh God, don't stop."

Next question: Had the computer corrupted any fun-loving couples in a way that, say, sex manuals, X-rated videos, dial-a-porn or soap operas—all known for applying new technology to age-old sexual scripts—had not? One guy described the following:

"My wife found it uncomfortable to sit on the edge of a table while we had sex. We were both surprised how easy it could be after having spur-of-the-moment sex in my home office with her sitting on my keyboard. The key-

board seems to work like one of those foot-massager thingies, except on your ass."

Some writers have tried to characterize the denizens of the Net as clueless losers, housebound nerds, pale poseurs. But the people who explore sex in cyberspace push the boundaries of the sexual revolution, taking sex out of the bedroom and into the beyond—into pickup trucks overlooking the Rio Grande, onto the top level of parking garages, onto dorm roofs, into tree houses.

One contact wrote: "In response to your question: Does place matter? Let's see, I've made love in parks late at night, in a room full of people (a hostel), on the walkway of a lighthouse, in a moving car with me driving, in every room of a house, on a sailboat, on a new mattress before it was unpacked, in a bathroom at work, in a church parking lot (on a Sunday), in a college library. As often as I have tried variations on certain themes, I find the only things that have to be in place are me and my lover, with both of us wanting to exhaust each other. The place is special for the memory, I suppose."

Besides the fact that they've never spent much time on the Net, could it be that the members of Congress who voted to ban online indecency have never made love outside their bedrooms? Like social reformers at the turn of the century, they seek to contain sexuality in a cell, in the dark, to keep the beast chained. That's not going to work. Discussions about sex are educational. Even quaint. Consider how one guy found romance through X-rated movies (another wedding of sex and technology that Congress has attempted to control):

"Regarding your plea for sex tips and tricks (and traps?), I submit the following somewhat romantic way to spend an evening with your partner. If the two (or more) of you are interested in erotic films, a great way to make the experience all the more erotic is to view a film naked under a duvet while slowly caressing your partner's genitalia (or other erotic bits). The basic idea is that by keeping a 'finger on the pulse' of your lover's eroticism, you can get an idea of what in the film really turns him or her on. Of course, most people can't do this without getting carried away and making love or having some other fun, but that's why the nice people who make VCRs include a PAUSE button. I have done this with several of my lovers and the experience really is amazing. Sitting there holding each other, stroking, watching, yet keeping somewhat secretive adds something mysterious, an element of fantasy."

It is a cliché to insist that cyberspace is an anarchic kingdom with no boundaries, that it exists in the imagination. Tell that to the prosecutor in Germany who briefly bullied Compuserve into denying subscribers access to sexual news groups. Still, I found that you can reach out and touch someone halfway around the world:

"My Thai wife showed me a special meditation technique a few years ago when we were on a deserted Burmese beach. After meditating for some 45 minutes in the lotus position, she took off her clothes and waded into the warm water. She got on her hands and knees and continued to meditate, but this time she moved her hips slowly. She told me later that she was completely relaxed and focused on invisible forces making love with her. She did not touch herself—only the water and the wind touched her body. After about 15 minutes she had a powerful orgasm. I then joined her for the next hour as the sun set over the Indian Ocean."

If Congress succeeds, you won't be able to share this "indecent" information on the Internet.

One of the highlights of talking about sex on the Internet is the suspense. Does the phrase "Host Contacted Awaiting Response" get your juices flowing? In chat groups, it's not what the person says next that creates heat—it's the anticipation. Some of my contributors elevated teasing to an art:

"Try entering your lover's nest inch by inch. At each level stop and ask if that is enough. Wait for her answer. She'll go crazy."

The Net is filled with special-interest groups. As a result, you can talk with experts in arcane fields any time you want. One morning my e-mail contained this posting from a film scholar:

"Have you seen Louis Malle's classic film *The Lovers*? Jeanne Moreau spends an entire night with a young man. It is one of the most languid, sensual encounters ever filmed, and it is a catalog of elegant techniques. When they make love in her bedroom, Moreau traces words of love on her partner's back. (Try that with your mate—see if she can guess what you are spelling.) But the best part? Moreau draws a cool bath, something she says she does every hot night. After making love, she and her lover slip into the water for more lovemaking. The following morning the young man takes a sip of the bathwater to quench his thirst."

The people I heard from were not at all afraid to eroticize new technology:

"I read about this guy in my local paper. He would call a woman and pretend to be her boyfriend. In a whisper he would tell her to leave the door unlocked and to get into bed blindfolded. Then he would walk in and have sex with her. He apparently succeeded with several women, some of whom enjoyed more than one session before discovering his ruse. According to the story, he also talked women into masturbating in front of open windows. If it works with strangers, think of what it will add to your relationship. I've parked outside my girlfriend's house with a cellular phone and arranged private shows. Very hot."

The irony of modern American politics is that I can tell you what I learned online about sex in the pages of PLAYBOY. You can also walk into your bookstore and ask for a copy of the book that resulted from my research. And, having read the material, you and your beloved can jump each other's bones from a dizzying height and reach new levels of bliss. You may be inspired to come up with your own technique, one that will lower the divorce rate and put new meaning into a meaningful relationship. But if Congress succeeds, you won't be able to share this "indecent" information on the Internet.

LUST-FREE LIBRARIES

playing hide-and-seek with sex

By Chip Rowe

Last year, America suffered the first of many hysterical attacks on sex on the Internet. "Sin is just a click away," thundered Washington politicians. "How do we protect the children?"

What Congress had discovered was the world's largest public library, complete with indexes and cross-referencing. Like a library, the Internet would be difficult to use without some kind of catalog or road map. When a book is cataloged in a library, it is assigned subject headings and entered in a database. You locate it on the shelves by searching for its author, its title or key words that describe its content. When material is posted on the Net, it gets much the same treatment in online catalogs and indexes. By typing in key words such as nudity, centerfold, fiction or Hefner, for example, you might be directed to PLAYBOY's online site.

The debate over access to sexual material on the Internet made us wonder how libraries have handled the issue. Unfortunately, the typical library catalog is lacking when it comes to sex. The most obvious key words aren't there, and when you do find a sexual topic, there are usually few books listed. When it comes to sex education, many library catalogs are about as useful as a subscription to the *Congressional Record*.

We also learned something that many librarians already know: A controversial book doesn't have to be banned or burned to bury its message. It simply can be hidden, or placed out of reach. A book that is poorly cataloged, for instance, is much less likely to be discovered on the shelves.

Given the power of catalogs, it's not surprising that the most influential force in deciding where books are placed in American libraries is the federal government, in the form of the Library of Congress. The LOC asks publishers to send a copy of every book they print to Washington, where each is examined and assigned standard catalog headings. Although a few libraries fiddle with these official classifications, most accept them as gospel. If a book receives a bad shake in Washington, it will probably be relegated to a dark corner on shelves everywhere.

Here's how it works with sex: If you were searching for information about the sex industry in New York before zoning laws chased it out of town, where would you look in a library catalog? Most likely you wouldn't check headings such as Times Square: Social Conditions, New York: Social Life and Customs or any variations of the two. That's too bad, since exactly the type of book you're after—Josh Alan Friedman's *Tales From Times Square*—was originally cataloged only under those headings.

MICHAEL KOPIN

Even though it contains such chapters as "Inside the Peeps" and "Queen of the Gang Bang," Friedman's work was not shelved anywhere near sex by the LOC. Similarly, *The Playboy Book: Forty Years*, which contains some 1000 photographs, can be found only under the magazine's name and not with other books on Photography of the Nude or Erotic Photography. Nor will you find the work of Robert Mapplethorpe under those headings. Nicholson Baker's erotic novel *Vox* was given no subject heading (a common practice with fiction, poetry and drama), which means that you won't stumble across it while searching through Erotic Fiction: Telephone Sex or Erotic Fiction: Masturbation.

The perceived villain in all this is the LOC, which has traditionally been reluctant to add slang to its catalogs ("We tend to take the high road," says a spokesman). It also cites limited resources that make it difficult to thoroughly catalog the vast number of books it processes each year—187,934 in 1995 alone. But some librarians argue that the government's reluctance to expand these headings smacks of elitism: Unless you know medical terminology or Latin, you shouldn't be reading about sex. The LOC does have scores of headings for erotica and sexuality, but few are in streetwise language such as Balls (you have to know to check Testes) or Fucking (officially, it's Sexual Intercourse). Many headings are also absurdly antiquated: Sex Education is under Sex Instruction, and if you're interested in Sexual Freedom, pray some sympathetic (and horny?) librarian points you to Free Love.

Critics argue that with a little effort,

the LOC could open many more paths to sexual literacy. One grassroots coalition, the Cataloging Consumers Network, has urged the Library to expand its headings to include Adult Bookstores, Dildos, Erotic Humor, Erotic Role-Playing, Erotic Talk, Feminism and Sexuality, Gay Films, Homophobia in the Armed Forces, Interracial Sex, Lesbian Erotica, Nudes in Films, Romantic Love, Sex Aids, Sex Clinics, Sex Manuals, Sex Scandals, Sex Tourism, Sexual Massage, Sexual Revolution and Strip Clubs, among others.

Don't hold your breath, although the Library has added subjects such as AIDS Activists, Fetishism, Heterosexuality and Telephone Sex. And, to its credit, the library cataloged a new dictionary called *The F Word* under Fuck (The English Word).

The LOC also points out that its catalog is the standard by default, not mandate, and that other libraries are free to add to, delete or change its headings. That shifts the burden to local librarians, many of whom recognize the importance of making information about sex readily accessible. They realize that most people feel uncomfortable asking a stranger for directions to sex manuals.

Sadly, many librarians must weigh the political risks of adding books about sex to their collections, especially those that include photographs. They may be helped by *For Sex Education: See Librarian*, by Martha Cornog and Timothy Perper, which recommends 600 quality books about sex for public libraries and schools.

Not surprisingly, there is a vocal conservative side to the debate. Karen Jo Gounard, a Virginia mom who founded a group called Family Friendly Libraries after spotting a gay newspaper at her local library, allows that a well-stocked library should include titles such as Hitler's *Mein Kampf*, "fine literary works" and other controversial books "regardless of their position on traditional family values." The caveat, however, is that public libraries "have special child protection responsibilities that may require some adult wants and needs to take a lower priority. Visitors may have to find sex manuals, for example, on a high shelf in the midst of similar books in a special area away from the kids, rather than displayed openly within easy reach as they enter the library." In FFL's perfect world, librarians would buy only books that "help our citizens understand the importance of the traditional family," avoid displays that might be "inappropriate or potentially harmful to minors" and consider, in everything they do, "the sensibilities of the libraries' youngest patrons."

FFL would have librarians play the role of intellectual cop, charged with policing sexual materials by hiding them behind counters or in locked "adult" rooms. Where does that leave the curious library visitor who feels shy or ignorant about sex—in other words, most Americans? There's a better solution, and it's already in place. Despite Gounard's demand that libraries create them, many already have special areas for certain books—namely, those written for children. Cornog and Perper point out that "most libraries have children's collections and children's librarians, and kids don't stray much into the adult stacks. If they do, librarians usually chase them away so their peanut butter–smeared hands don't leave goo over everything. Gounard's tactics are really aimed at adults, and hers is the censor's desire to prevent books from reaching adult readers."

That tells you all you need to know about the debate over sex on the Internet. Congress and groups such as FFL say they want to protect children. The problem is, they want adults to read, think and converse like children too.

SURFWATCH ROAD TEST

When Congress began making noise about censoring "filth and indecency" on the Internet, Silicon Valley responded with $50 programs that prevent underage Net surfers from accessing adult material. The most popular of these, Surfwatch, works by restricting access to a list of 2100 sexually oriented online sites (including PLAYBOY's) and by blocking thousands of sites that contain terms such as sex, porn, intercourse, penis, vagina, smut, blowjob, erotic, fuck or XXX in their addresses. When a user tries to reach a restricted site, the filter returns the message BLOCKED BY SURFWATCH and an otherwise blank screen.

Surfwatch and programs like it are effective but—like any attempt at censorship—far from perfect. Even while using Surfwatch, we were able to view assorted nude photos; the program can be updated only monthly, so new sites fall through the cracks. Surfwatch also has its idiosyncrasies: When we tested it, addresses that contained the words shit, piss, cocksucker and blow job (as two words) were not blocked. Boobs was restricted; tits, breasts and mammary glands were not. Asshole was filtered; ass was not. Nude was forbidden; naked was not. Surfwatch allows access to a list of abortion clinics but blocks sites that describe safe sex. We were able to download *Lady Chatterley's Lover* (from the Banned Books site), study the cover of the Dead Kennedys album *Too Drunk to Fuck* and memorize George Carlin's list of 2443 "dirty words and phrases."

An extension of the program allows parents to add their own naughty sites and words to the Surfwatch list, giving them the ability to protect their kids from the expanse of carnal knowledge mom and pop have accumulated over the years. And while Surfwatch does frustrate most attempts to get to the good stuff, how much does a kid need to become "corrupted"? Because it relies on the judgment of the people who program it, and because the Net changes constantly, no anti-smut catalog can be complete.

The problem with the idea that someone can be kept innocent by blocking access to "bad" words was best expressed by Carlin, who for years has railed against the absurdity of language taboos ("You can prick your finger, but you can't finger your prick"). Censorship of any kind relies on the flawed belief that blocking certain words or ideas can keep anyone innocent for long. —C.R.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

HE WHO BARKS LAST

PORTLAND, MAINE—*Don't talk back to police, even when the officer is a dog. A cop nabbed a 20-year-old man for barking at the officer's canine partner. According to police, the suspect and a friend were teas-*

ing the German shepherd, which was locked inside a patrol car, when the officer interrupted the barking contest. The dog went on to finish its shift, but the human spent an hour in the slammer and must appear in court on a charge of taunting a police dog, a misdemeanor.

THE EYES HAVE IT

WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND—*The Wellington Art Gallery denied a woman access to an adults-only exhibition of photos by Robert Mapplethorpe because she had brought along her nine-day-old baby. Critics have denounced Mapplethorpe for his interesting mix of pretty flowers and homosexual activity, and the New Zealand Censors Office ruled the exhibit off-limits to minors, whether or not their eyes can focus. "It's something we can't risk," said the gallery's director. The world's first case of postpartum depravity was thus averted.*

SUBLIMINAL SEX

TORONTO—*Fundamentalists say they have found sex in Walt Disney films. Now pornography has been discovered on Pepsi machines in public schools in Toronto. Laura Jones, head of the Status of Women Committee of the Toronto Board of Education, says some people can look at the images on the machines and see a breast-shaped ice cube, the word sex written on three of the cubes and a tiny woman reclining in a bead of water on a soda can. "I feel it could be dangerous to allow companies to come into our schools and advertise like this," says Jones. A Pepsi spokesperson says the pictures are actual photographs and were not altered in any way.*

DEMERIT BADGE

COPENHAGEN—*Annoyed that two of their more troubled students had been barred from summer camp, a couple of camp counselors allegedly arranged for the pair of 17-year-olds to share a prostitute as a consolation prize. The boys paid for the treat, a newspaper reported, and took turns enjoying themselves in the backseat of a school bus.*

BAD VIBES

BRAMPTON, ONTARIO—*A 32-year-old Brampton resident terrorized the Aren't We Naughty sex shop with a ten-inch vibrating phallus. Police say he removed the dildo from its package and began using it anally on the premises. When told to leave, he advanced on a female clerk but then turned the vibrator on himself, using it orally before taking flight. Police charged the suspect with multiple counts of committing an indecent act.*

DUMPED-ON DAD

PITTSBURGH—*A Pennsylvania man found out the hard way that if he thinks he's a father and acts like a father, he must support a child as a father—even if the child isn't his. The man in question signed papers acknowledging paternity after the birth of a baby girl. After finding out the child was not actually his, the man sought to cut off child support. A judge ruled that under state law, he must continue monthly payments for the girl, who is now eight. Most states have similar laws. The non-dad has appealed.*

FULL-CONTACT COMMUTE

TEHRAN—*The city bus service does not allow men and women to ride together. Each gender has a separate area in which to stand or sit. Now the city has extended the two-tier system to minibuses. The municipal official in charge reasons that "if ten men brush against each of the 370,000 daily female riders, 3.7 million sins are committed every day."*

CHECK MATE

DENVER—*Does the love of your life have a wandering eye? Does he or she yield to temptation? Now you can find out whether or not they are willing to flirt with danger. For about $125, Mate Check Investigations will do a background check and stage a supposedly chance encounter between your significant other and a babe (or hunk) who suggests a tempting opportunity for a dalliance, no strings attached. The tempter wears a hidden tape recorder. Ah, trust.*

UNKIND CUT

MIAMI—*Members of a girls' cross-country team had to give up their third-place state finish because a referee ruled their French-cut running shorts were too risqué. The High School Activities Association bans high-cut briefs, even though they're worn by several Olympic athletes. The Miami Gulliver Prep School team had used them all season with no complaints. The association deputy commissioner who tried to explain the ruling said that if the shorts*

were white the girls' "private parts might show." A team member's father asked the official if he was there to watch the race or to watch private parts.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE

READER

SEX LIES

I have never enjoyed any *Playboy Forum* article as much as I did Marty Klein's "The Sex Lies of the Religious Right" (January). By concocting religious fantasies about a sexless world, the religious right ignores one simple fact of evolution: curiosity.

Ed Munir
Eagan, Minnesota

Is this what today's religious leaders have come to? Can't they find anything else to concern themselves with other than whether or not their 13-year-old son has had an erection? Are we to believe that our society should be full of sexually incoherent automatons? Even if we allow that in today's society there is a sexual freedom that could be considered unhealthy, let's be realistic about the situation. Can you honestly find 100 teenagers who would turn down a look at a pin-up or a roll in the hay because they wouldn't want to make Jesus angry? My advice to the right: Learn to live with your sexuality and leave those of us who are comfortable with ours alone.

Sean Finsel
Tokyo, Japan

Klein reveals obvious problems with the way the religious right views sex. You must ask, If the wrongheadedness of members of the right's view of sex is so obvious to us, why do they fail to see it? People submerged in religion accept beliefs by faith without evidence. They surround themselves with friends who believe as they do, and they never question their beliefs. They are blinded to the real world. The funny thing is how members of the religious right see themselves as the saved righteous and all others as the wicked lost. The reality is that the so-called lost souls are the ones who possess understanding and compassion for the needs of others, including women who have unwanted pregnancies, young people who need contraceptives and homosexuals who have special needs. They are the ones leading godly lives, who are more in touch with what is right than the so-called righteous.

Michael Shearer
Tualatin, Oregon

Don't forget the power of religion over the government. Our existing laws reflect mostly Christian values. In many states, oral and other "nonstandard" sexual practices are illegal. All in all I agree with Klein's opinions in his article, but stating that thousands of children are molested by priests is just throwing mud in the other direction. Every year many, many more children are molested by "loved ones" than by priests.

Mike Schwitzing
Sun Valley, Arizona

The assertion by Marty Klein that distorting facts somehow disqualifies people from running our country is both absurd and naive. Of course members of the religious right distort facts—they have an agenda. But does Klein hold Bill Clinton, the Democratic party, the National Organization for Women, environmentalists and animal-rights and gun-control activists to the same high standards? Perhaps Klein's subheading, "How Conservatives Distort the Facts of Life," reveals his own liberal political agenda. Politics is an arena of ideas, but wouldn't it be refreshing if total and unbiased honesty were its foundation? Truth isn't subjective. Opinions are nothing more than the manifestations of one's distance from the truth.

Robert Bartley
Milton, Florida

An important aspect of almost every religion is to make sex something shameful and sinful. There may be several reasons for this, but the most important is that sex is a necessity, like food and clothes. As long as the church and religious leaders can convince their followers that sex is a crime, there will always be something to confess and atone for.

Jan Sagli
Trondheim, Norway

I enjoyed reading "Sex Lies" and wholeheartedly agree that we should not let the religious right control America. Perhaps it was best said by

FOR THE RECORD

LEAVE IT TO THE EXPERTS

"What sorts of social and sexual behaviors are likely to be offensive to many, if not most, individuals attending a meeting of the Society for the Scientific Study of Sexuality? Although this list is far from exhaustive, here are some behaviors that most of us would define as sexual harassment:

(1) Making contemptuous or hostile remarks about women (or men) in general, (2) Telling a 'joke' that belittles people on the basis of their sexual orientation, (3) Calling an individual an 'asexual prude' for disagreeing with an opinion or action, (4) Saying, 'I really like your nipples' (or ass) to someone who is not an intimate acquaintance, (5) Staring at someone's crotch during a conversation on mutual professional concerns, (6) Insisting on hugging, stroking or kissing someone who stiffened or moved away after a previous attempt at touching, (7) Making a sexual advance after the recipient conveyed no interest, (8) Discussing a conference attendee's alleged past or present sexual behavior in a public setting at the meeting without his or her prior consent."

—NAOMI MCCORMICK, PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE SCIENTIFIC STUDY OF SEXUALITY, IN A NEWSLETTER TO MEMBERS (THOSE MUST BE SOME CONFERENCES)

RESPONSE

Raymond Bruckberger, a French priest: "Fanatic love of virtue has done more to damage men and society than all of the vices put together."

Clare Goldsberry
Phoenix, Arizona

John Kennedy's quote about the great enemy of truth is on target. Before the rise of the religious right there was psychological research into the differences in attitude toward sexuality between highly religious and moderately religious persons. A study conducted some years ago reported on the responses of two groups of subjects who consented to view explicitly sexual films and report the number of erotic thoughts that they had about them. The subjects classified themselves as either highly religious or moderately religious. The results demonstrated that people with strong religious orientations do not have any more or fewer erotic thoughts than the average population—they just get more upset about it. It therefore seems reasonable to conclude that the extremely religious people who are part of the religious right lack basic coping skills regarding their sexual impulses. What is particularly sad is that these adults cannot pass healthy coping skills on to their own children. The sizable population of the religious right may be shrill, annoying, even frightening in its attempts to curtail basic choices for the rest of society, but its children will have fewer opportunities to experience a normal and satisfying part of being human.

Ron Dickinson
Starkville, Mississippi

As a new believer in Christ, I would like to offer a word of caution to those who read Marty Klein's article. Please don't let the personal failures of certain religious leaders detract from Christian and biblical messages about sex. I have finally arrived at the point where I can honor sex by reserving it for the marriage bed. That came about not by listening to obsessive leaders but by listening to what God has to say on the issue.

Frank Olson
Dallas, Texas

RIDICULOUS REDUX

When I read "The Ridiculous Right" (*The Playboy Forum*, December) I had to watch my copy of *The Lion King* and look at the cloud scene frame by frame. Though I really tried to see it, I could not find the word sex hidden in the clouds. The priest in *The Little Mermaid*, however, is sporting a woodrow! As for the rest, I guess I'm not smart enough to pick up on those subtle signs, as I have an IQ of only 145. I always thought Disney movies had good stories and seemed to teach my kids good values. If you look hard enough you can find the bad in anything. Maybe we should all just relax and stop pointing fingers. I hope Michael Eisner has a subscription to PLAYBOY. He'll get a kick out of this one.

Chris Carnes
Broken Arrow, Oklahoma

I can see your point. There are a few overzealous people in the religious right. However, they do not fully represent the religious right. I am an active member of a traditional right church and am ashamed to be associated with some evangelists. You attack the religious right without taking a good sampling of the people therein. Most of the people with whom I associate in the church are against pornography, but we do not have a subconscious fear of or aversion to sex. Nor do we look at *Where's Waldo* for naked breasts. We are people who try to live good lives according to God's word in the Bible. We try to raise our kids with values and live our lives with virtue. If you have a problem with that, you are insecure in

FORBIDDEN FRUIT

"Pornography is as unpopular with most governments as seditious rhetoric is because it has a similar function. Political dissidents voice their discontent with business-as-usual; they say out loud that the emperor has no clothes. Pornography is the grand brawling voice of sexual frustration and panic. It is the only media we have that reliably attacks sex and gender and says, What I have isn't good enough, I don't believe I am the person they say I am, this isn't working. I need something different, I need somebody different, I need more! Pornography is to our injured 20th century libidos what medieval churches were to thieves on the run: sanctuary, an unconditional refuge from normalcy and inadequacy, a respite from responsibility, failed relationships, imperfect physiques and baffled genitalia. Despite its tendency to become commercialized, like everything from food to medicine to air in a capitalistic society, visiting the realm of pornography is a good deal more healthy and a damn sight cheaper than the compulsory annual pilgrimages some people make to Disney World."

—PAT CALIFIA, IN *Forbidden Passages* (CLEIS PRESS, PITTSBURGH), AN ANTHOLOGY OF EXCERPTS FROM BOOKS SEIZED BY CUSTOMS AND BANNED IN CANADA. NOT SURPRISINGLY, CANADA TAGGED THIS BOOK "FORBIDDEN"

your position. In short, I dislike the way you group all conservative Christians with a minority group of radicals. It is a hasty generalization, and it does the same thing to us that Pat Robertson is doing to you.

Eric Buitenhuis
Grand Rapids, Michigan

James R. Petersen hits it right on the nose in "The Ridiculous Right" with the sentence, "Where do they find these guys?" Don't the reverends have anything better to trash? Maybe unimportant things like theft, rape and murder. Perhaps they should watch more reality-based news than fantasy cartoons and animated movies. How do they feel about board games? Are there any evil agendas in *Eat at Ralph's*? *Big John*? How about *Gooey Louie*? For the record, my four-year-old refers to Bert and Ernie as friends or brothers and not as men or fathers.

Christina DeWitt
Manassas, Virginia

It just goes to show you that in this world, there will always be someone who will take good, innocent things like *Sesame Street* and Barney and warp them to fit his own twisted agenda. When I was a kid, Bert and Ernie helped me learn to count, read and pronounce words, so I'm appalled at what the reverends Chambers and Wildmon said about those characters. I watched those shows for many years when I was young and thought of the characters as best friends, maybe even as brothers, but never as homosexual. Now I am 19 and I seem to have turned out just fine.

Daniel Statkowski
Cherry Tree, Pennsylvania

The article entitled "The Ridiculous Right," however amusing, has dark and sinister implications. More and more religious groups are becoming quasi-political, marching under the banner of family values and common decency. In truth, many of these people are simply hatemongers, preaching intolerance, bigotry and racism. We may laugh at the idea of Barney being a devil-worshiping pervert teaching kids satanic rituals, but these right-wing wackos are becoming more mainstream. What if Bert and Ernie are gay? A children's show depicting the virtues of tolerance and understanding—is that such a sick and evil thing? Never have I had occasion to second-guess *Sesame Street*, and, however much I loathe Barney, I continue to watch along with my niece and nephew and, OK, occasionally even sing along to the songs. We should all be so tolerant.

Andrew Kenny
Lancashire, England

If You Can Say "CONDOM" in English...
You know how to say "CONDOM" in French, Italian AND Spanish!!
Note!
IT'S STILL A BLAST
CONDOMS ARE...
"I take one everywhere I take my PENIS!!"
The PLEASURE GRAPH
WARNING!
CONDOMS

PUBLIC DISSERVICE

When the Seattle Department of Public Health took its crusade for safe sex to the streets it brought along a sense of humor. Not so the local councilmen who wanted to keep this poster under house arrest. Despite the councilmen's attempts to limit circulation, word of mouth has made it one of the most popular items in town.

The facts upon which the Reverend Joseph Chambers relies seem to be that Bert and Ernie live in the same house and sleep in the same bedroom, cook and eat together, tend plants and share clothes. Chambers states: "If this isn't meant to represent a homosexual union, I can't imagine what it's supposed to represent." Most men in military dorms share a bedroom with another man. Are they necessarily homosexual? Since when is growing a plant or eating with a male friend a clear sign of homosexuality? Would it make Chambers happy if Bert were sleeping with Maria or if Ernie got slapped with a paternity suit? The fact is, Bert and Ernie are puppets. And if they represent anything, they represent that your best friend will be there when you need him. As Petersen asks in closing, "When will the ridiculous right grow up?"

Patrick Dalessandro
Biloxi, Mississippi

Petersen is right when he states that the accusations against Bert and Ernie and *The Lion King* are ridiculous. However, it needs to be said that those crazy ideas are not endorsed by the majority of conservative Christians. In fact, some Christian parents prefer these shows to anything else their kids watch. The people in my church seem extremely well adjusted socially and sexually and find great fulfillment in their marriages. Both the left and right have their weirdos, but they speak only for themselves. Yes, I am a conservative, but my views are not ridiculous.

Shelley Sonnenberg
Ilwaco, Washington

While we understand that the extreme right doesn't speak for all Christians or conservatives, somebody needs to tell the zealots. In the meantime, they've found new prey in none other than the dark and insidious tooth fairy. Reportedly the righteous Reverend Ernest Furlong of Athens, Georgia has launched a nationwide campaign to ban the mythical sprite, whom he calls a "mincing little fruitcake." Anguished over the idea that his own son might think the creature is an appropriate role model, Furlong wants to see all promotional materials banned, and he petitioned Congress to pass a bill declaring the tooth fairy a danger to children. We would hate to see that happen before Furlong is hauled in by the American Dental Association and made to account for his sociological dementia.

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to: Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Please include a daytime phone number. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: forum@playboy.com (please include city and state).*

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: RAY BRADBURY

a candid conversation with science fiction's grand master on the future of space travel, computer flimflams, political correctness and why he's always right

Even at the age of 75, there's something childlike about Ray Bradbury. He bounces with enthusiasm, he nearly always wears shorts and his homes are stocked with toys—from the statue of Bullwinkle that presides over the basement of his Los Angeles home to the nine-foot dinosaur that occupies its own bed at his desert hideaway.

Bradbury is fascinated with bigger toys, too. Like spaceships (real ones) and Martians (imaginary ones). With his white hair and grinning, ruddy face, he defies you to take him seriously. But then he starts talking and you realize you're in the presence of a vast mind whose interests span the galaxy. His writing has baffled people much the same way. His early work was ignored—after all, it was science fiction and was thus treated with the scorn often saved for comic books and romance novels.

"The Martian Chronicles," "Dandelion Wine," "Fahrenheit 451," "The Illustrated Man" and other Bradbury works came out at a time when science fiction was deemed a refuge for hacks and would-be writers who droned on in technical prose about gizmos and gadgets of their imaginations. Bradbury, however, was no drone. His prose soared like literature, and he populated his tales with appealing characters and inventive contraptions. Beyond that, he introduced challenging themes and asked the complex questions that had been the province of serious novelists. No one in science fiction had asked them before.

Today, in this age of "Star Trek" and "The X Files," it's hard to imagine life without Bradbury's influence. In addition to his books, he has published more than 500 short stories and hundreds of teleplays, plus stage plays, operas, essays, nonfiction and the screenplay for John Huston's version of "Moby Dick." He gives 50 lectures a year and is consulted by a variety of professions, from space science to municipal government. Having trouble getting the residents of your city to use mass transit? Bradbury can offer a quick fix. Are you the owner of a dying mall? Bradbury will tell you how to bring back the customers. Disney hired him to help design Epcot, and NASA flew him to Cape Canaveral to lecture astronauts.

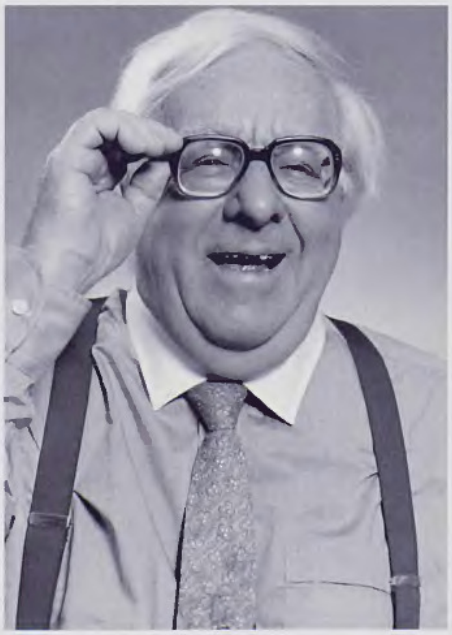
Yet Bradbury seldom sees any of his work reviewed in "The New York Times," "The New Yorker," "The Atlantic" or any other house organs of the intelligentsia. Science fiction purists scoff at his attempts at poetry and metaphoric fancy. Undaunted, he rises each morning and heads to the typewriter (computers, he complains, are too quiet) to write, a habit that began when he was a teen in Los Angeles.

In 1934, Bradbury's father, made jobless by the Depression, moved his family from Waukegan, Illinois to Los Angeles, where he found a steady job and an apartment right in the middle of Hollywood. It was a magical summer for the 14-year-old Bradbury, who roller-skated to movie premieres, studio gates and the Brown Derby to badger movie stars for autographs.

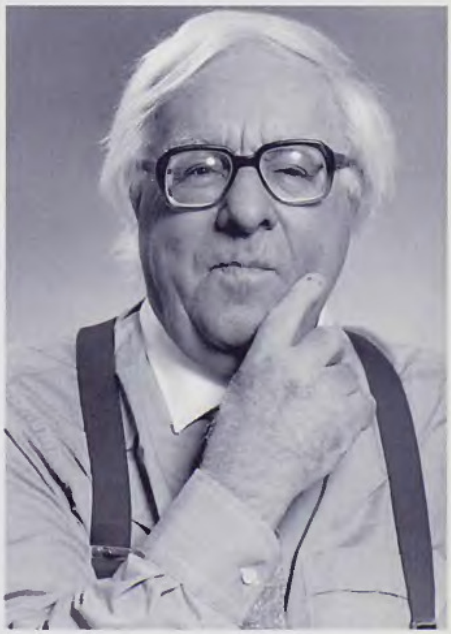
He was determined to break into show business and nagged George Burns so persistently that Burns finally used some of Bradbury's writing in the vignettes that closed the "Burns and Allen" radio show. With no money for college, he spent three years after high school selling newspapers and every free moment reading at the library and browsing local bookstores. He also took a writing class and sold his first story (for $13.75). At 22, he found his writer's voice with the short story "The Lake," which gave him the confidence to write full-time. In another burst of confidence, he asked a young bookstore clerk out for coffee. Maggie is the only woman he has ever dated, and in 1947 he married her (they are still together and are the parents of four grown daughters). Over the next few years he eked out a living selling short stories to magazines until he hit Martian pay dirt.

His first novel, "The Martian Chronicles,"

"Science and religion have to go hand in hand, because there's a point beyond which you say, 'There are no answers.' Why were the planets created? How come there's life on earth? We don't know. It just happened."



"When I started writing seriously, I made the major discovery of my life: I am right and everybody else is wrong if they disagree with me. What a great thing to learn: Don't listen to anyone else, go your own way."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

"There are two races of people—men and women—no matter what women's libbers would have you pretend. Men are born with no purpose in the universe except to procreate. There is lots of time to kill beyond that."

was published in 1950 (it has remained in print ever since) and was hailed—in an influential review by literary heavyweight Christopher Isherwood—for eliminating the traditional technical exposition found in most science fiction and for invoking the power of metaphor.

Despite Isherwood's praise, "The Martian Chronicles" pigeonholed Bradbury as a science fiction writer—but it also put him in the company of Robert Heinlein, Isaac Asimov and Arthur C. Clarke, first-rate talents trying to bring creativity and respectability to the genre.

With his next book, he established his reputation as a generally popular writer: 1951's "The Illustrated Man" is an eerie portrayal of a man literally turned inside out. In 1953 he published what many believe is his most compelling novel: "Fahrenheit 451." The title refers to the temperature at which books burst into flames, and the story is a neo-Orwellian tale of a totalitarian society in which books are forbidden. The book was a timely warning against the anti-Communist hysteria that had gripped the country. (In the movie business the Hollywood Ten were sent to prison for refusing to testify before the House Un-American Activities Committee, and in the Screen Writers Guild Bradbury was one of the lonely voices opposing the loyalty oath imposed on its members.)

Bradbury endured "the worst six months of my life" after agreeing to write the screenplay of "Moby Dick" for Huston. He recounts the ordeal in a memoir entitled "Green Shadows, White Whale," released in 1992.

After Bradbury made a dismal attempt at adapting "Fahrenheit 451" into a stage play for Charles Laughton, François Truffaut turned it into a movie that proved to be an artless hodgepodge and box-office dud. Bradbury did, however, create an original screen treatment for what is considered one of the most influential science fiction movies ever made, "It Came From Outer Space." "The October Country" is a chilling collection of short stories, while "Dandelion Wine" powerfully recalls Bradbury's boyhood awakenings.

With the science fiction boom in the aftermath of Sputnik, Bradbury's popularity soared; when NASA's Viking landed on Mars in 1976, he was hailed as a space-age prophet. These days he's busier than ever, with an output that now includes 29 books, among them this year's "Quicker Than the Eye," a collection of 20 new short stories (another 500 await his fine-tuning for publication), and two volumes of essays. In addition, he writes most of the half-hour episodes for the weekly "Ray Bradbury Theater" on the Science Fiction Channel.

PLAYBOY *sent writer* **Ken Kelley,** *who interviewed Arthur C. Clarke for this magazine, to talk with Bradbury at his Los Angeles residence. Kelley reports:*

"When I arrived at his modest home of 40 years in an obscure Los Angeles neighborhood, Bradbury was standing on the front porch bellowing about one of his archnemeses, the automobile—specifically, his wife's brand-new one, which had been stolen the night before, 'right in front of my own house!' Bradbury is one of the few Angelenos who has never driven a car. Maggie pointed out that they were insured, and when that failed to calm him she offered the first of many heaping bowls of popcorn. That did the trick, and he soon became the avuncular raconteur.

"Our weeklong noon-to-dusk sessions were an emotional seesaw between laid-back reminiscences and sudden bursts of passion whenever we touched on any one of Bradbury's pet peeves—Los Angeles, politics, censorship, educators, bureaucrats, cars. He is always blunt and often politically incorrect and he rarely backs down, no matter how unpopular his views. When he raised the logical solutions he espouses in countless essays and on the lecture circuit, I could tell why he's so popular: His enthusiasm is so spontaneous he reminds you of an insistent child—a big, overgrown kid not unlike the one who roller-skated up to Oliver Hardy and asked for his autograph. He beamed as he signed the dog-eared copy of 'Dandelion Wine' I've kept since I was ten years old."

We are being flimflammed by Bill Gates and his partners. Look at Windows '95. That's a lot of flimflam, you know.

PLAYBOY: Many people don't take science fiction seriously, and yet you maintain that it is the essential literature of our age. Why is it so important?

BRADBURY: In science fiction, we dream. In order to colonize in space, to rebuild our cities, which are so far out of whack, to tackle any number of problems, we must imagine the future, including the new technologies that are required.

PLAYBOY: Yet most people don't consider science fiction to be part of mainstream literature.

BRADBURY: It isn't part of the mainstream—science fiction is the mainstream. It has been since Sputnik. And it will be for the next 10,000 years.

PLAYBOY: So how did Sputnik change things?

BRADBURY: People, especially kids, went crazy over science fiction after Sputnik lit the sky. Overnight, instead of an apple on the teacher's desk, there was a book by Asimov. For the first time in history, education came from the bottom up as kids taught their teachers.

PLAYBOY: Why do kids respond to science fiction more than adults?

BRADBURY: Obviously, children's imaginations are piqued by the implications of science fiction. Also, as a child, did you want to have someone tying your shoes? Like hell you did. You tied your own as soon as you could. Science fiction acknowledges that we don't want to be lectured at, just shown enough so we can look it up ourselves.

The way to teach in this world is to pretend you're not teaching. Science fiction offers the chance to pretend to look the other way while teaching. Science fiction is also a great way to pretend you are writing about the future when in reality you are attacking the recent past and the present. You can criticize communists, racists, fascists or any other clear and present danger, and they can't imagine you are writing about them. Unfortunately, so much old science fiction is too technical and dry.

PLAYBOY: Beyond kids, science fiction is the purview of men, for the most part. Why aren't women as interested?

BRADBURY: There are two races of people—men and women—no matter what women's libbers would have you pretend. The male is motivated by toys and science because men are born with no purpose in the universe except to procreate. There is lots of time to kill beyond that. They've got to find work. Men have no inherent center to themselves beyond procreating. Women, however, are born with a center. They can create the universe, mother it, teach it, nurture it. Men read science fiction to build the future. Women don't need to read it. They are the future.

PLAYBOY: Some women don't like it when you make those distinctions. In fact, in *People*, you said that CD-ROMs are more for men than for women—and you were denounced as sexist on the letters-to-the-editors page shortly thereafter.

BRADBURY: Oh well. Unscrew them.

PLAYBOY: What does "unscrew them" mean?

BRADBURY: That they'll never get any sex again. [*Laughs*] Listen, men are nuts. Young men are crazy. We all love toys. I'm toy oriented. I write about toys. I've got a lot of toys. Hundreds of things. But computers are toys, and men like to mess around with smart dumb things. They feel creative.

PLAYBOY: But computers aren't just toys. They're tools for the future.

BRADBURY: People are talking about the Internet as a creative tool for writers. I say, "B.S. Stay away from that. Stop talking to people around the world and get your work done." We are being flimflammed by Bill Gates and his partners. Look at Windows '95. That's a lot of flimflam, you know.

PLAYBOY: Why is it flimflam?

BRADBURY: Because it doesn't give most people anything more than what they already have. On top of that, when they buy it they have to buy other things to go with it. So you're talking about

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hundreds of dollars from people who can't afford it. The Windows thing isn't bought by women. I bet if you look at the sales figures, it's 80 percent men. Crazy young men or crazy older men who love toys.

PLAYBOY: For a man who has built a career looking into the future, you seem skeptical of technology—CD-ROMs, the Internet, multimedia——

BRADBURY: It's all meaningless unless you teach reading and writing. It's not going to do a bit of good if you don't know how to read and write.

PLAYBOY: But reading is involved—on computers, people can interact with works of fiction, choosing to move the plot any way they want to.

BRADBURY: Don't tell me how to write my novel. Don't tell me you've got a better ending for it. I have no time for that.

PLAYBOY: When you talk about the future, you tend to talk about space travel. Do you really think it's in our future?

BRADBURY: It must be. First of all, it's a religious endeavor to be immortal. If the earth dies, we must be able to continue. Space travel will give us other planets to live on so we can continue to have children. It's that simple, that great and that exciting.

PLAYBOY: Will we really be forced to escape earth? Will we be able to in time?

BRADBURY: We are already on our way. We should be back on the moon right now. And we should be going off to Mars immediately.

PLAYBOY: Yet there doesn't seem to be a rush into space anymore. NASA's budget is being whittled away as we speak.

BRADBURY: How come we're looking at our shoes instead of at the great nebula in Orion? Where did we mislay the moon and back off from Mars? The problem is, of course, our politicians, men who have no romance in their hearts or dreams in their heads. JFK, for a brief moment in his last year, challenged us to go to the moon. But even he wasn't motivated by astronomical love. He cried, "Watch my dust!" to the Russians, and we were off. But once we reached the moon, the romance started to fade. Without that, dreams don't last. That's no surprise—material rewards do last, so the history of exploration on earth is about harvesting rich lodes. If NASA's budgeters could be convinced that there are riches on Mars, we would explode overnight to stand on the rim of the Martian abyss. We need space for reasons we have not as yet discovered, and I don't mean Tupperware.

PLAYBOY: Tupperware?

BRADBURY: NASA feels it has to justify everything it does in practical terms. And Tupperware was one of the many practical products that came out of space travel. NASA feels it has got to flimflam you to get you to spend the money on space. That's b.s. We don't need that. Space travel is life-enhancing, and anything that's life-enhancing is worth doing. It makes you want to live forever.

PLAYBOY: How much is NASA to blame for the apathy about the space program?

BRADBURY: The NASA bigwigs have been their own worst enemy. I've pleaded with them for 20 years to let me do a film for them. Most of the early films NASA made about the Mercury and Apollo projects were inept. I want to fuse poetry and fact in a way that, as my various presentations at world fairs did, leaves the audience in tears. But NASA never does transcendent, poetic or explosive things to sell itself—nobody cares about NASA in Congress except, notably enough, Bob Packwood.

PLAYBOY: Do you still see Packwood as a visionary even though he was forced to resign in disgrace?

BRADBURY: He's still a visionary. I wish he were still in Congress. I sent him a telegram a year ago and told him to stand firm because those women are jerks. They wait 20 years. They are offended 20 years later. Don't hand me that. There are very few other senators like him, and it's a shame he's gone.

PLAYBOY: What's the biggest mistake NASA has made?

BRADBURY: It should have done the space shuttle before the Apollo missions. The shuttle is a big mailbox, an expensive experimental lab. It's not nearly as exciting as it should be. It should have been launched first to circle the earth, which is all it's doing. After that, it should have been sent to the moon, and the program could have ended there. Then we could have built a colony on the moon and moved on to Mars. We need something larger than ourselves—that's a real religious activity. That's what space travel can be—relating ourselves to the universe.

PLAYBOY: When the space program started, did you expect all that to occur?

BRADBURY: Yes. But it didn't. NASA is to blame—the entire government is to blame—and the end of the Cold War really pulled the plug, draining any passion that remained. The odd thing to me is the extraordinary number of young people the world over who care about these things, who go to see science fiction films—*2001*, *Close Encounters* and *Star Wars*—who spend billions of dollars to watch the most popular films ever made. Yet the government pays absolutely no attention to this phenomenon. It's always the last to know.

PLAYBOY: Do you think we will at least return to the moon?

BRADBURY: I hope we do it while I'm still alive, which means within the next ten to 15 years. But I think it is a forlorn hope. I hope we'll have a manned expedition to Mars, though the politicians put it way down on their list. But it would be so uplifting for the human spirit. It's hard to get the government to act the way it should.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel when Viking landed on Mars?

BRADBURY: There was this festive feeling, like a surprise party, at the Caltech Planetarium the night the Viking ship landed. Carl Sagan and I and a lot of others stayed up all night. Suddenly, the first photographs of Mars started coming back on the giant screen. We were all exhilarated—dancing, laughing and singing. Around nine in the morning, Roy Neal from NBC News came by and held this microphone in front of my face. He said, "Mr. Bradbury, you've been writing about Mars and its civilizations and cities for all these years. Now that we're there and we see that there's no life, how does it feel?" I took a deep breath—I'm so proud I said this out loud to him—and replied: "You idiot! You fool! There is life on Mars—look at us! Look at us! We are the Martians!"

PLAYBOY: You must have felt much the same way when Galileo reached Jupiter last year.

BRADBURY: These scientists are incredible. Every time I go to a place like the Jet Propulsion Lab and someone shows me a telescope, he says, "Isn't it wonderful?" I say, "No, it's not." He says, "What do you mean?" I say, "You are wonderful. You invented this. You are the genius."

PLAYBOY: What is your motivation for writing?

BRADBURY: I had decided to be a magician well before I decided to be a writer. I was the little boy who would get up onstage and do magic wearing a fake mustache, which would fall off during the performance. I'm still trying to perform those tricks. Now I do it with writing. Also, writers write because of a need to be loved. I suppose that's greedy, isn't it?

Writing has helped me in other ways. When I started writing seriously, I made the major discovery of my life—that I am right and everybody else is wrong if they disagree with me. What a great thing to learn: Don't listen to anyone else, and always go your own way.

PLAYBOY: Do you admit that that's an unrepentant, egotistical view?

BRADBURY: Unfortunately, I don't think I keep my ego in check very well. I try to remember that my voice is loud, which is an ego problem. But at least I don't suffer from a self-deluding identity problem like, say, Carl Sagan does.

PLAYBOY: What is the problem with Sagan?

BRADBURY: With each passing year he grows stiffer because he goes around thinking he's Carl Sagan. Just as Norman Mailer thinks he's Norman Mailer and Gore Vidal thinks he's Gore Vidal. I don't think I'm Ray Bradbury. That's a big distinction. It doesn't matter who you are. You mustn't go around saying who you are, or else you get captured by the mask of false identity. It's the work that identifies you.

PLAYBOY: Some critics say that you rely

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too much on fantasy and not enough on science to be a respected science fiction writer.

BRADBURY: I don't care what the science fiction trade technicians say, either. They are furious that I get away with murder. I use a scientific idea as a platform to leap into the air and never come back. This keeps them angry at me. They still begrudge my putting an atmosphere on Mars in *The Martian Chronicles* more than 40 years ago.

PLAYBOY: A review by Christopher Isherwood launched *The Martian Chronicles*. Did you know him?

BRADBURY: The entire scenario set in motion was a fluke. Summertime, 1950, I recognized Isherwood browsing in a Santa Monica bookstore. My book had just come out, so I grabbed a copy off the shelf, signed it and gave it to him. His face fell and my heart sank, but two days later he called and said, "Do you know what you've done?" I asked, "What?" And he simply told me to read his review in the *Times*. His rave turned my life around; the book immediately made the best-seller lists and has been in print ever since.

He was very kind in introducing me to various people he thought I should know, like Aldous Huxley, who had been my literary hero since *Brave New World* came out.

PLAYBOY: What was Huxley like?

BRADBURY: He was very polite. Most Englishmen, most intellectual Englishmen, are very polite, and they treat you as if you're the genius, which is a sweet thing to do. Years after we met, I was a panelist along with Huxley discussing the future of American literature. However, I was disappointed when he refused to admit that science fiction is the only way for fiction to go.

PLAYBOY: He was already extolling the virtues of psychedelics by then. We presume he offered you some.

BRADBURY: I gave him the right answer: No, thanks. I don't want anyone lifting the trapdoor on my head—it may not go down again.

PLAYBOY: Who are the best new science fiction writers?

BRADBURY: I'm so busy with a full agenda, I just don't have the time to hunt around for any. Do you realize that hundreds of novels come out every year now?

PLAYBOY: Are you ducking the question?

BRADBURY: OK—I admit I don't want to read in my own field.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

BRADBURY: Because it's incestuous, and you can't do that. You should read in your own field only when you're young. When I was 8, 10, 12, 16, 25, I read science fiction. But then I went on to Alexander Pope and John Donne and Molière to mix it up.

PLAYBOY: What about some of the more famous science fiction names, such as Kurt Vonnegut?

BRADBURY: I know him and we get on fine. We had a wonderful day together in New York a few years ago, and he had a nice sense of humor. But I haven't read anything since *Player Piano*, and that was 40 years ago. So I can't give you any comment.

PLAYBOY: How about Robert Heinlein?

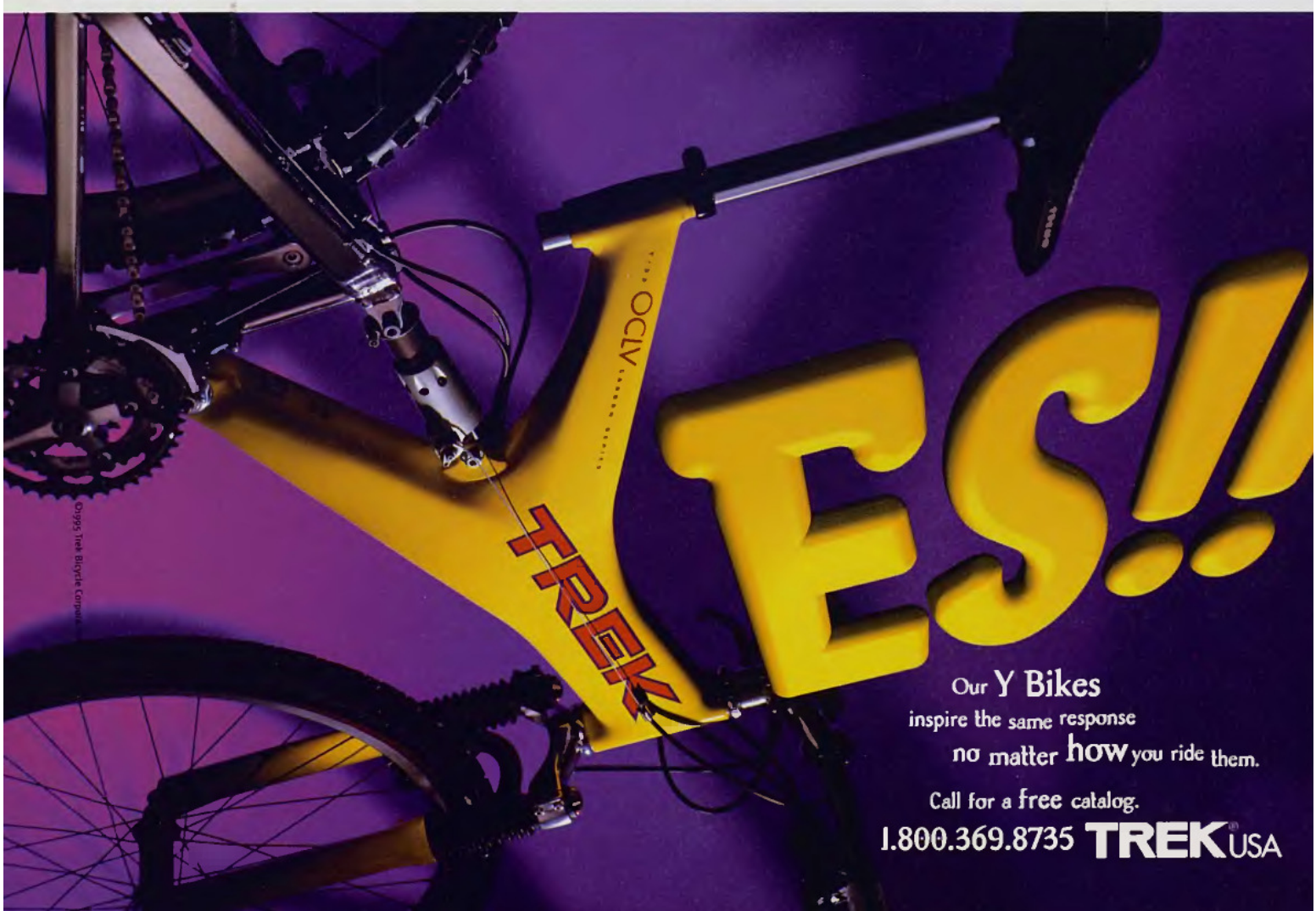
BRADBURY: I met him at Clifton's cafeteria in downtown Los Angeles. I had just graduated from high school, and Heinlein was 31 years old. He was well known, and he wrote humanistic science fiction, which influenced me to dare to be human instead of mechanical.

PLAYBOY: What about those writers who popularize science in nonfiction books, such as Stephen Hawkings and his *Brief History of Time*?

BRADBURY: We have his book, but I'm not going to kid you and say I read it. My wife claims she has, but I don't believe her. I don't believe anyone has read it. I'm positive the guy is a genius and it's wonderful he has done what he's done.

PLAYBOY: You have also written nonfiction, such as *Green Shadows, White Whale*, about your attempt to adapt *Moby Dick* with director John Huston. Were you attempting to get even for a disastrous experience?

BRADBURY: Writing that book was gloriously cathartic. What got me started was



that Katharine Hepburn's bad book about the making of *The African Queen* excluded so much and was quite scant about Huston's character. Her skimpy failure made me furious and propelled me to begin my own book.

PLAYBOY: Was it that she was too easy on Huston?

BRADBURY: Yes, and that upset me.

PLAYBOY: How did you get the job to adapt *Moby Dick* in the first place?

BRADBURY: Huston invited me to his Beverly Hills Hotel suite, put a drink in my hand and flattered me with enough Irish charm that, before I knew it, I'd agreed to spend six months in Ireland writing the script. Acting ability runs in Huston's bloodline.

PLAYBOY: So he was on good behavior.

BRADBURY: And I was fooled. I should have just admitted that he embodied the monster I realized he was and then quit. What kept me going despite the merciless cruelty he showed toward me and everyone else near him were three things: the love I felt for Herman Melville and his whale; my awe of John Huston's genius, as proved in *The Maltese Falcon*—he had directed the perfect movie; and my deep appreciation of how very few people in the world are lucky enough to get that kind of opportunity. Now I'm left with the bittersweet knowledge that, thanks to him, I learned so much that I otherwise wouldn't know. Nobody else in Hollywood would have given an unproven newcomer the chance to write a major script.

PLAYBOY: Did that experience influence your decision not to write the screenplay for the movie adaptation of your next hit novel, *Fahrenheit 451*?

BRADBURY: No. In 1955, Charles Laughton got me thoroughly drunk before he told me how bad the stage play I'd adapted for him was and convinced me I should give it up. So years later I told François Truffaut, "You do it." I'd had it.

PLAYBOY: Were you happy with Truffaut's effort?

BRADBURY: It was very good, but he was a coward about doing certain things. He didn't put in the Mechanical Hound, which should be included, because it's a metaphoric adventure thing. The tactical stuff is really miserable. The flying men should be cut out. They're not flying anywhere except down. And the casting was a mistake. Not all of it. Oskar Werner I like very much.

PLAYBOY: Who didn't you like?

BRADBURY: Julie Christie playing the girl next door. She couldn't play it. She was supposed to be 16. So Truffaut did the trick. He had Julie Christie play the wife and the girl next door, which was confusing. Sometimes you weren't quite sure who was talking.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about having a second opportunity to turn the novel into a movie now that Mel Gibson is interested?

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BRADBURY: I've wanted to redo *Fahrenheit 451* ever since it came out in 1966, because Truffaut left out so much from the novel. I sat bolt upright when I was told that Warner Bros. wanted to make the new version with Mel Gibson.

PLAYBOY: Along with Orwell's *1984* and Huxley's *Brave New World*, your book presents a bleak view of the future. Were you trying to write a cautionary story?

BRADBURY: That's fatal. You must never do that. A lot of lousy novels come from people who want to do good. The do-gooder novel. The ecological novel. And if you tell me you're doing a novel or a film about how a woodsman spares a tree, I'm not going to go see it for a minute.

PLAYBOY: It's hard to imagine that the man who wrote *Fahrenheit 451* was not trying to predict the future.

BRADBURY: It's "prevent the future," that's the way I put it. Not predict it, prevent it. And with anger and attacking, yes. You have the fun of attacking the thing you think is stupid. But your motives are hidden from you at the time. It's like, "I'll be damned. I didn't know I was doing that."

For instance, when a bright Sony inventor read about my seashell radios in that novel, he invented the Walkman. That was one good thing to emerge from that book—the banishment of most picnic-ruining ghetto blasters. But I had no idea I was doing it.

PLAYBOY: *Fahrenheit 451* seems to have predicted the unpredictable for years.

BRADBURY: Yes. When O.J. Simpson prowled the freeway pursued by cop cars and helicopters, Russell Baker wrote in his *New York Times* column words to the effect: This is the last act of *Fahrenheit 451*! I watched the reruns and thought, My God, he's right. In the final pages of my novel, Montag is running ahead of the book burners and sees himself on TV screens in every home, through each window, as he flees. When he eludes the Mechanical Hound, the society he left behind gets frustrated and kills a proxy Montag on television to satisfy the panicked need.

Even more depressing is that I foresaw political correctness 43 years ago.

PLAYBOY: In *Fahrenheit 451*, too?

BRADBURY: Yes. [At one point, another character,] the fire chief, describes how the minorities, one by one, shut the mouths and minds of the public, suggesting a precedent: The Jews hated Fagin and Shylock—burn them both, or at least never mention them. The blacks didn't like Nigger Jim floating on Huck's raft with him—burn, or at least hide, him. Women's libbers hated Jane Austen as an awfully inconvenient woman in a dreadfully old-fashioned time—off with her head! Family-values groups detested Oscar Wilde—back in the closet, Oscar! Communists hated the bourgeoisie—shoot them! And on and on it goes. So whereas back then I wrote about the tyranny of the majority, today I'd combine that with the tyranny of the minorities. These days, you have to be careful of both. They both want to control you. The first group, by making you do the same thing over and over again. The second group is indicated by the letters I get from the Vassar girls who want me to put more women's lib in *The Martian Chronicles*, or from blacks who want more black people in *Dandelion Wine*.

PLAYBOY: Do you respond to them?

BRADBURY: I say to both bunches, Whether you're majority or minority, bug off! To hell with anybody who wants to tell me what to write. Their society breaks down into subsections of minorities who then, in effect, burn books by banning them. All this political correctness that's rampant on campuses is b.s. You can't fool around with the dangerous notion of telling a university what to teach and what not to. If you don't like the curriculum, go to another school. Faculty members who toe the same line are sanctimonious nincompoops! It's time to stop the trend. Whenever it appears, you should yell, "Idiot!" and back them down. In the same vein, we should immediately bar all quotas, which politicize the process through lowered admission standards that accept less-qualified students. The terrible result is the priceless chance lost by all.

PLAYBOY: So you disapprove of affirmative action?

BRADBURY: The whole concept of higher education is negated unless the sole criterion used to determine if students qualify is the grades they score on standardized tests. Education is purely an issue of learning—we can no longer afford to have it polluted by damn politics. Leave pollution up to the politicians [*laughs*].

PLAYBOY: How did you feel being so prescient?

BRADBURY: Thoroughly disgruntled.

PLAYBOY: Is the public well informed about these issues?

BRADBURY: The news is all rapes and murders we didn't commit, funerals we don't attend, AIDS we don't want to catch. All crammed into a quarter of a minute! But at least we still have a hand with which to switch channels or turn off altogether. I tell my lecture audiences to never, ever watch local TV news.

PLAYBOY: What about magazines? You have been an avid magazine reader since you were a kid. How would you rate the current crop?

BRADBURY: Magazines today are almost all stupid and moronic to start with. And it makes me furious that I can't find any articles to read anymore. I used to enjoy *Forbes* and *Fortune*, but now the pages are completely cluttered by ads. That's what caused me to explode three years ago when I spoke to a gathering of the country's leading editors and publishers.

PLAYBOY: Why did you explode?

BRADBURY: Let's say the slow burn grew hotter the more I thought about what a chance I had. So I took along my props—copies of *Forbes*, *Fortune*, *Good Housekeeping*, *McCall's*, *Vogue* and *People*. I went up onstage and said, "Let's talk about the real problems with your magazines." I held up *Good Housekeeping*, flipped through the pages and said, "Find the articles—you can't." I held up *McCall's* and *Vogue* and said, "Look, the same thing." I held up *Forbes* and *Fortune*—"Look at this," I said. "You've got a half-page article here, you've got the start of an article on the left, then you look to the right and it's a full-page ad." I threw them off the podium. Then I held up an issue of *People* and said, "Do you really want to read a magazine like this? To hell with Time Inc.!" and threw it down. I paused and lowered the boom, saying, "The magazines of this country have to take over education—even more than the corporations—because you want readers in the future, don't you? Can you keep downgrading people's intelligence and insult them with the shit you're publishing? You should make sure the schools teach reading, or you're out on your ass in a couple of years. You won't have any readers—doesn't that scare you? It scares me. Change your product and invite me back to talk to you again." I stopped and waited, figuring that maybe they would do something if I managed to scare them enough.

PLAYBOY: Did they?

BRADBURY: I got a standing ovation. Afterward, Christie Hefner came over and congratulated me—I didn't even know PLAYBOY would be there. PLAYBOY is in fact one of the best magazines in history, simply because it has done more than any other magazine. It has published the works of most of the important short story writers of our time, as well as some of the most important novelists and essayists—and just about every important American artist. The interviews have included just about everyone in the world with something important to say. Nowhere else can you find such a complete spectrum, from the semivulgar to the highfalutin [*laughs*]. I have defended PLAYBOY since the beginning. Its editors were brave enough to say, "The hell with what McCarthy thinks" when they ran excerpts from *Fahrenheit 451*. I couldn't sell that to any other magazine because they were all running scared. And I must add another important point—one I'm sure that many other guys growing up in the sorry years before PLAYBOY existed will agree with—which is that there would have been a lot fewer problems if PLAYBOY had been around back then. I wish I'd had PLAYBOY when I was 14.

PLAYBOY: To sharpen your writing skills?

BRADBURY: Come on! Those pictures are great. There was nothing when my

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generation was growing up. Like it or not, I rest my case, except to add that Hugh Hefner is one of the great sexual revolutionaries.

PLAYBOY: Why do you shy away from eroticism in your own writing?

BRADBURY: There is no reason to write pornography when your own sex life is good. Why waste time writing about it?

PLAYBOY: It has always struck us as strange that most science fiction is relatively sexless.

BRADBURY: There are certain kinds of people who write science fiction. I think a lot of us married late. A lot of us are mama's boys. I lived at home until I was 27. But most of the writers I know in almost any field, especially science fiction, grew up late. They're so interested in doing what they do and in their science, they don't think about other things.

PLAYBOY: What is the most challenging literary form you have worked in?

BRADBURY: I'm trying to write operas. I'm still learning. I'm writing a musical based on *Dandelion Wine*, which I've been working on for 30 years with various composers. I'm doing a new thing now with Jimmy Webb. We've been messing around with these things for eight years. Juggling the pieces, trying to figure out where you shut your mouth and let the song take over.

PLAYBOY: What brought you to Hollywood in the first place?

BRADBURY: The Depression brought me here from Waukegan, Illinois. The majority of people in the country were unemployed. My dad had been jobless in Waukegan for at least two years when in 1934 he announced to my mom, my brother and me that it was time to head West. I had just turned 14 when we got to California with only 40 dollars, which paid for our rent and bought our food until he finally found a job making wire at a cable company for $14 a week. That meant I could stay in Los Angeles, which was great. I was thrilled.

PLAYBOY: With what aspect of it?

BRADBURY: I was madly in love with Hollywood. We lived about four blocks from the Uptown Theater, which was the flagship theater for MGM and Fox. I learned how to sneak in. There were previews almost every week. I'd roller-skate over there—I skated all over town, hell-bent on getting autographs from glamorous stars. It was glorious. I saw big MGM stars such as Norma Shearer, Laurel and Hardy, Ronald Coleman. Or I'd spend all day in front of Paramount or Columbia, then zoom over to the Brown Derby to watch the stars coming or going. I'd see Cary Grant, Marlene Dietrich, Fred Allen, Burns and Allen—whoever was on the Coast. Mae West made her appearance—bodyguard in tow—every Friday night.

PLAYBOY: The story is that you pestered George Burns to give you your first show-business job. Is that true?

BRADBURY: Yes. George was kind. He would read the scripts I'd write every week. They were dreadful, and I was so blindly and madly in love with the film and radio business in Hollywood that I didn't realize what a pest I was. George no doubt thought he could get me off his back by using my words for one of the eight-line vignettes he had Gracie close their broadcasts with. I wanted to live that special life forever. When that summer was over, I stopped my inner time clock at the age of 14. Another reason I became a writer was to escape the hopelessness and despair of the real world and enter the world of hope I could create with my imagination.

PLAYBOY: Did your parents approve?

BRADBURY: They were very permissive, thank God. And strangely enough, my parents never protested. They just figured I was crazy and that God would protect me. Of course back then you could go around town at night and never risk getting mugged or beaten up.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of modern Los Angeles—earthquakes, riots, O.J., fires and all?

BRADBURY: The big earthquake actually renewed optimism throughout L.A.—it fused us, just as all the other calamities did. You pick up the first brick, then the second and so on. I've never seen so many people helping so many other people. A small boy came to my door to tell me my chimney was about to collapse—I didn't know. The next day a stranger from up the street dropped in to give us the names of some really good builders and repairmen. They turned out to be superb—jolly, bright and inventive library people, readers! They lived with us for more than a month. They became family—we missed them when they left. I've heard similar things from everyone around us and in the San Fernando Valley, where things were 20 times worse.

PLAYBOY: Were you surprised when, after the earthquake, the freeways were rebuilt within a few months?

BRADBURY: And almost before anything else? No. Here a human without a car is a samurai without his sword. I would replace cars wherever possible with buses, monorails, rapid trains—whatever it takes to make pedestrians the center of our society again, and cities worthwhile enough for pedestrians to live in. I don't care what people do with their cars, as long as they give them up three quarters of the time—roughly the amount of time people spend every week superfluously driving places they don't want to go to visit people who don't want to see them.

PLAYBOY: That's easy for you to say; you have never driven a car.

BRADBURY: Not a day in my life.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

BRADBURY: When I was 16, I saw six people die horribly in an accident. I walked home holding on to walls and trees. It took me months to begin to function again. So I don't drive. But whether I drive or not is irrelevant. The automobile is the most dangerous weapon in our society—cars kill more than wars do. More than 50,000 people will die this year because of them and nobody seems to notice.

PLAYBOY: Until recently, you were the futurist afraid to fly in airplanes, never mind spaceships. What was it that cured your phobia?

BRADBURY: A car breaking down in so many small Southern towns and the chauffeur taking three miserable days just to get through Florida. After the second tire blew, I got the word. In a loud and clear voice from the heavens above I heard the message: Fly, dummy, fly! [*Laughs*] I was afraid for 40 years that I'd run around the plane yelling, "Stop! Let me off!" But I fly all the time now. I just sit back relaxed, occasionally peep out the window and peruse the magazines.

PLAYBOY: Was your faith in law enforcement shaken because of Stacey Koon and Mark Fuhrman?

BRADBURY: We've become what I call a Kleenex society—I saw the public's reaction as the symbolic chance to blow its collective nose on the whole police force of the United States, holding all cops responsible for incidents in Los Angeles. Of course I knew there was a problem in the LAPD. On the other hand, three of my daughters have been raped and robbed by black men, so I have a prejudice, too, don't I? And if I ever were to find the bastards, I'd kill them. I've seen violence used by police, and I've seen it used against white people, too.

PLAYBOY: Did the Rodney King riots shock you?

BRADBURY: I was more than shocked—I was terribly upset, and terribly angry at Mayor Bradley. The friend I've known for ten years was the man who went on television half an hour after the trial was over and used terrible language to say he was outraged. Boom!—next thing you know, the mobs burned the streets. Thus far I haven't had the guts to tell Tom Bradley, face-to-face, "You did it!"

PLAYBOY: Did you have any idea there was so much rage in Los Angeles' black community?

BRADBURY: I don't think anybody knew.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel any empathy for the rioters?

BRADBURY: None. Why should I? I don't approve of any mob anywhere at any time. Had we not controlled it in L.A., all the big cities in this country would have gone up in flames.

PLAYBOY: If Los Angeles is an indicator for the nation, what is the future of other big cities?

BRADBURY: Along with man's return to

(continued on page 149)

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

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CAN FRIENDS DO IT?

sari locker, sex educator to the skateboard set, addresses today's, like, monster issues

SARI LOCKER is an expert on sex—or as expert as one can be at the age of 25. Reviews of her recent book, *Mindblowing Sex in the Real World*, hailed her, inevitably, as the Dr. Ruth of Generation X. With a master's in human sexuality education from Penn, she also landed her own TV show (*Late Date With Sari* now airs nightly on Lifetime). In person, this attractive single woman is brash about her early achievements. "My youth makes me more appealing," she says. "What other 25-year-old knows this much about sex and has the credentials to prove it? Some people who write about sex even try to lie about their age to sound younger." But Locker can also be self-effacing. "What I regret about my book was that I used the old 'It's not the size of the ship' cliché," she says. "Penis size does matter. I should have talked about how to deal with it." Most important, she has lectured to, and spoken with, thousands of college students in the line of duty. She has plenty of anecdotal information about what gives her generation its libidinal twitch. Associate Editor Christopher Napolitano met Locker in New York City for a spirited conversation.

When you're in your 20s, you have been exposed through sitcoms to every possible sexual dilemma. You act as if you don't need to be taught anything. So what is it that people don't know?

People my age grew up with the flick of remote control, listening to an anchorman say AIDS could end us all while hearing on the next channel Madonna sing, "You've got the moves, baby, you've got the motion, let's get together and we'll be causing a commotion." Mixed messages led us to fear disease and, somewhat, sex. But they also gave us an anticipation of the excitement that eroticism can bring to us. Now, coming into our mid-20s, we have a good sense of how to have safe sex and still have a wild, exciting time. The bigger issues are who to have sex with, and whether to have sex with or without a commitment. Sex and relationships have segmented.

Is that because sex is always there?

It goes back to the myth of the third date: If you don't have sex by the third date you're not going to have sex—either you're just friends or you stop seeing each other. Two people can get along great, but for some reason if one rejects sex by the third date, then they are totally confused about what to

ILLUSTRATION BY KENNY SCHARF

do. But if a woman and a man have a one-night stand, the groundwork is set: It's just casual sex. They can decide whether or not to see each other. It's integrating sex into relationships that gives them problems.

Is that a major issue?

It's huge among 20-somethings. We see this with Ross and Rachel on *Friends*: They don't know whether they should be friends or lovers. This is a tremendous problem. There's an enormous number of us with opposite-gender friends. That's why we latch on to Ross and Rachel. We wonder what we should do in our own relationships and we look to *Friends* as our informal sex educators. As single women our mothers looked to Mary Tyler Moore as a role model on dating. Now, we look at Ross and Rachel as role models for whether we should have sex with our friends.

What about the sex itself? Where do they turn for inspiration?

I was recently listening to Nine Inch Nails' *Closer*. Every time I go out to clubs I hear all my friends singing "I want to fuck you like an animal." A couple of generations ago, it was the Beatles singing *I Want to Hold Your Hand*. I thought, What makes somebody compose a song like this, and what makes 20-somethings sing along to it? That's when I realized how much we want to take command of our sexuality. The notion of the lyrics is really, "I want to grab you and have sex with you." It's also a long way since George Michael sang *I Want Your Sex*, which was about committed monogamy. And instead of having fantasies that are simply romantic, many more women now have this notion of just having sex.

Do they really like that or are they projecting an image?

They wouldn't do it if they didn't like it. I think more than ever women are more assertive and sexually aggressive. Many women are comfortable picking up men—and women. But again, I also hear so much naivete from women and men when I lecture at universities. A guy once came up to me and said, "Condoms always break with me. Do I have a sharp penis?" I thought, How can a man be so naive that he thinks his penis can be sharp enough to break a condom? And how can he be so uneducated about condoms? So that's the basis of the confusion that swirls around our sexuality. Here we are as a generation saying, "Let's have mind-blowing, wild, erotic, sometimes kinky, dirty sex." But then we say, "Uh-oh, we have to worry about AIDS. We feel insecure about our bodies. We don't know how to be in relationships or get out of them. What do we do now?" That's where I come in as a sex educator.

What do you mean by "picking up" or "asking out"?

We have all these loose terms. Asking out, going out, hooking up, fooling around. If you arrange to meet a guy at a bar, you are just hanging out—you're not on a date. Some people say, "I have never been on a date." They have had full-blown relationships but no official dates. They just hang out. Hooking up means everything but intercourse, sometimes not even oral sex, and spending the night.

Hooking up, as in "Come over and we'll just go to sleep"?

It never comes up that way. It usually happens at a party. You meet someone and spend the night—"Last night I hooked up with so-and-so."

Is the number of guys your average woman sleeps with nowadays an issue?

These days, when a woman gives a man good oral sex he thinks, Well, she must have done this a lot to be so good. But he doesn't care because he is thrilled to be getting a good blow job. But sometimes I do hear the old double standard from a guy who wants to marry a virgin. But that's exceptional. In my estimation, only ten percent of people wait until marriage to have sex. A recent study said that 88 percent of 22-year-olds have had sex. That does not leave a lot of virgins to marry.

What has this done to a man's sense of commitment to his lover?

Most women are intelligent enough to know that sex doesn't guarantee love, it doesn't guarantee commitment, it doesn't guarantee even phone calls. Women are not waiting by the phone as much as they were 20 years ago. A woman should get the guy's number, too—not just give out hers. We all know that by now.

What advice do you give to inexperienced people on sex itself?

Start with kissing. Don't just kiss a woman on the lips. Kiss her ears, and her neck down to her chest. Young guys sometimes compartmentalize breasts: "OK, now I'll rub them for ten seconds, suck on them for 15 and then go down on her." He should touch them as if he were making love to her whole body. That will help her relax and turn her on.

What's the most sensitive area?

To kiss? Many women would say the neck and ears.

This is graphic, but how about. . . .

Between the vagina and the anus? Ah, the graphic spot. There are so many names for that spot. The technical name is the perineum. Pressure on the flesh between the vagina and the anus can be quite stimulating. Very pleasurable. If the woman has no hang-ups, a guy could lick from the butt to the clitoris, all the way up.

Any other rules on oral sex?

The guy shouldn't go down there with his eyes closed, trying not to smell or taste, flicking his tongue on her clitoris. Dive in—get into it. If it's not fulfilling to him, it's not going to work for her.

Do you have any advice for young men on intercourse?

A lot of guys rush to try everything the first time: "I better do it doggy style because I don't know when I'm going to get another chance." They want to start on top, then have her on top to see her breasts bounce, then they want to get behind, then standing up or sitting. Within 30 seconds they have been in six positions. They don't know if they've just had sex or finished a wrestling match. Great sex is when you are totally in the moment, feeling connected and not thinking about where to put your hand next.

Or thinking about baseball?

I don't believe in thinking about baseball to hold off orgasms. It spoils the intimacy of sex. I'd much rather have a man ejaculate before he thinks he wants to. If he thinks, Oh, shit, I came too soon, his enjoyment is lost. Just start over.

What do women first struggle with?

Well, hand jobs can be difficult. When a guy masturbates, he knows how fast to go and which fingers to keep tight. A woman often has difficulty making the penis slide through her hand. Her grip is too tight or too loose. I recommend lubricant—you get the glide and the pressure. Astroglide has the least taste, smell or stickiness. I was at a Society for the Scientific Study of Sex convention when I first saw it on display. I squeezed a sample into my hand and immediately looked around and thought, I have to get a man to unzip his pants. Just touching it makes you want to give hand jobs.

Let's move back a few years. What was unique about your generation's high school experiences?

Well, for many kids TV was the babysitter. We're the generation of latchkey kids. We were home alone after school because our parents were working.

Does this latchkey environment foster sexual exploration?

Sure. The number one place teens have sex is in their own beds with their boyfriends or girlfriends. That's why it's so liberating for them to leave home. They had to finish sex by 5:15 before Mom walked in, or worry about having cops bang on the car window.

How about in college?

College is safer. It's also a closed community. Everyone has been with everyone else in the dorm and that's it.

(continued on page 164)

"Bad news, darling? You've got a face like somebody sat on it."

CARMEN
ELECTRA
GET ON UP

CARMEN ELECTRA

there's nothing complex about carmen's high-voltage appeal

ELECTRA!

Prepare to be electrified. You won't be the first. When Prince heard Carmen Electra sing in 1991 he went into Electra shock, instantly signing her to a recording contract. His Purplitude's taste in sizzling female protégées is as pronounced as ever. Carmen, 24, has a new stage show to follow *Erotic City*, her first one, plus a new CD, *Carmen Electra II*, and a video (based on the new stage show), *Skin Tight*. She's a star who started early. At five she won dance competitions, shimmying

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG
AND DAVID MECEY

"I love being in front of a camera," admits Carmen. "Singing, dancing or posing, it's all equally exciting, and equally sensual. It's performance. It's an adrenaline rush that comes naturally to me, for I'm a bit of a ham. I'm a born performer."

to Rod Stewart's *Da Ya Think I'm Sexy?* One judge wrote, "Too sexy for her age." She won anyway. Carmen also won the Baby Miss USA pageant, and then, after excelling at the School for Creative and Performing Arts in Cincinnati, went West to seek fame. A Princely talent scout saw her in a nightclub and said, "I like your look. Do you sing?" An hour later Carmen sang for the Purple One, who became her patron and producer. "But not my lover," she says, "no matter what you may have heard." No, he simply advises, Carmen magnetizes, and together they succeed. That's what friends are all about, isn't it?

"Sex is like any art form. It's good if it comes from the heart," Carmen says. "I had never posed in the nude before, but that didn't make it hard. I found that made it a whole new excitement."

CARMEN
ELECTRA

PLAYBOY PROFILE

NEWT

the speaker of the house wants your attention in the worst way

By MOLLY IVINS

WELL, HE IS a rare one, Mr. Gingrich is. But you have to admit, it takes a crew as gormless as the Washington press corps to take him seriously. The man is without question the single silliest public official east of the Texas legislature.

The trouble with members of the D.C. press is that they are under the daffy impression they have to take him seriously just because he's been elected to high public office. Great gravy, poor Mencken.

Nincompoopery has never been a bar to high office in our nation. Newt Gingrich's sole claim to serious consideration is that he's great copy. He has no ideas, no principles, no integrity and, by and large, he's a damn fool.

On the other hand, what he does have is enthusiasm, and not just positive enthusiasm. Gingrich is just as positively negative as he is positively positive. He's not a lukewarm guy at all, much less one with any judgment. Enthusiasm is an endearing trait.

According to *Time* magazine, Gingrich's colleagues at West Georgia College called him Mr. Truth, because any time he finished a book, he'd come flying in, declaring, "This book is the truth! It's the best book I ever read!"

On the other hand, when Gingrich is negatively enthusiastic, he's just as positive. In January 1995 he declared, "There is no grotesquerie, no distortion, no dishonesty too great" for his political enemies to use against him. That remark echoed an earlier tirade in which Gingrich declared: "These people are sick. They are destructive of the values we believe in," he said. "They are so consumed by their own power, by a Mussolini-like ego, that their willingness to run over normal human beings and to destroy honest institutions is unending."

For those of you familiar with motivational speakers, Gingrich is the Zig Ziglar of Republican politics. In fact, there is an amusing parallel between the salesmen who drive between calls listening to Ziglar on "how to close" and Republican candidates who drive between campaign stops listening to Gingrich on "how to win."

In addition to being an enthusiast, Gingrich is brazen. Isn't that a lovely old-fashioned word? Shameless. Without scruple. Possessed of brass-faced gall. A man for whom the word hypocrisy has no meaning.

There are a couple of easy pointers for the neophyte Newtist on how to read the speaker. One is that Gingrich constantly accuses others of what he himself is guilty of. The shrinks call it projection, but I have no interest in his psyche or private life. Projection is simply a fact of his political life. It goes back at least to 1978, during his first successful congressional campaign, when he accused his opponent Virginia Shapard of preparing to leave her family behind if she went to Washington, while Gingrich's staffers were taking bets on how long his own collapsing marriage would last.

In Gingrich's career, the most famous of all the instances of projection is his destruction of Speaker Jim Wright. It is fashionable to write about how ironic it is that Speaker Gingrich had problems with a book contract and that he currently has ethics problems—both ordeals suffered by Speaker Wright. Actually, the irony is quite old. At the time Gingrich called Wright "the least ethical Speaker in the 20th century" because Wright had exceeded the House's $20,000 limit on honoraria through bulk buying of his book, Gingrich himself had raised $105,000 from former campaign contributors to publicize his own book, *Window of Opportunity*. Gingrich's political friends formed a limited partnership to promote his book through advertising and touring. Gingrich's wife, Marianne, was paid $11,500 by the partnership and Gingrich made $24,000 off it. In Wright's case, his political friends helped him out by buying his book after it came out. In Gingrich's case, his friends helped by paying publishing-related expenses for his book. In both cases, special-interest money wound up in the authors' pockets.

Another easy take on Gingrich is that whenever he becomes offensively defensive, when he issues a flat, repetitive denial, you're on to something, and well advised to hone right in. For example, he said in March 1995, "Any liberal who tells you we are cutting spending and hurting children is lying. L-Y-I-N-G, lying!" The House Republicans then proceeded to propose cuts for Head Start, summer jobs for inner-city kids, prenatal care, education, Medicaid, assistance for poor and handicapped children, recreation programs for inner-city kids, school lunches and, of course, welfare. According to a study by the Office of Management and Budget, the proposals could move 2.1 million children into poverty.

When asked about the Federal Election Commission's

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE

lawsuit against Gopac, Gingrich's political action committee, he avoided details and called the charges phony. In fact, Gingrich used the word phony 11 times in the space of one minute. That's easy for him. He regularly floors House stenographers by spitting out 350 words a minute. Nevertheless, Gingrich headed Gopac from 1986 until May 1995, and the FEC has several thousand pages of evidence showing that Gopac helped candidates for federal office without registering as a federal PAC and without meeting reporting requirements. According to the Democratic National Committee, Gopac has received between $10 million and $20 million in large, secret donations from corporate executives who had major interests pending before the government.

When a *New York Times* poll in October 1995 showed that almost two thirds of the American people did not favor the proposed Republican tax cut, Gingrich went ballistic. "This poll is a disgraceful example of disinformation. What we get are deliberately rigged questions that are totally phony." Gingrich wants to cut $270 billion from Medicare while giving out $245 billion in tax cuts that would significantly benefit those who make more than $200,000 a year. He is extremely sensitive about using the word cut in relation to Medicare. He says he is only slowing the rate of growth in order to "save" Medicare.

Frank Luntz, a Republican pollster, concluded in a memo that the only way to cut Medicare was to scare people into thinking it was going broke and then claim to save it. Of course, when Democrats objected to the proposed $270 billion cut, the Luntz strategy did not prevent our man Newt from saying, "Think about a party whose last stand is to frighten 85-year-olds, and you'll understand how totally morally bankrupt the Democratic Party is."

Although many of Gingrich's critics would like to think he merely pops off all the time, in fact both his use of certain language and his repetition of certain ploys are quite deliberate. Connie Bruck, writing in *The New Yorker*, cites "polarization and oversimplification" as hallmarks of Gingrich's rhetoric.

Gingrich pays attention to language with a concentration that would do credit to a professor of semiotics. In a 1990 Gopac letter to Republican candidates, he wrote, "I have also included a new document entitled 'Language: A Key Mechanism of Control,' drafted by Gopac political director Tom Morgan. The words in that paper are tested language from a recent series of focus groups where we actually tested ideas and language."

Gingrich has a particular fondness for the words grotesque, sick, bizarre and twisted, and regularly uses them in ad hominem attacks on his critics. He described a reporter whose question he didn't like as "an incredibly stupid person," and denounced another as "grotesque and offensive." Demonstrators protesting Medicare cuts along his book tour were "would-be fascists." Unfortunately, it's catching. Gingrich's critics respond with ad hominem attacks on him, and, splendidly brazen as he is, he is not beyond posturing as a wounded innocent.

One of Gingrich's regular ploys is to associate "the opposition"—whether he defines it as Democrats, liberals, or counterculture McGoverniks—with the most heinous event of the moment.

In 1992 he said Woody Allen's affair with Mia Farrow's daughter "fits the Democratic Party platform perfectly." The Democratic Party has never recommended screwing your lover's adopted daughter.

When Susan Smith drowned her two sons in South Carolina in 1994, Gingrich said it "vividly reminds every American how sick society is getting and how much we have to change. I think people want to change, and the only way you get change is to vote Republican."

Actually, the Democrats have never recommended drowning your children either. But in reference to the above item, Susan Smith was in fact screwed by her stepfather from the age of 15 on. He was a member of the state Republican executive committee and the Christian Coalition.

In September 1995 a three-year-old girl was accidentally killed during a gang-related shooting in Los Angeles. One of the suspects was out on parole, a circumstance in which Gingrich saw an opportunity. He called it "a glaring example of a liberal, New Deal approach that put up with violence, accepted brutality." The New Deal is not generally remembered either for putting up with violence or for accepting brutality.

In November 1995 a hideous crime caught the nation's attention: A welfare mother named Debra Evans, nine months pregnant, was killed along with two of her children. The killer cut the unborn child from her womb. Gingrich quickly tried to exploit the murders for political gain. "Let's talk about what the welfare state has created. Let's talk about the moral decay of the world the left is defending. It happened in America because for two generations we haven't had the guts to talk about right and wrong," he said. Evans, the victim, was, in fact, on welfare. She was also a regular churchgoer, known for opening her home and sharing what little food she had with others. She and her two children were each buried with Bibles on their chests. The left, no matter how loosely it is defined, has yet to encourage murdering pregnant women and cutting their babies out of the womb.

The latest round of journalistic efforts to take this unpromising specimen of political guttersnipe seriously includes de rigueur reflections on what *The Washington Post* calls "Gingrich's intellectual force." In *Time* magazine's hilarious Man of the Year profile, Lance Morrow hails his "first-class intelligence." According to Bruck's *New Yorker* profile, *Shōgun* is Gingrich's Bible. God save us, it isn't even a good book. On the other hand, it is a lot better than his own novel, *1945*, which is so appalling that anyone who admires Gingrich should be forced to read it.

It is now conventional wisdom that Gingrich's "ideas" dominate the Washington agenda, that he was somehow preternaturally in touch with the deepest yearnings of the American people. Actually, much of what Gingrich propounds stems from poll-driven politics and pollster packaging.

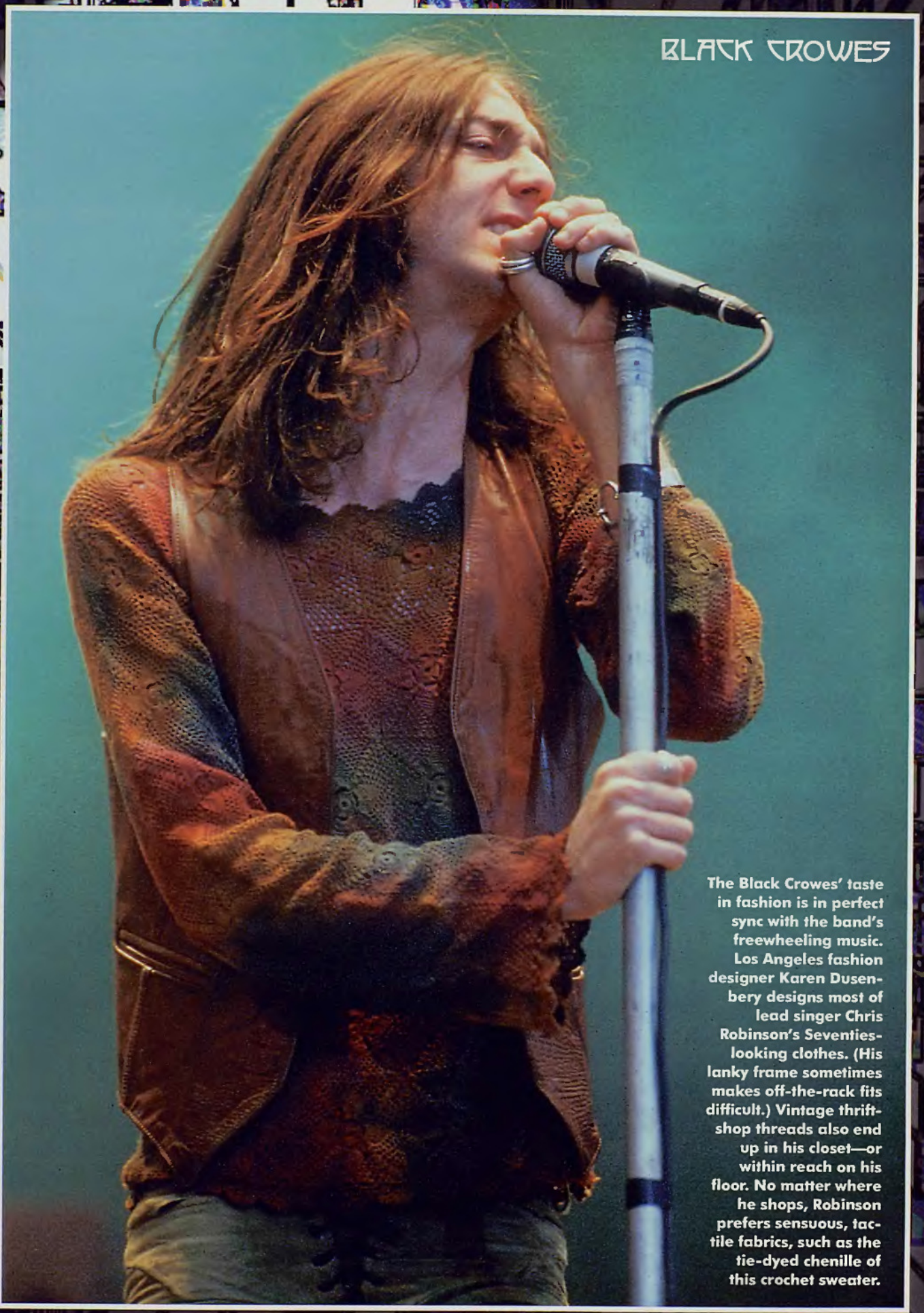
Conservatives, being conservative, object to Gingrich's ideological unsteadiness: He cannot be classified as a libertarian, an economic conservative or a social conservative. From a thinking person's point of view, this is encouraging news: Surely only a dittohead could be so neatly pigeonholed. But the conservative critique of Gingrich is not that he is a synthesizer so much as he is a here-and-thereian. He frequently launches bozo ideas—orphanages, laptop computers for all, recognizing Taiwan and Handicapped in Space are among the more memorable. (His Handicapped in Space program, described in his book *Window of Opportunity*, is based on the fetching notion that the handicapped will find it easier to work in a zero-gravity environment.)

Politics is normally considered hardball ("It ain't just beanbag," we all say cheerfully), but still a sport, and one with rules. For most of us. Tom Foley, by general consensus, will go down as one of the worst Speakers and one of the most decent human beings ever to serve in Congress. In 1989 a few Republicans were peddling the unsubstantiated rumor that Foley, married for years, was gay. An aide to Gingrich spoke to Lars-Erik Nelson of the New York *Daily News* and added, "We hear it's little boys." She also warned him that other newspapers were pursuing the story.

Nelson printed her words verbatim.

(continued on page 78)

"Do you give every client such close attention?"

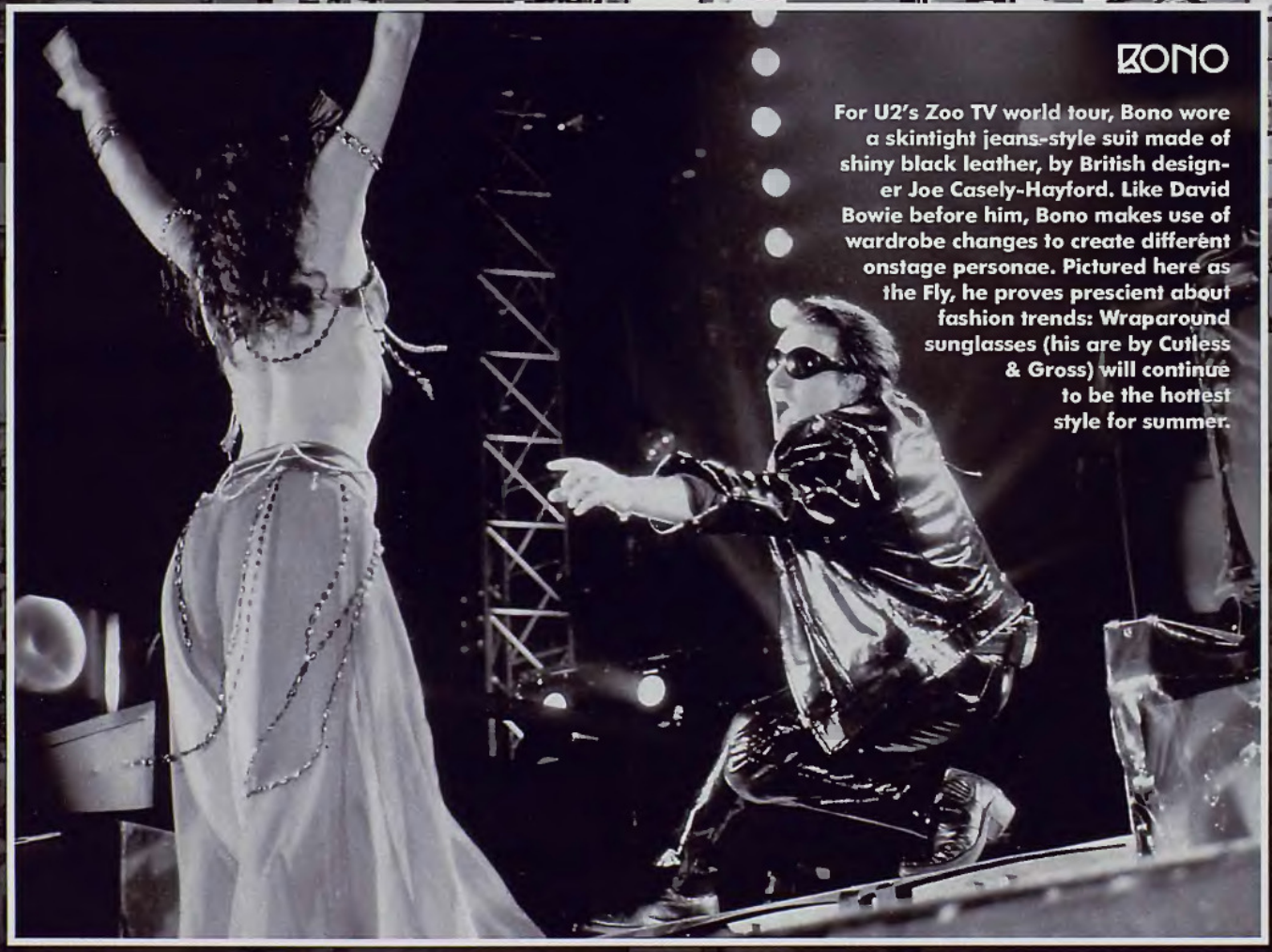


The Black Crowes' taste in fashion is in perfect sync with the band's freewheeling music. Los Angeles fashion designer Karen Dusenbery designs most of lead singer Chris Robinson's Seventies-looking clothes. (His lanky frame sometimes makes off-the-rack fits difficult.) Vintage thrift-shop threads also end up in his closet—or within reach on his floor. No matter where he shops, Robinson prefers sensuous, tactile fabrics, such as the tie-dyed chenille of this crochet sweater.

fashion by HOLLIS WAYNE

ROCK IN FASHION

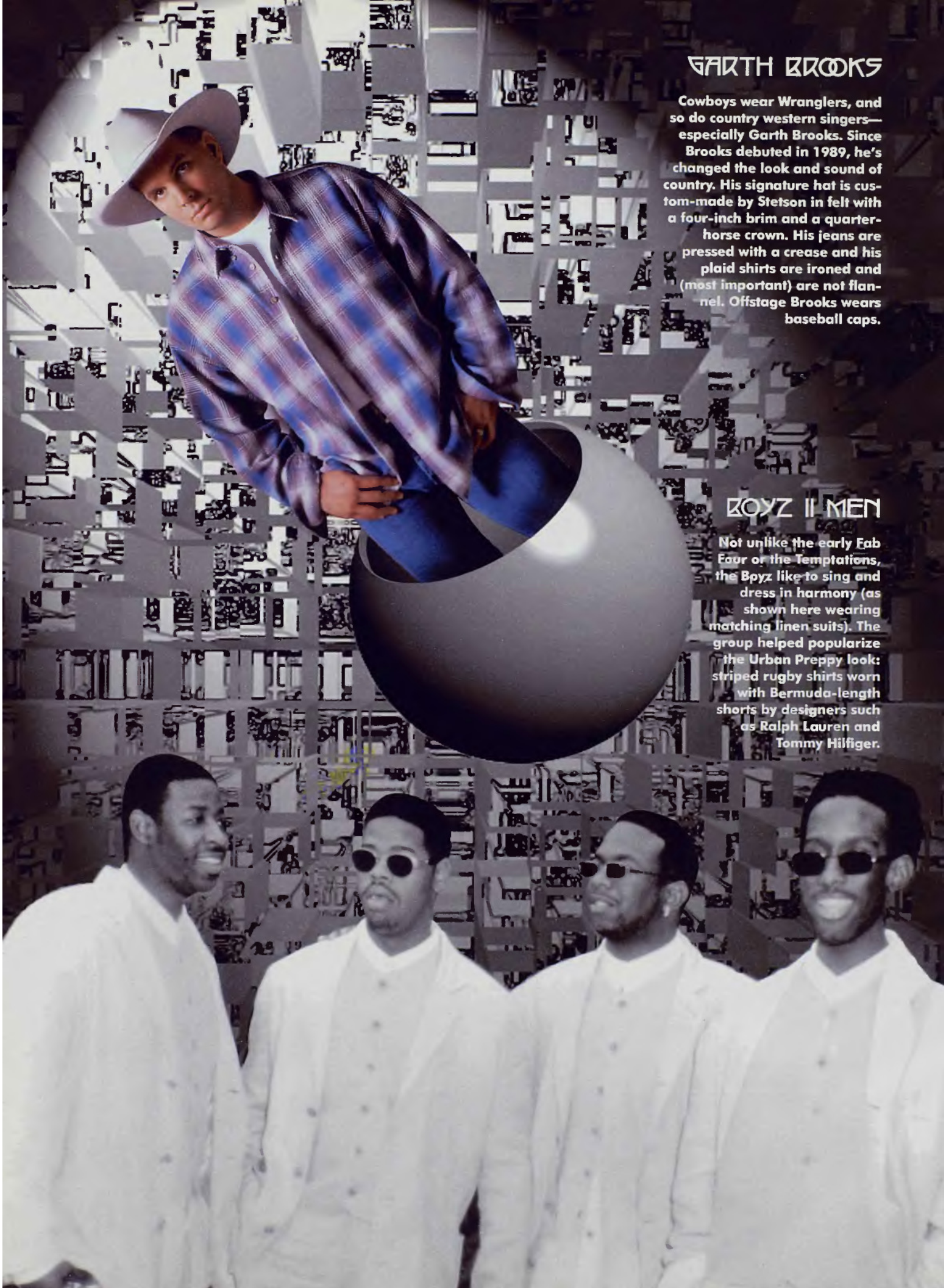
GOING ONSTAGE WITH THE MUSIC WORLD'S SUPERSTARS



BONO

For U2's Zoo TV world tour, Bono wore a skintight jeans-style suit made of shiny black leather, by British designer Joe Casely-Hayford. Like David Bowie before him, Bono makes use of wardrobe changes to create different onstage personae. Pictured here as the Fly, he proves prescient about fashion trends: Wraparound sunglasses (his are by Cutless & Gross) will continue to be the hottest style for summer.

THE GREAT THING about being a rock star (besides the groupies) is that you can dress louder than your music. Just as the navy blue suit is the mark of a businessman, flashy fashions say rocker all the way. "The artists who dress the best are those who succeed in expressing their personality through the clothes they wear," says designer Gianni Versace. Some go for outrageous (Lenny Kravitz in skintight silver lamé or Bono in top-to-toe leather), some prefer slick (Boyz II Men in their matching ensembles) and others go for all-out attitude (e.g., the antifashion statements of Alice in Chains or Soundgarden). Regardless, plenty of mainstream fashion trends debut on concert stages. To give you an idea of who's wearing what, we went to see some of today's top musicians. Here's the buzz.



GARTH BROOKS

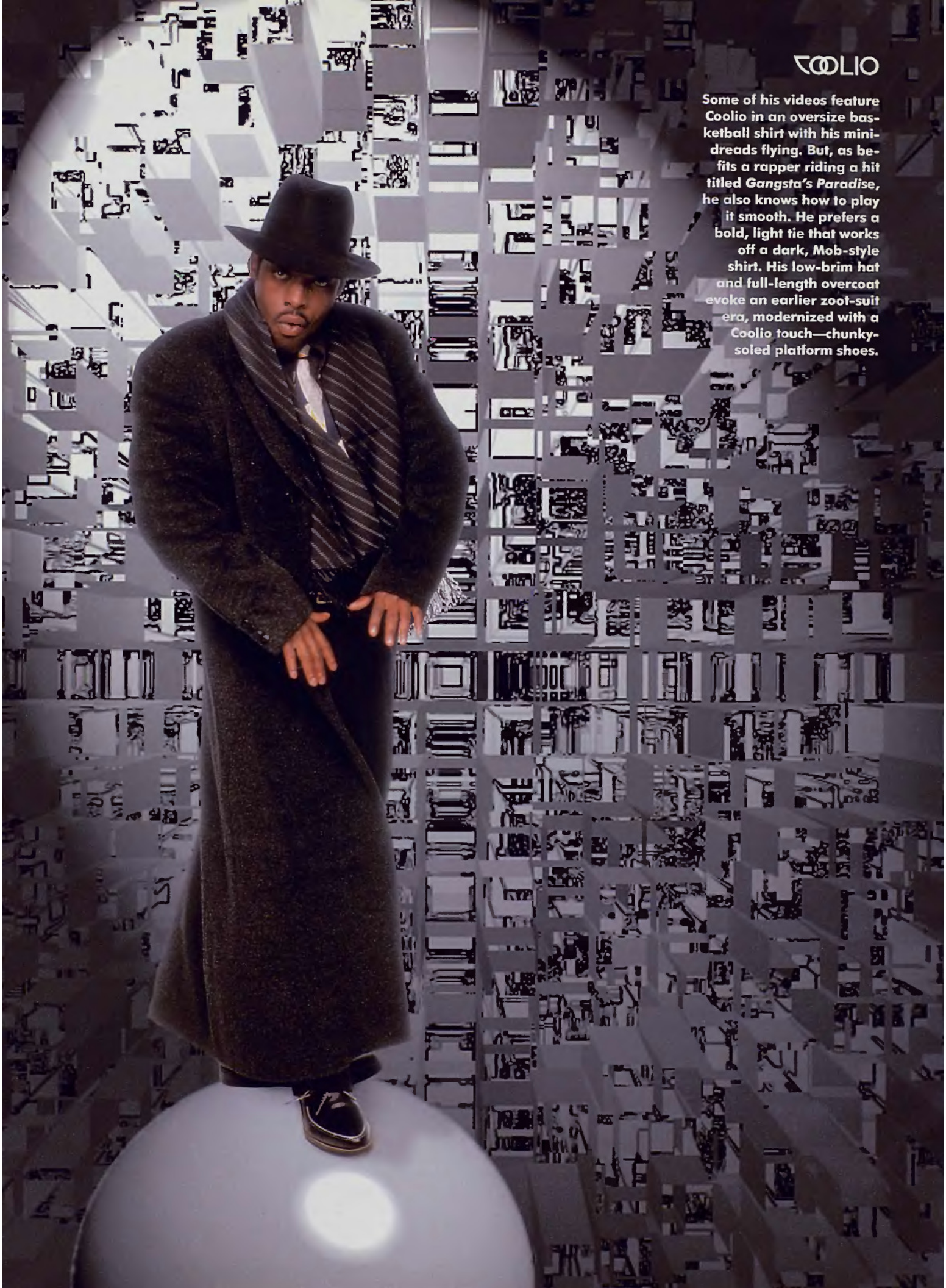
Cowboys wear Wranglers, and so do country western singers—especially Garth Brooks. Since Brooks debuted in 1989, he's changed the look and sound of country. His signature hat is custom-made by Stetson in felt with a four-inch brim and a quarter-horse crown. His jeans are pressed with a crease and his plaid shirts are ironed and (most important) are not flannel. Offstage Brooks wears baseball caps.

BOYZ II MEN

Not unlike the early Fab Four or the Temptations, the Boyz like to sing and dress in harmony (as shown here wearing matching linen suits). The group helped popularize the Urban Preppy look: striped rugby shirts worn with Bermuda-length shorts by designers such as Ralph Lauren and Tommy Hilfiger.

SMASHING PUMPKINS

This group ascended from the alternative music scene by fusing punk with the arena rock of their teens—an aesthetic that makes them ideal used-clothes junkies. Given the Pumpkins' campy retro look, you'd be just as likely to find them in flouncy paisley shirts as you would in striped T-shirts or a secondhand rep tie (as worn by James Iha).



COOLIO

Some of his videos feature Coolio in an oversize basketball shirt with his mini-dreads flying. But, as befits a rapper riding a hit titled *Gangsta's Paradise*, he also knows how to play it smooth. He prefers a bold, light tie that works off a dark, Mob-style shirt. His low-brim hat and full-length overcoat evoke an earlier zoot-suit era, modernized with a Coolio touch—chunky-soled platform shoes.

DAVID BOWIE

Bowie has instigated or reflected just about every fashion trend since the late Sixties. During his recent tour with Nine Inch Nails, Bowie borrowed NIN's industrial-style fabrics. He wore a tight vinyl T-shirt (customized by a stylist to match his favorite cut) and spangled, skintight pants by British designer John Richmond.

RUPAUL

What becomes a diva most? It's a question RuPaul has pondered since his hit dance single, *Supermodel*. Apparently, the answer is something out of a swimsuit catalog. "I work hard for this body," he says. "I want to show it." That's exactly what he does in his striped bodysuit (above) by designer Norma Kamali.

NEWT GINGRICH *(continued from page 70)*

The budget for the Speaker's office has gone up 40 percent, to $600,000 a year.

Gingrich was furious and wrote a letter to Nelson's editors saying it never happened, that it was irresponsible reporting. He demanded that Nelson be fired. Then he apologized to Speaker Foley and said his aide's actions were "unforgivable and destructive." But he did not fire her.

In December 1995 Gingrich, citing an unnamed source during his appearance on *Meet the Press*, said that "up to one fourth of the White House staff have used drugs in the last four to five years." Gingrich, a master of the nonapology, said afterward, "It was a comment which produced a larger effect than I intended. In retrospect, I should not have said it. I've got to learn to be very specific about what I'm trying to accomplish. I stand by precisely what I said on *Meet the Press*."

Since becoming Speaker, Gingrich has called Democrats "sick," "corrupt," "thugs" and "liars." Also, a party "that despises the values of the American people," "cultural masochists" who enjoy bad news, "the enemy of normal Americans" and guilty of "multicultural, nihilistic hedonism." Various stories that have offended him are "socialist," "maniacally stupid" (that one was aimed at *The Wall Street Journal*), "a joke," "mean, spiteful, nasty," "a despicable hit piece by a person who has virtually no values."

But can he take it? In March 1995 he told the National Restaurant Association, anent the ethics charges against him, "Frankly, it hurts. It hurts to see people cheat, and it hurts to see the cheating reported as hard news."

In the same speech, he said, "I am so sick of the way the game is played by the news media and the way the game is played by the Democrats in this city that it is, frankly, all I can do to stand in there. They are misusing the ethics system in a deliberate, vicious, vindictive way, and I think it is despicable, and I have just about had it."

Last April he told *Face the Nation*, "I am very bitter about this. I am the only political figure of your lifetime who has been held to this incredible standard."

In October Gingrich reportedly said at a town meeting in Roswell, Georgia: "No one can get up every day and take the kind of totally dishonest cheap shots that we take and not wonder sometimes why you keep doing it. Frankly, I've thought about quitting because of the vicious, routine smears Marianne and I have to put up with." He loves to say "frankly."

Gingrich's tongue is almost as famous as Bob Packwood's. His funniest moments come when he takes a stand precisely contrary to an earlier stand (in some cases, only hours later) and is just as belligerent on the one side as he is on the other.

Before the 1994 election, Alice Rivlin, head of President Clinton's Office of Management and Budget, wrote a memo outlining a number of options for cutting the deficit while still finding ways to invest in programs such as job training. One option was cutting Social Security benefits to the wealthy. Gingrich promptly raised an enormous furor, claiming that the Clinton administration was planning to cut Social Security. Oh, what a heinous thing!

He was, of course, totally undeterred by the fact that he himself proposed a bill in 1986 that would have cut off Social Security for everyone in the entire country.

Great comic moments frequently follow his occasional vows to keep his tongue under control. In 1985, when *The Washington Post* said he was probably the most disliked member of Congress, Gingrich replied, "That was the old me—abrasive and confrontational. You'll see a change now. I am no longer the person I once was. I can be much quieter, much more positive."

That, of course, was before Jim Wright, Tom Foley or Bill Clinton.

After being sworn in as Speaker in January 1995, Gingrich made a conciliatory speech, stating, "We are here as commoners together, to some extent Democrats and Republicans, to some extent liberals and conservatives, but Americans all. I would say to our friends in the Democratic Party that we're going to work with you."

Later the same day, he called Democratic tactics "dumb," "partisan" and "pathetically narrow."

Even more hilariously, after months of robustly Gingrichian rhetoric, he then turned and accused the press of dwelling on the negative and "trying to get a catfight started."

"In order to conduct a thorough and credible investigation, the special counsel needs unlimited subpoena power," said Gingrich during the investigation of Speaker Jim Wright. Now, of course, the special counsel who is investigating Speaker Gingrich must be carefully limited in authority.

Taiwan, term limits and campaign finance reform are more issues Gingrich has seen from both sides, but Gingrich doesn't do anything so pedestrian as waffle or retreat. He is emphatic, no matter if he contradicts himself. Ambivalence is not Gingrich.

He can also be incredibly reckless in defining the differences between what he always posits as the conservative opportunity society versus the welfare state. An obscure and, by Washington standards, inexpensive program called Supplemental Security Income goes, literally, to poor, crippled children. It's not easy to attack a program that helps poor, crippled children. Were it not for the stipend that helps economically marginal families care for their children born with spina bifida, cystic fibrosis and other diseases, the kids would have to be dumped into public institutions, where the cost of their annual care would run way over what their families now get to help pay for wheelchairs, ramps, etc. Gingrich told the U.S. Chamber of Commerce that poor people are not only coaching their kids on how to fake disabilities, but also beating them if they do not succeed. "They're being punished for not getting what they call crazy money or stupid money. We literally have children suffering child abuse so they can get a check for their parents."

There simply is no evidence for such a claim. Some shaky reporting based on unreliable sources had raised some questions about the SSI program, which also covers children with severe mental problems, and this was seized on by the right to discredit the program. Media reviews have since gone back and discredited both the reporting and the sources (who never alleged what Gingrich did to begin with).

One way to gauge Gingrich's commitment to "changing the way Washington works" is to look at what he has done with his own office. The budget for the Speaker's office has gone up 40 percent since Gingrich took over, to $600,000 a year. In addition to hiring a House protocol officer, Gingrich hired John Garbett, a Hollywood executive who formerly worked with Steven Spielberg, to coordinate media coverage for the House. His hire as House historian was "unfairly" criticized by the media for being pro-Nazi (a truly "bizarre" misunderstanding). He retained the $25,000 Speaker's slush fund that he had previously criticized and hired the co-author of the miserable novel *1945*, Albert Hanser, as a $60,000-a-year consultant performing ineffable services (or at least unidentifiable duties) for mankind.

(concluded on page 151)

"Only if you wear a condom. When my husband gave me the bike, he told me to be careful."

SPORTS BY KEVIN COOK

I KNEW baseball was back one day last spring. The air smelled of leather and clay and cut grass. The Giants were taking batting practice, that serious ritual that unfolds before mostly empty seats.

The players hooted at Wendell Kim, the San Francisco coach who pitches BP. The 5′5″ Kim looked like a cartoon as he hopped up and down, getting loose. Chatter subsided as he picked up a ball and went to work.

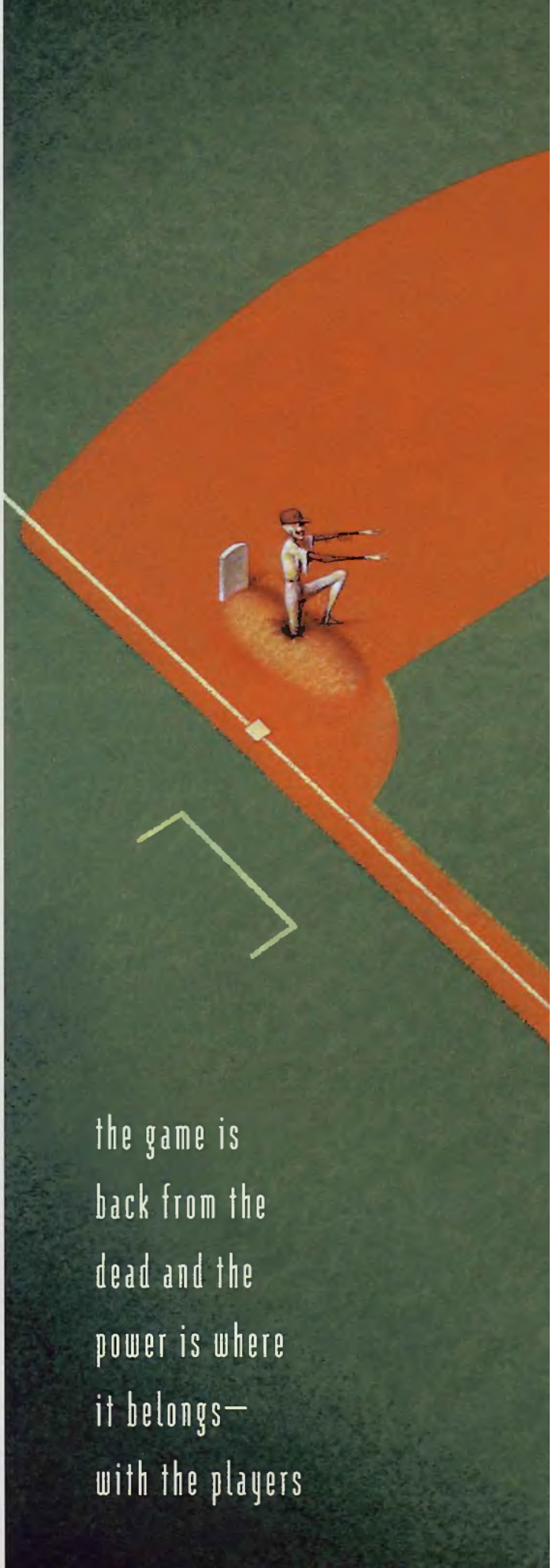
The starting lineup bats first, and starters get their ups in strict batting order. Darren Lewis, the leadoff man, stepped in and began slapping ground balls. He moved on to another pesky-guy specialty—low, slicing liners that drop at outfielders' feet. Soon number two hitter Robby Thompson was slapping out more of the same. Kim kept the pitches coming, one 70-mph letter-high straightball after another. Nothing is worse than a BP pitcher with flawed control. The Hawaii-born Kim knew that if he threw a time-waster into the dirt, somebody would yell for "another Japanese midget."

Next up, Barry Bonds. The three-time MVP strolled to the plate, gold chains ajingle. Bonds owns every moment he occupies. Two years ago he had to grin when the judge in his nasty divorce case asked for his autograph. At BP he began by hitting line drives that started out like Lewis' and Thompson's, but these didn't fall in the outfield. They carried to the fence. Soon Bonds was launching long rockets and seemed as happily amazed as anyone at the way he can turn baseballs into shooting stars. He actually said "Hee-hee."

Sometimes you see the future at batting practice. If the man with three hits last night hits long ropes in BP, he'll probably stay hot. The guy who's slumping pops up and stomps his foot like a rhino. That's what Matt Williams did. The bald, grim cleanup man popped up and looked at his bat as if it were an impostor. He smacked himself on the forehead. "God*dog* it, Matthew!" he said.

Behind the batting cage stood hitting coach Bobby Bonds, Barry's dad. Bobby leaned on the cage with his fingers laced in its links. When foul balls came he unclenched, getting his fingers out of harm's way. "Hit it hard, not far," he whispered, "hard, not far."

From that lazy BP day the season spun out with its usual unpredictability. In May the Reds were a last-place 1–8 and trailed the Mets 11–4 in the eighth. After a miracle win set them on course for the playoffs, manager Davey Johnson said, "Whoo! Lordy, lordy," and testified to the hoodoo that made it happen. His Reds had rubbed their chests with the fur of Schottzie, nutty owner Marge Schott's dog. The dog had died in 1991. Now Johnson has wisely fled to Rip City, Maryland,



the game is back from the dead and the power is where it belongs— with the players

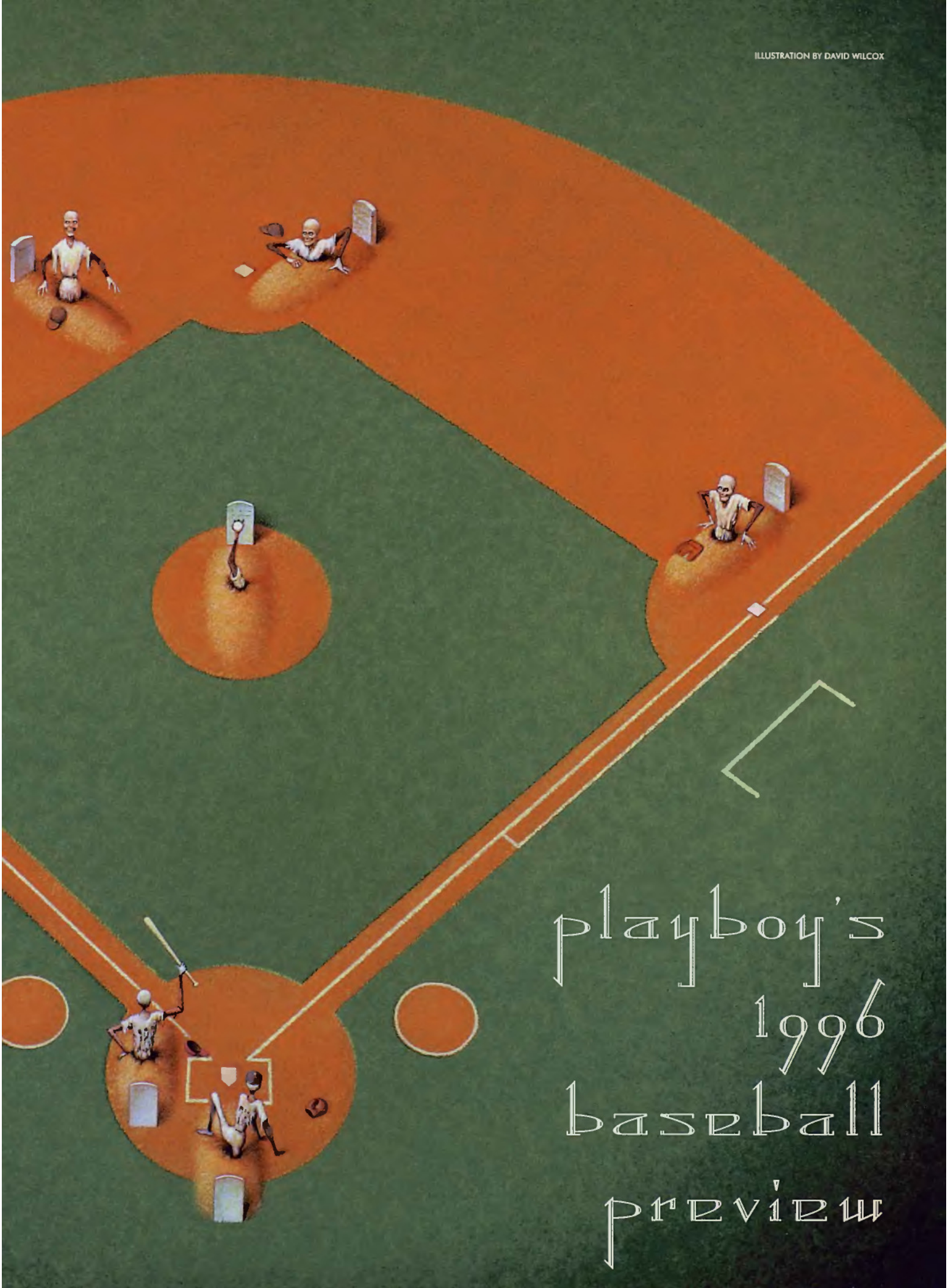


ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID WILCOX

playboy's 1996 baseball preview

site of saner shining moments.

That's where Calvin Ripken Jr. topped Lou Gehrig by playing his 2131st consecutive game. During the streak other teams used 517 "everyday" shortstops. The 6'4" Ripken once appeared linebackerish at short, but we had time to get used to his outsize, lazy-looking fluidity and neon blue eyes. Nobody was ever more perfectly in place than Ripken on September 6, 1995, finally leaving his position to take a victory lap around Camden Yards.

In Ripken and pitching genius Greg Maddux the game now has quiet professionals in charge. Maddux, though, has something of a mean streak. He butted heads with another tricky scientist in the World Series.

Maddux and Orel Hershiser—Mad Dog and Bulldog. They had a rare infield summit near the mound in game five. After Albert Belle homered, Maddux sent a zinging telegram under Eddie Murray's chin. The usual bench-clearing scuffle followed. And then there were the grown-ups off to the side, discussing the matter.

Hershiser: "Did you throw at him?"

Maddux: "I tried to jam him."

Hershiser: "Your control is better than that."

Maddux (shrugging): "Not then."

Hershiser (threatening): "Well, I get the ball, too."

With deterrence established, they went back to their jobs. In the fourth inning Murray, looking like he could chew Brave bones, hit a shot up the middle. Maddux snagged the ball before anyone else saw it. Later Hershiser, nursing a two-run lead, topped Maddux' play. He spun, twisted and turned Marquis Grissom's bullet into an impossible, game-saving double play. Hershiser screamed and pumped his fist in the air, looking feral for the first time in his life. Inning and game to Hershiser.

Maddux' Braves won the war. And the cheers they earned helped drown out the billion football scores I endured on ESPN all winter. But there was an earlier sound that stuck in my head, too.

There was nobody else around that day at San Francisco's batting practice, so I stepped onto the field. I was in foul ground near the third-base coach's box. Glenallen Hill was up. Hill was hitting lasers down the line. I could have been hit, even hurt, out there, but the sound the ball made was hypnotic. Hill's line drives actually sizzled as they went past. That's easy to do with a golf ball, but not at all easy with a baseball. It's one major difference between big-league hitters and the scab players acting commissioner Bud Selig and his fellow owners tried to fob off on us fans last spring. Scabs don't hit the ball sonic.

So I told my rotisserie buddies to get Glenallen Hill. He went on to hit 24 homers, making me look like a prophet for a minute. But that's not what I liked most about that day. What I liked was that *zip* as the ball went by, and my thinking, Baseball is back and I get to write about it.

•

"The game is now controlled by Satan."

That's what Orioles exec Kevin Malone told a Christian magazine last year. Malone is not alone in thinking

PLAYBOY'S PICKS

AL EAST	AL CENTRAL	AL WEST
Orioles	Indians	Angels
Yankees	White Sox	Mariners
Red Sox	Royals	Rangers
Blue Jays	Twins	Athletics
Tigers	Brewers	

AL *Wild Card*: Yankees

NL EAST	NL CENTRAL	NL WEST
Braves	Astros	Dodgers
Mets	Cardinals	Rockies
Marlins	Reds	Padres
Phillies	Cubs	Giants
Expos	Pirates	

NL *Wild Card*: Mets

AL CHAMPS: INDIANS

NL CHAMPS: DODGERS

WORLD CHAMPS: INDIANS

"You've said it yourself, dear. Men have no sense when it comes to women."

baseball is going to hell, and his theory has explanatory power. Why else would the sport attempt suicide, a mortal sin, with the labor war of 1994–1995? Fortunately, a federal judge threw the owners out of court. Scab baseball was scratched and real baseball crawled out of its grave like the guy in *Blood Simple*. Fans stayed away in droves last spring and early summer, but they returned by Labor Day.

Now the pastime is back from the dead and ready to party. We get another year of Cal and Mad Dog and Orel and Junior and Barry and Nomo, another season of truth, beauty and testicle-scratching.

With interesting wrinkles.

Modern baseball has gotten postmodern. Expansion has claimed the Sun Belt; Phoenix and Tampa are next. Smart clubs, not just rich ones, prospered as payrolls rose and TV money dried up. The players won the labor war. Big stars now get zillions while .260 hitters settle for $500,000. Wild-card playoffs turned out to be a good idea. Interleague play is on the way. The Nineties brought the best bunch of young stars ever. Baseball Annies got lonely as the young guys, fearing AIDS, shied away. Cleveland thundered, but Atlanta reigned.

It was all predicted here. You can look it up. PLAYBOY has been lousy at picking World Series winners but consistently right about the game's evolution, largely because we foresaw how the money would be distributed in the Nineties. Even more important, we have always backed the players in labor disputes. Marge Schott, George Steinbrenner, Wayne Huizenga and Peter Angelos may make winter headlines, but the owners are just context. The players are the game.

In the postseason predicting game, however, other guys in other sports are Nostradamus while I am Nostradumbass. My excuse is that in the long run nobody gets rich betting baseball. It's too easy for a seeing-eye bleeder in April to start a chain of events that decides who wins in October. Predicting a Series winner now is like picking Miss America at birth.

I still say Indians over Dodgers in six. If I'm wrong, blame Satan.

•

A year ago Baltimore was the only club that refused to field a scab team. Owner Peter Angelos thought **Orioles** fans deserved better. Now they get better. Angelos hired two eggheads, manager Davey Johnson and general manager Pat Gillick, to rule the coming O's dynasty. The game's economics make this the age of the GM, and Gillick, architect of Toronto's decade of success, is at it again. He traded for David Wells and Kent Mercker, who will vie for the best-supporting-starter Oscar behind ace Mike Mussina. Scott Erickson and

rookie Jimmy Haynes fill out the Birds' rotation, and baby-faced Rocky Coppinger's in the wings. The GM also netted closer Randy Myers, who is erratic, but if he falters the Orioles will have three superb setup men waiting by the bullpen phone.

Gillick's marquee move was signing Roberto Alomar to join Cal Ripken on the double play. Alomar is the likeliest AL MVP this year. Another sly signing was that of infielder–outfielder–catcher–valet parker B.J. Surhoff. With .320 hitter Surhoff at third base, Bobby Bonilla can play the outfield and think about his hitting. Bonilla and Rafael Palmeiro are the homer-pumping heart of an order that also boasts Alomar, speed-power dude Brady Anderson, catcher Chris Hoiles and Ripken, baseball's current president. As a capper, Gillick even signed Billy Ripken as a backup infielder. Billy's 1995 stats: three RBIs, one famous brother.

David Cone heads the **Yankees** rotation. Next comes $20 million Florida farm boy Kenny Rogers, who used to hide in his hotel room on New York road trips. Rogers now enters the belly of the Bronx. Rehabber Doc Gooden and sophomore left-hander Andy Pettitte join the top two, and there's pitching help coming as Jimmy Key and Melido Perez mend, though Yank expectations are probably too great. Manager Joe Torre's power men are Tino Martinez, Paul O'Neill and creaky DH Ruben Sierra. Capable, but not scary. With catcher Mike Stanley gone, these are the Bronx Binglers, a popgun attack. An aging, flat-footed popgun attack: No Yankee matched the 14 steals Babe Ruth had in 1920. Still, the Yanks were brilliant to get setup man Jeff Nelson in the Martinez trade. Kid shortstop Derek Jeter's throwing errors will put boos on the Jeter Meter, but he's a hero in the making. With everyone but Cleveland and Baltimore shooting for third best, the reshuffled Yanks are a strong wild-card bet.

The iron-mitted **Red Sox** Bucknered their way to the playoffs, where .300 hitters Mo Vaughn, José Canseco (.306) and Dwayne Hosey (.338) went 0 for 39. That .000 matched the Sox' record in their past 13 postseason games, dating back to 1986 when Bill Buckner booted Mookie Wilson's grounder. Now Vaughn, Roger Clemens and supershortstop John Valentin try again. GM Dan Duquette has added a pair of streaky pitchers in closer Heath Slocumb and starter Tom Gordon, plus two iffy gloves in catcher Mike Stanley and multiposition man Wil Cordero. Too bad Cordero's arrival will delay the sizzling debut of bush leaguer Pork Chop Pough.

The **Blue Jays** tied for last in the big leagues. Ugly last. But there's a future here. John Olerud and Ed Sprague are still relatively young. Boomer Carlos Delgado, 23-year-olds Shawn Green and Alex Gonzalez and farm kids Shannon Stewart and Felipe Crespo are younger. The Jays won't remain basement birds for long.

The **Tigers** are endangered. They're tied for baseball's worst in batting, second-worst in pitching. They can't trade Cecil Fielder because nobody wants a $7 million brontosaurus, even if he hits 30 homers. They lack a single stirring prospect in the minors. Such a team would be extinct in another sport, but the pastime gives them about a two percent shot at a wild card.

General manager John Hart built his **Indians** the modern way: identifying core players early in their careers, signing them long-term and filling holes with free agents when the nucleus is ready to go nuclear. Now comes the real fun: An offense that kicked the league's collective butt returns intact if not improved. A mound corps whose 3.83 ERA dominated the AL has a new number one man. Hart's payroll in "small market" Cleveland has risen, but Tribe fans are doing their part. The

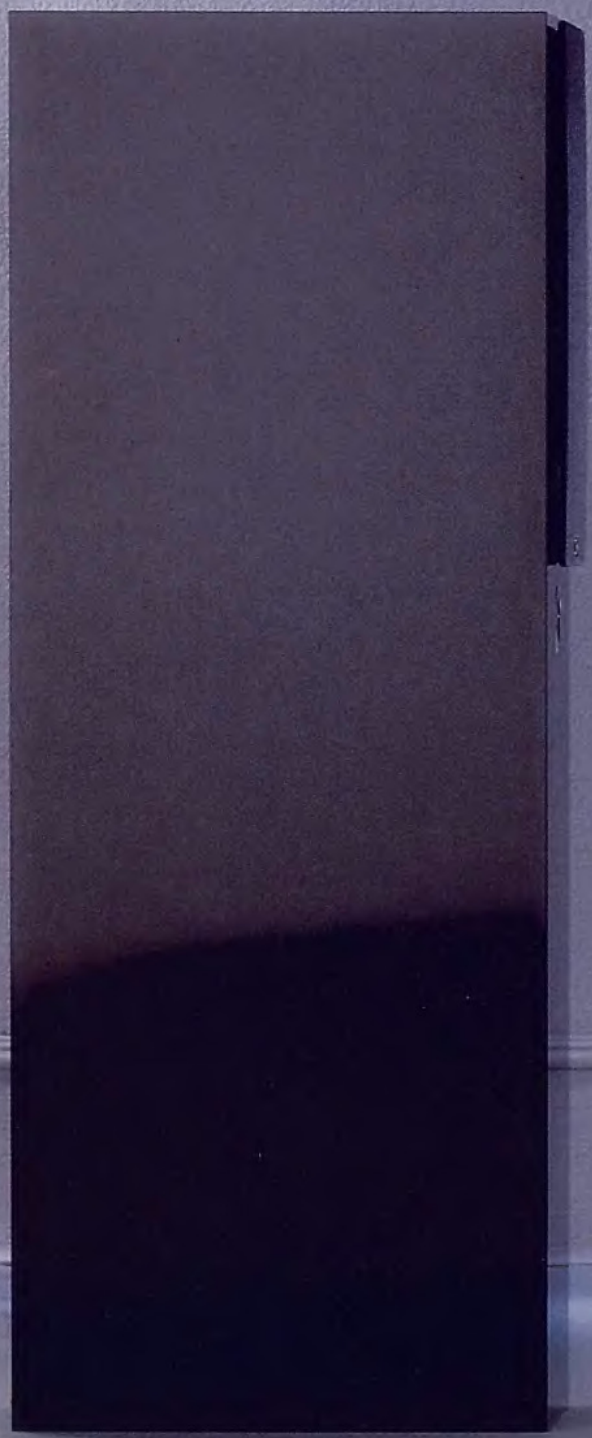
(continued on page 158)

In 1980 PLAYBOY Contributing Photographer Richard Fegley was handed an irresistible assignment: to photograph 12 beautiful women in equally breathtaking settings, from the beaches of Mexico to the boot of a black Pierce-Arrow. Among the standout images in the collection (previewed in the July 1982 PLAYBOY) is this captivating shot of 1978 Playmate of the Year Debra Jo Fondren. So where's the lush exotic backdrop? Said Fegley: "Debra Jo is her own location."

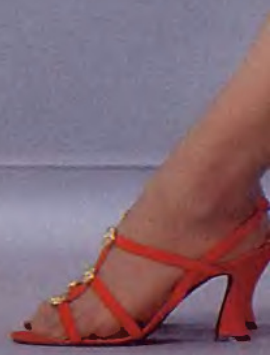
SOUND ADVICE

HOT TIPS ON BUILDING THE ULTIMATE SYSTEM FOR MOVIES AND AUDIO

By GLENN KENNY



Left: Perfect for home theater use, NHT's VT-2 tower speakers feature a switch on the front panel that lets you alternate between movie and music playback ($1750 per pair). Right, top to bottom: Sony's RM-V21 universal remote control manages up to six audio-video sources and has lighted key functions for surfing after dark ($30). Pioneer's PDR-05 recordable compact disc player is great for making compilation discs of your favorite CDs (about $2000). It's connected to Technics' SL-MC700, a 111-disc changer that can be programmed to play back up to 32 tracks. It features a front-panel display that scrolls the names of discs, which you can assign using an IBM-compatible PC keyboard. The price: $500. Kenwood's KC-Z1 audio-video receiver ($2800) combines Dolby Surround Pro Logic, Dolby (digital) AC-3 and THX home theater sound reproduction with an LCD touch-pad controller that operates via 900-megahertz radio frequencies. Sennheiser's IS 850 digital headphones are also wireless, picking up signals from an infrared transmitter near your audio-video gear. To ensure high-quality sound, Sennheiser's headphones feature a digital-to-analog converter. The price: about $1400.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

As you already know, it's no longer enough to have a kick-ass stereo. You need a home theater—complete with a large-screen TV and dramatic surround sound to rival that of a Multiplex. Fortunately, you don't have to sacrifice your music for movies. The best home theater components handle the apocalyptic explosions of *Terminator 2* and the supple sonorities of a Stan Getz sax solo equally well. As in the past, buying the appropriate gear simply means knowing the size of your listening room, the size of your bank balance and, most important, what sounds good to you.

Before going shopping, though, there's some new terminology to master. For the past few years, the surround-sound names to know have been (1) Dolby Surround: a technology that provides a signal to right, left and surround speakers and (2) Dolby Surround Pro Logic: which is Dolby Surround with an additional center channel. The latest spin on surround sound is called Dolby Surround AC-3, a home variation of the Dolby Digital audio

system now in movie theaters. From its Dolby handle you can tell that the process is, well, digital. But also distinguishing it from its forebears is the fact that its surround (rear-speaker) information is spread over two separate channels. That makes five separate channels, or, to be more precise, 5.1—as AC-3 signals also feed bass information into every channel for that extra-convincing rumble whenever an aircraft flies across the screen or a funky rhythm section lays down a particularly deep bottom on your compact disc player. Because the process is fairly new even to movie theaters, it's extremely new to home components. But AC-3 is becoming increasingly prevalent—which means that if you're not going to spring for an audio-video receiver that has AC-3 to begin with, you should seriously consider one that will let you hook up an AC-3 decoder later.

Just as the digitization of audio increases, so video strives to catch up. Direct broadcast satellite TV is already making a big impact on the home front. Later this year, the digital video disc will debut with plans to supplant both videocassettes and laser discs. This multifaceted technology puts an entire laser disc–quality movie (with multiple viewing formats and languages) on what looks like a five-inch compact disc. High-definition TV also is coming, so you'll want to make sure you invest in a sound system that will be able to accommodate these advances. The best place to start is with an audiovisual receiver. Unlike conventional receivers with an AM-FM tuner, speaker wires and inputs for a turntable, CD player and cassette deck, AV receivers are all-purpose beauties that serve as power stations and control centers for just about everything fun in your home that has a plug.

To get the most from a receiver, you need to take a good look at the gear you already have—say, a turntable, cassette deck, CD player, TV, VCR and cable box—and what you plan to buy, such as more speakers and a DVD player when they debut this fall. With that list in mind, you'll be able to find a receiver that will serve you well into the future. You'll also want to ensure that the component can provide sufficient power to at least five speakers—the minimum configuration for home theater. Seventy-five watts per channel should be more than enough—and rear speakers can sound awesome with much less. Finally, you'll want a system that doesn't require a master's degree from MIT to operate.

Sony takes simplicity back to the egg with its STR-G3 AV receiver ($1000). Once you've attached all your components to this system (which can handle up to nine sources), you control the gear via a tiny, one-button, egg-shaped remote and an on-screen point-and-click menu. If the television is off, the commands appear on the receiver's front-panel LED display.

Kenwood has created an equally innovative controller device for its KC-Z1: a removable faceplate with an LCD touch pad that controls the system over 900-megahertz radio frequencies. Priced around $2800, this AC-3 model delivers 100 watts per channel to the front speakers and 70 to the surrounds. It has four video and five audio inputs and is THX certified. THX is a trademark of George Lucas' Lucasfilm company, and it refers to a standard of sound reproduction that Lucas introduced in theaters and home equipment. You don't need THX-licensed products in order to get great home theater, but the THX logo is an assurance of a certain standard of movie-sound excellence.

Another THX-certified audio-video receiver, Technics' SA-TX50 ($1000), combines state-of-the-art features with slick cosmetics. Analog meters on this unit indicate the levels of juice flowing to the left and right channels. The SA-TX50 is also equipped for Dolby Pro Logic Surround and AC-3 surround, and features Technics' Enhanced Class H+ amplifier circuit, which offers two separate power supplies. This dual circuitry means the receiver can operate at a lower power setting, switching to higher power during loud scenes or other spikes in a soundtrack.

While AV receivers meld inputs, outputs and processing with amplification, another alternative is a preamp–tuner, which combines the first three features but requires separate power amps. While this is less convenient than an AV receiver, many audiophiles find it more fulfilling. Rotel offers a number of what it calls "future-proof" preamp–tuners. Both Rotel's RTC-970 ($800) and RTC-985 (about $1500) feature Dolby Pro Logic Surround processing, various music modes (e.g., stadium, church, club) and a multipin connector that allows the easy hookup of an AC-3 decoder if you decide to add one.

Marantz' SR96 receiver (about $1500) may be a smart bet if you don't want to go the separates route. This model provides 110 watts to the front channels, 90 to the surrounds and is just ready and waiting for Marantz' DP-870 AC-3 decoder ($699).

You'll discover other options as you search for an AV receiver. Some technologies, such as digital processing options meant to enhance music listening, may seem frivolous at first. Just keep in mind that you may not want to employ an echoey "church" setting while listening to White Zombie, but some "theater" settings on AV receivers can actually do wonders with the mono soundtracks of old movies.

None of this, of course, would mean much without a good set of speakers. When shopping for speakers, use your ears. More than anything else, the search for home theater speakers should involve a substantial amount of critical listening with your favorite CDs, videos or LDs on hand.

Again, if you're looking for simplicity, several manufacturers are introducing "home-theater-in-a-box" speaker systems that retail for less than $2000. These systems are so hot even companies that aren't typically associated with speakers (such as 3M) are getting in on the action. These systems typically package left, right, center and surround speakers, sometimes with a subwoofer. Generally, all of the speakers in the set will be bookshelf models. Some, such as those by Sherwood, go so far as to color speaker wires to simplify installation. We suggest listening to packages by Celestion, Allison, Cerwin-Vega, Magnavox, Technics and Emerson.

To counter this marketing pitch, smaller manufacturers that specialize in speakers offer home theater–ready versions of their own bookshelf units. PSB's Alpha Special Edition's add magnetic shielding (which prevents speakers from distorting your television picture) and what the company calls "media-room cosmetics" to what's already an extremely solid and surprisingly powerful compact speaker. For about $250 per pair, five of them will cost you a little more, but you may find their exceptional sound to be worth it.

A higher-priced speaker array confronts the music-or-movie issue with innovative directness. NHT's VT-2 tower speakers, designed to take the right and left positions in a home theater, have a switch that sets them for optimum music or surround-sound playback. The company's VS-2 satellite speakers, which take the center and surround positions, use the same drivers as the VT-2s but omit the ten-inch side woofers of the towers. These woofers deliver a smooth bass (and NHT does have a powered subwoofer, the $1350 SW3P, for those who want more). This elegantly designed system costs about $1900.

Finally, those who want to go whole hog—that is, get a system that'll rock the house and make you never want to bother going to a Multiplex again—could splurge on B&W's THX Home Theater speaker system. Since B&W made its name as a crafter of first-rate music loudspeakers, the THX's poten-

(concluded on page 163)

Bar
ADULT MAGAZINES
LOANS
MARQUIS DE SADE
SEX
EMPORIUM
UNHAPPY
HOUR
2-3 AM
DRUG
STOR
mikewilliams.

The Rise of Radio U.

alternative music owes its life to nonprofit college stations, and the record companies are about to make it pay

article by Mark Jannot

TOMMY DELANEY is on the telephone, doing what he does best. "Mark!" he cries with his boundless enthusiasm. "What's up, bro? I bet you're still reeling from the interview. Dude, how great was that? I had my arm around Adrian Belew! How rad is that? Guy, again, don't even sweat it, because it was a pleasure. I hope to see the band with you sometime. Next time they're in New York, you'll have to come in and we'll go."

Delaney, 25, a college radio promotion manager for Virgin Records, is just warming up. Mark is not his real quarry on this call, and it's time to move on. "Throw John on the phone, man," he says, and soon he's back to

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN CRAIG

unraveling his spiel. "What's going on, dude? Dude, the day you get back, I've got a new Loudon Wainwright record coming out. It ships on the ninth. And you're going to get the new Acetone record. Do you think your program director will be weird about playing the Acetone? What? He resigned? Dude, you're making my day. You're still playing Blur, right? You're still smashing the hell out of that. I like talking to you, man. You make me feel good about all the other people I have to talk to."

Delaney loves his job, but he bristles when he's reminded of what a natural he is. Take the way he was courted by his bosses at the independent record promotion company whose clients he flogged while serving as music director at WSOU, the Seton Hall home of heavy metal. After he graduated, he got a job at Atlantic Records, and the folks at the promotion company tried to appeal to his vanity. "You're cut out for promotion," they told him. But to Delaney, that didn't ring right. "They should have said, 'You've got a cool personality.'"

This is a crucial distinction, because Delaney got his start in college radio, where the best efforts of label reps undermine the credibility their companies crave. It's not cool to be cut out for promotion. Nobody can pinpoint the moment when college radio became huge. Was it back in the Eighties, when the commercial viability of R.E.M. and U2 was finally recognized? Was it in the early Nineties, when Nirvana busted off the college charts and sold millions of copies of *Nevermind*, paving the way for Pearl Jam and Soundgarden and Green Day? Was it more recently, after the Smashing Pumpkins' indie debut, *Gish*, sold 300,000 units on the strength of college airplay alone, and its follow-up, *Siamese Dream*, debuted at number one on the college charts on the way to its multiplatinum success?

Or was it back in 1978, when Bobby Haber began publishing the *College Media Journal* out of the basement of his parents' Long Island home? All Haber did was launch a chart, which has grown over the years to spotlight the top 200 albums and singles playing weekly on the college airwaves. Of the more than 1000 college radio stations in the country, about 500 report to *CMJ* in any week. The *CMJ* charts have either created college radio or ruined it, depending on your perspective.

"Haber will probably tell you he's the reason for this college radio renaissance," says Charles Slomovitz, 27, who, as national alternative director at Virgin, is Delaney's boss. "I think he's the reason college radio sucks today."

When you have a major-label promotion guy accusing a trade-magazine publisher of ruining college radio, you know things have gotten a bit screwy in the land of antiradio radio. College used to be the place where you could tune in for a pure, anticommercial aesthetic experience. Now it's where big labels go to break baby bands, and you can never be sure what is being manipulated to get these bands on the air. Meanwhile, the various players in this process—label reps, trade editors, the college music directors themselves—run around screaming about how despicable it is that everyone else has defiled their virgin princess.

•

CMJ's computer weighs playlists according to a station's reach and influence, then churns out the chart that lands on label executives' desks every week. "Before college radio reported to trade magazines, it was impossible to assess its impact," says Seana Baruth, college editor of *Gavin*, another radio industry trade weekly that also publishes a college chart. "And because there was no way to assess the impact, there was no label interest."

Now there is label interest. In recent years every major label has established its own college radio promotion department. Reps call college music directors to tout their latest CDs, arrange on-air interviews or live performances by their bands and coordinate student interns to paper campuses with posters, arrange coffee-shop performances and lobby the stations some more. "The labels continue to invest more heavily in promoting to college radio, spending money in order to influence it," according to Baruth.

But for what? It's an article of faith in the music industry that college radio can't be counted on to move product.

"As far as selling records goes, it's a joke," says Errol Kolosine, director of radio at Caroline Records. "You can have a number one college record and sell a couple thousand copies."

If college radio isn't selling records, why do labels bother to spend all this money? The more judicious promoters take refuge in the concept of "artist development," by which college radio is supposedly suited to introducing a band quietly and bringing it along slowly, the foundation of a long career.

That's the classic college radio concept, harking back to R.E.M. and U2. But it tends to be the exception rather than the rule. Since Nirvana set the standard, and since "alternative" rock went mainstream, record execs are more and more looking to college radio to give new bands a credibility infusion before liftoff. And in that game, chart numbers are paramount. A *CMJ* number one is a crucial bona fide on a baby band's tip sheet.

"At a marketing meeting or a promotion meeting at a label, part of what they try to do is build a story for an artist," says *Gavin*'s Baruth. "There have been plenty of instances recently where commercial stations have added a band or artist that they might not have added had that band or artist not been a college radio mainstay. So college radio, though it doesn't sell records as a rule, can be part of a story."

But what if college radio did sell records? What if a college station packed, say, a monstrous 100,000 watts of power, could be heard past the dorms into neighboring states? What if such a station played artists the way a commercial station does—25 times a week in heavy rotation? Imagine the label pressure that would pummel the young music director at that station. Now meet Anni Banani, music director at this atypical college radio station, which happens to exist in the form of Georgia State's WRAS, in Atlanta.

"WRAS is a huge station," says Sean Sullivan, head of college marketing at Sony Music. "It influences listeners and definitely sells records." And, probably just as important, it influences the charts. "If you had a record in the top ten at that station and didn't have another station playing it, it might still show up in the *CMJ* top 200," says Delaney, who wrestled with WRAS's power to hurt a record last summer. "I was working this band from England, the Verve. I had the band at number three on *CMJ* and number two on the *Gavin* chart. But the record didn't go to number one because WRAS wasn't playing it. The station single-handedly cost me a number one record."

To which Banani replies: tough shit. "We passed that Verve CD around to 50 people, and nobody liked it," she says. "It isn't a good record. I have the courage to say no. Major labels rely on us for their horse races. They want to keep a meal on their table. But that's not my job."

Not long ago major labels could send a Verve CD or even a Smashing Pumpkins CD to WRAS and expect it to get played as a matter of course. That was before another 100,000-watt Atlanta station, WNNX (99X), changed its format to commercial alternative and forced WRAS to reevaluate its identity. "Suddenly we were in the shadow of the big commercial station," Banani says. "We were playing bands before it was, but it was going to play them eventually." When Banani became music director, she pushed the station further away from music that might be commercially palatable. "Now 99X won't touch anything we're playing," Banini says.

(concluded on page 147)

"It's OK, C.B. She doesn't work here."

Renegade Bride

when shauna met lorenzo, it turned into a match made in hollywood

"Honey, I'm home!" shouts Lorenzo Lamas, bursting through the door of his trailer and into the arms of his bride-to-be, Shauna Sand. "Darling," she replies, "you're filthy!" It's true: Lamas has been brawling (or acting in a brawl) on the set of his TV series, *Renegade*, and he is a mess. But Miss May won't let a little grime stand between her and her fiancé. She plants a smooch on his dirty cheek.

"It's like something out of a fairy tale," says the blissful Shauna. "I feel like I'm flying over the whole world."

Theirs is a renegade kind of love. They met on the set of the syndicated drama last July, when Shauna was playing the role of a swimsuit model. "He asked if he could borrow my suntan lotion," she recalls, "which was funny, because it was five P.M. and there wasn't any sun." After an eight-week courtship, Lorenzo popped the question in New York—a proposal that included a four-carat

Shauna on Lorenzo: "You know how you dream your whole life about finding the perfect person? He is my dream person, my soul mate and my best friend." Lorenzo on Shauna: "We were born for each other."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

Seeing the bride in her wedding gown before the ceremony may be bad luck for the groom, but it's serendipity for the rest of us. Shauna says Lorenzo actually encouraged her to pose in motrimonial garb: "We thought it would be a wonderful memory for us to have—something we could look back on when we're 80 and say, 'Oh, whot we looked like back then!'"

"I wasn't nervous," says Miss May about posing au naturel. "I feel comfortable without clothes. In fact, I'm so comfortable, one day I may just walk out of the house naked." If the price of real estate in Shauna's neighborhood goes through the roof, you'll know why.

diamond and a midnight cruise in a helicopter. They were hitched April 27 at the New York chapel where Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh were married. A reception followed at the home of Lorenzo's mother, actress Arlene Dahl.

Miss May has always known what she wants. The San Diego native and modeling wunderkind turned pro at the age of nine. At 18 she packed herself off to France, where she earned a degree in international business management from the American University of Paris.

Lately she's been striving "to put 100 percent into my acting." (She'll be featured again in a *Renegade* episode.) But she vows not to let her career affect their marriage. "We're not going to be apart," she says. "He's my priority." Ladies and gentlemen, behold the happy couple. —BOB DAILY

MISS MAY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Shayna Sand

BUST: 33D WAIST: 22 HIPS: 33

HEIGHT: 5'4" WEIGHT: 98

BIRTH DATE: 9-2-71 BIRTHPLACE: San Diego, California

AMBITIONS: To balance a successful acting career while raising a family with the man I love.

TURN-ONS: Intelligence, innocence, honesty, sensitivity, FIDELITY—and LORENZO.

TURNOFFS: Violence, jealousy, airheads, gossip, and waking up before 9:00 A.M.

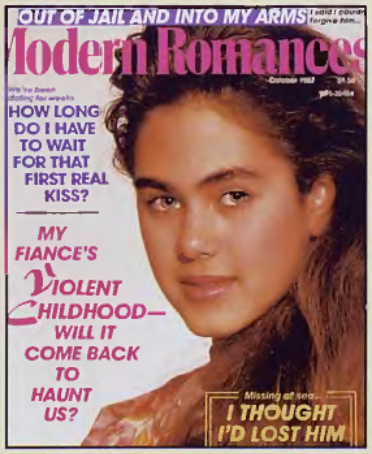
STRANGE BUT TRUE: My mother and I were born on the same date (September 2nd) and the exact same time (6:31 A.M. for her, P.M. for me)!

MY PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE: To live each day like there's no tomorrow and try to think positive.

MY FAVORITE DESSERT: Spreading Häagen-Dazs Pralines and Cream all over my "Beergade" man and....

MY HONEYMOON WISH LIST: Sun, sea, champagne, mangos, stiletto heels, and no time limits.

My 1st modeling job (Age 9).


OUT OF JAIL AND INTO MY ARMS!
Modern Romances
HOW LONG DO I HAVE TO WAIT FOR THAT FIRST REAL KISS?
MY FIANCE'S VIOLENT CHILDHOOD—WILL IT COME BACK TO HAUNT US?
I THOUGHT I'D LOST HIM

My 1st magazine cover (Age 15).

My 1st love (Age 24).

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Great to see you, hon," Louise said to her friend. "How's Dave?"

"He's in the hospital for a few weeks," Doris replied. "He was involved in a fender bender last night."

"That's a long time for a minor accident," Louise said. "You've seen the doctor?"

"No," Doris said with a sigh, "I've seen the nurse."

A couple in trouble sought the advice of a marriage counselor. He tried to help them, but after several months the situation seemed hopeless. "You understand that if you divorce, you must divide your property equally?" he asked.

"Do you mean I have to give him half of the $10,000 I've saved?" the wife asked.

"He gets $5000, you get $5000," the therapist said.

"Well, what about the furniture? I paid for it," she said.

"Your husband gets the bedroom and living room, you get the dining room and kitchen."

"And what about the three children?" she challenged.

"Hmm," he considered. "The only solution," he finally said, "is to go home and conceive another child. Then you take two children and your husband takes two."

"Won't work," she said. "If I had depended on him, I wouldn't have the three I've got."

Would you like to know a surefire way to drive your wife crazy? Don't talk in your sleep, just grin.

A tourist stopped to read the inscription on a monument to the Unknown Soldier in a small town in Israel: HERE LIES SEYMOUR GLASSMAN, ACCOUNTANT.

"Excuse me," the tourist asked a passing local, "but how could the Unknown Soldier have a name?"

"As a soldier Seymour was unknown," the Israeli explained, "but as an accountant—he was notorious."

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: There's good news and bad news from Interpol. The good news is that international terrorist Abu Nidal has been captured and is being sent to the U.S. The bad news is he'll be tried in Los Angeles.

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: The maid of honor took the new bride aside to offer some advice. "If you want an unforgettable wedding night," she whispered, "get him to eat a dozen oysters tonight."

A week later, the woman called her newly married friend to ask if she had taken the suggestion. "Oh yes, Don ate all 12," the bride replied. "But only nine worked."

A rabbi and a priest accidentally walked into a gay bar to have a drink. Before long a young man approached the priest. "May I have the next dance?" he asked.

The priest was aghast, flustered and speechless. He turned to the rabbi and mumbled, "Help me out of this. I'm so embarrassed."

The rabbi whispered into the gay man's ear and the young fellow immediately strode away. The priest sighed in relief. "Herb, thanks a million. What in the world did you tell him?"

"That we're on our honeymoon."

Have you ever had any accidents?" the insurance agent asked the cowboy.

"Nope," the wrangler replied, "though a bronc kicked in two of my ribs last year, a bull gored me a while back and I sprained my shoulder when my horse threw me."

"Wouldn't you call those accidents?"

"Naw. They did it on purpose."

A 96-year-old woman was resting in the nursing home when a young female doctor came in to introduce herself. Mrs. Henderson wasted no time finding out that the attractive physician had been married just six months. "Are you pregnant yet, honey?" the old lady asked.

"My husband and I are very busy with our careers," the doctor patiently replied. "We don't have the time."

"Time, schlime! I have 14 children, 35 grandchildren, 27 great-grandchildren and seven great-great-grandchildren," Mrs. Henderson said. "And the whole thing took only 15 minutes."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"And <u>what</u>, may I ask, is so special about September?"

article by
CHRISTOPHER NAPOLITANO

from mick and jerry to ric and paulina, the big black book on star-crossed bloodlines

THE SOCIAL HISTORY OF ROCK STARS AND SUPERMODELS

THE ONLY THING a rock star likes more than a hot runaway single is a model girlfriend. And preferably one who hasn't yet been soiled by Motley Crue. These days, an internationally acknowledged beauty is a bigger indicator of success than a platinum record. In rock's adolescence, musicians seemed partial to the plentiful young groupies wearing feathered haircuts and Love's Baby Soft perfume. But things began to change with the fashion and rock meeting ground of Studio 54. Now rockers have many ways of seducing supermodels: They leave their phone numbers with bookers, hire the models to appear in videos or show up as welcome guests at agency parties. The fall and spring fashion shows are high points of the rutting season. The women on the runways seem to compete for the attention of the male celebs in the audience, and vice versa. VH1 even celebrated the marriage of fashion and music with a lavish television special that emphasized videos, but the most significant connection between models and rockers has occurred *(continued on page 112)*

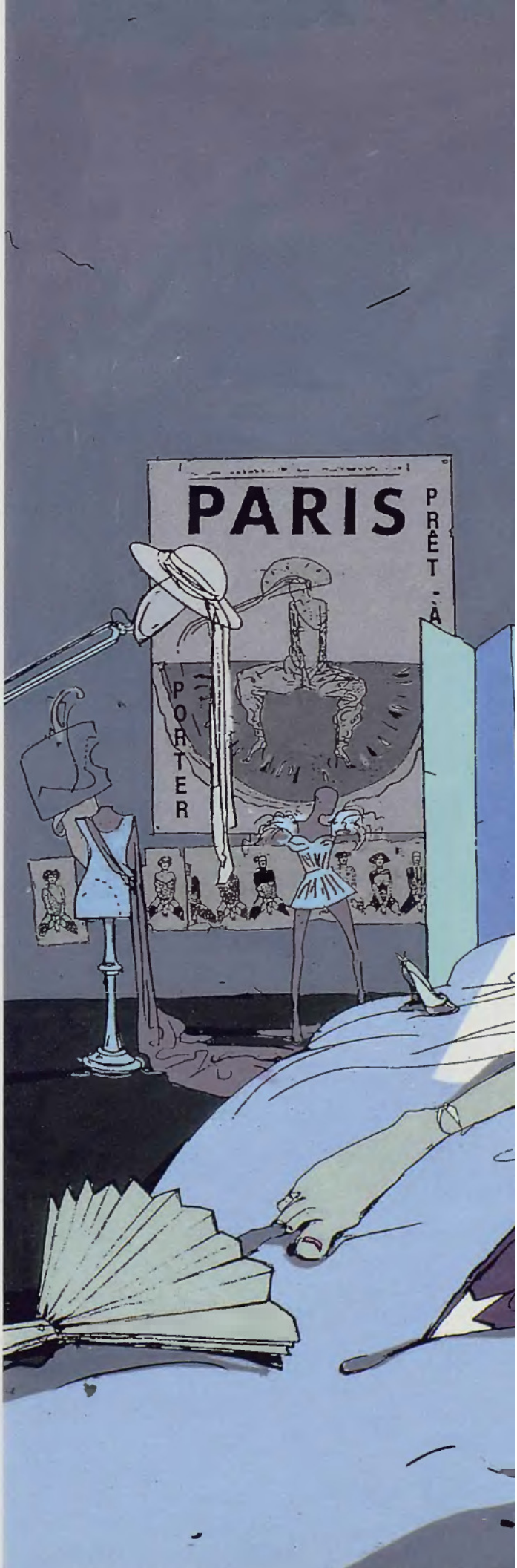


ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

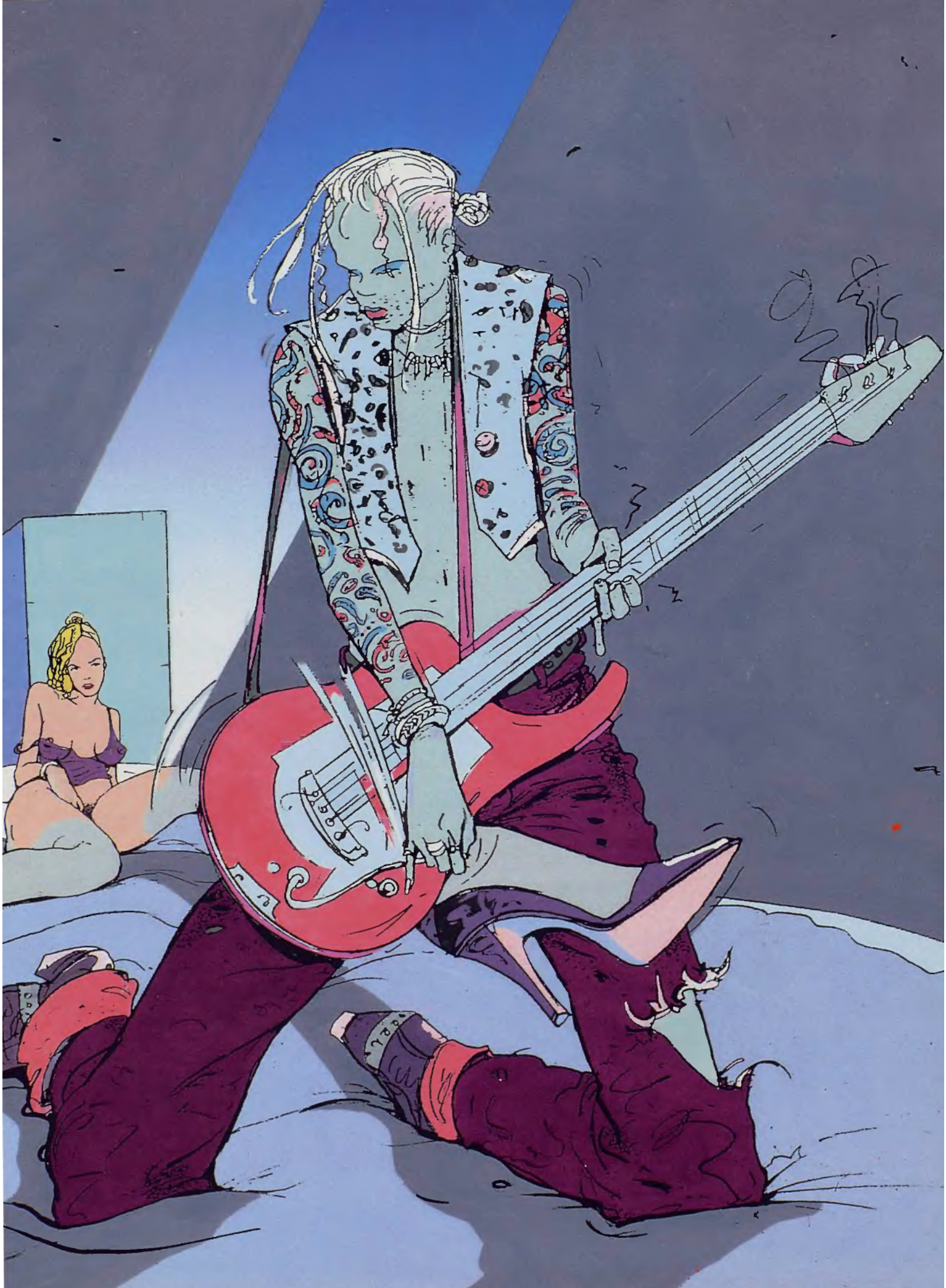


TABLE STAKES

GROOVES ARE GROOVY AGAIN—HERE'S THE ULTIMATE PLAYER FOR YOUR PLATTERS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

WHAT GOES around comes around, and the sonic dinosaur of the past decade—the turntable—has survived the rage for CDs to become a status symbol among audiophiles. One reason, of course, is the good news that artists such as Pearl Jam and Smashing Pumpkins have their latest releases pressed on vinyl as well as on CD. (Pearl Jam's latest album, *Vitalogy*, sold more than 70,000 copies in LP format.) Another reason is that many music critics believe that LPs sound warmer and richer than CDs. Plus, there's something about a turntable that's sexy. When Robert Redford woos Demi Moore in *Indecent Proposal*, he plays mood music on a VPI turntable. The one shown here—VPI's TNT Series III model, with a unique drive system that features an idler pulley system—revolves the platter without noise or vibration. You know how much that matters when you're cranking the volume, listening to Eddie Vedder belt out *Go*.

The stainless steel VPI TNT Series III turntable is a work of art, both acoustically and aesthetically. All major structural parts are laminated for greater resonance control. The unit features a 21-pound motor assembly with a high-inertia flywheel for smooth rotation. The Series III plays 45s in addition to LPs, and a 78 rpm adapter is available as an option. Price: $5000. Fitted on the turntable is a VPI JMW Memorial tonearm, which features a dampened unipivot with an adjustable tracking angle ($2300), and a handmade Symphonic Line RG8 gold phono cartridge ($5000).

TURNTABLE COURTESY OF HOLM AUDIO, LISLE, ILLINOIS

ROCK STARS AND SUPERMODELS *(continued from page 108)*

Patti Hansen disappeared for days with Keith Richards and later turned up gaunt and disheveled.

below the waistline. Historically, heavy metal dudes have fared best, perhaps because they have so many things in common with runway babes—like makeup and curling irons. Dolce & Gabbana. And high heels.

FIRST ENCOUNTERS

Classiest encounter: Harry "Crooner" Connick Jr. popped out of a hotel pool—just like in the Chanel commercial!—and chased down Victoria's Secret model Jill Goodacre. At the end of their first date, they shook hands.

Costliest encounter: Tico Torres, low-profile drummer for Bon Jovi, was set up with Wonderbra babe Eva Herzigova on a blind date that climaxed with Tico flying Eva over New York in his private Cessna. He said he then christened the plane after her. "Eva?" No—"Baby."

Jet-settingest encounter: First, producer Quincy Jones sent Naomi Campbell, French *Vogue*'s first black cover girl, a newspaper clipping in which U2's bass player, Adam Clayton, said that all he wanted in the world was a date with Naomi. Several months later, Campbell and Clayton met on a flight to Los Angeles. Word is that Adam charmed her—but not enough to keep her from her boyfriend, Eric Clapton.

Slyest encounter: John Mellencamp met his bride-to-be, Victoria's Secret model Elaine Irwin, after she appeared in his *Get a Leg Up* video.

Boldest encounter: Lauren Hutton picked up Sex Pistols impresario and Poland promoter Malcolm McLaren in a parking lot.

Cheapest encounter: Photographer Herb Ritts, who already had fixed up Cindy Crawford with Richard Gere and Stephanie Seymour with Axl Rose, showed Michael Hutchence of INXS a video of Helena Christensen. They then called her at her Paris hotel. Kind of like ordering takeout?

Sloppiest encounter: "Meeting Ric was a teen's wet dream," superlinguist Paulina Porizkova said in *Cosmo* about her husband Ric Ocasek of the Cars.

Crassest denial: Despite reports during the Simpson trial that O.J.'s ex-girlfriend, Paula Barbieri, had stayed in a Las Vegas hotel as a guest of Michael Bolton's, Bolton said he wasn't dating her. He later said that he's "looking for more than a pretty face, something deeper."

WHO THEY DUMPED

In the sappiest love triangle of the Sixties, model Patti Boyd swapped George Harrison for Eric Clapton.

Naomi Campbell, who can count Eddie Murphy, Mike Tyson and Robert De Niro among her paramours, traded Eric "Slowhand" Clapton (or was it De Niro?) for Adam "Bassman" Clayton.

Jerry Hall ditched Brian Ferry of Roxy Music for Mick Jagger. When Jagger later ran off with Italian superminx Carla Bruni, Hall—who boosted Jagger from wife Bianca—called Bruni a husband-stealer.

Not only did Keith Richards take over leadership of the Rolling Stones from Brian Jones, he also stole Jones' girlfriend, model Anita Pallenberg.

Pamela Anderson split from producer Jon Peters for Tommy Lee (her previous romances included Bret Michaels of Poison). Tommy Lee dumped model Bobbie Brown (Brown had been married to Jani Lane of the big-hair group Warrant; she was hired for their seminal video, *Cherry Pie*).

Guitar hero Jeff Beck dropped his wife of 16 years, Sixties mannequin Celia Hammond, for 18-year-old model Julia Smith (who later dated the ubiquitous Eric Clapton).

According to *Model* by Michael Gross, Axl Rose is a jealous guy. Axl, overwhelmed by fiancée Stephanie Seymour, made a veiled reference to her ex-boyfriend Warren Beatty when he ranted onstage about "an old man who loves to live vicariously through young people and suck up all their life because he has none of his own."

Michael Hutchence, once described as having a bedpost with so many notches it looked like a totem pole, dumped Helena Christensen twice—once for a brief fling with Christy Turlington and more recently for femme fatale Paula Yates. Yates, a minor TV celeb in England who once posed nude, left husband Bob Geldof of Boomtown Rats. Christensen, meanwhile, has been hanging out with rival Brit bands Oasis and Blur.

WHAT LOVE MADE THEM DO

Eric Clapton's heartbreaking *Layla* was inspired by his apparently equally heartbreaking romance with Patti Boyd. How he got the name Layla from Patti is what talent is all about.

Billy Joel's lyrics for *Uptown Girl* are only partially redeemed by Christie Brinkley's prancing in the video.

John Mellencamp put Elaine Irwin on the cover of his album *Whenever We Wanted*. She had his initials tattooed on her wrist.

On U2's *Zooropa* Bono wrote *Babyface*, a sensitive paean to a nameless video model. In an apparently unrelated move, Christy Turlington later donated a pair of her panties to be placed under glass at a Dublin nightspot coowned by Bono. Naomi Campbell, who (you may recall) was engaged to U2's Adam Clayton, also donated a presumably less-rare and less-valuable pair of her own.

After discovering the joys of girl-girl love, Rachel Williams posed in the nude with the name of her sometime girlfriend, Brit singer Alice Temple, scrawled in lipstick across her chest.

In *Sweet Child o' Mine*, Axl Rose wrote these awesome lyrics for his girlfriend, Wilhemina model Erin Everly: "She's got eyes of the bluest skies as if they thought of rain/I hate to look into those eyes and see an ounce of pain." Everly, whose father, Don, was half of the Everly Brothers, eventually sued Rose for physical and emotional abuse (they were married in April 1990; the marriage was annulled in January 1991). A few years later Stephanie Seymour, Axl's new girlfriend, starred in the Guns n' Roses video for *November Rain*, which proved to be an equally fateful portent: She later accused him of beating her after a party.

Gene Simmons of Kiss gave Shannon Tweed, 1982 Playmate of the Year, a 16-carat diamond engagement ring nine years and two children after they began dating. "He's probably one of the most intelligent, caring, considerate men alive, not to mention the sexiest," she said. "He just oozes sex."

Also, according to *Model*, Patti Hansen disappeared for days after she met up with Keith Richards and—surprise—later turned up gaunt and disheveled.

WHO DIDN'T MEASURE UP

After being paired by Andy Warhol, Lou Reed broke up with model-turned-chanteuse-turned-junkie Nico. (Nico, who appeared in Fellini's *La Dolce Vita*, also featured Brian Jones, Jim Morrison and Jackson Browne on her greatest-hits list.)

Eric Clapton split from Patti Boyd and Naomi Campbell.

Keith Richards and Anita Pallenberg never made a video together.

Aerosmith's Steven Tyler split from Playmate Bebe Buell, but not before siring nymphet Liv Tyler. Interestingly, soft-rocker Todd Rundgren was initially fingered as Liv's daddy. Liv's take on

(concluded on page 148)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
POMPEO POSAR

our toledo teen went from nam to the net

CYNTHIA MYERS can't believe the excitement her December 1968 pictorial still brings to her life. Hundreds of admirers line up for her autograph at public appearances. She's been selected as the official Playmate of an online PLAYBOY fan club. And she has been cast in her first movie role in years, in a Western. "I'm twirling my six-shooter," she says, laughing. The Toledo, Ohio native now lives near Los Angeles with her teenage son, who just recently learned of his mother's fame. "My centerfold was on the kitchen table because I was autographing it for a Vietnam vet," Cynthia recalls. "My son asked, 'Is that you? That's cool!' Being a Playmate *is* cool, and it has been a special part of my life."

Cynthia's awesome figure and smiling face inspired thousands of U.S. soldiers in Vietnam, many of whom kept her photo carefully folded in their pockets to remind them what they were fighting for.

PLAYMATE REVISITED: *Cynthia Myers*

Above left, Cynthio signs outogrophs ot lost year's Glamourcon, where she was (not surprisingly) the center of ottention. It all storted when Cynthio wos just 18 and left Toledo, Ohio for the Ployboy Monsion. "One minute I wos the homecoming queen ond the next I was sitting between Burt Loncoster and Adlai Stevenson ot o dinner party." These days she loves sitting at her computer, surfing the Net. "I'm trying to prove to my machine that I'm the broins of the operation," she soys, "but sometimes it seems to hove o mind of its own."

TERMINATION DUST

THE HOTEL WAS CROWDED WITH WOMEN TO CHOOSE FROM AND THE AUCTION WAS JUST BEGINNING. MY HEART WAS HAMMERING

fiction by
T. CORAGHESSAN BOYLE

THERE WERE one hundred and seven of them, of all ages, shapes and sizes, from 25- and 30-year-olds in dresses that looked like they were made of Saran Wrap to a couple of big-beamed older types in pantsuits who could have been somebody's mother—and I mean somebody grown, with a goatee beard and a job at McDonald's. I was there to meet them when they came off the plane from Los Angeles, I and Peter Merchant, whose travel agency had arranged the whole weekend in partnership with a Beverly Hills concern. There were a couple other guys there too, eager beavers like J.J. Hotel, and the bad element, by which I mean Bud Withers specifically, who didn't want to cough up the 150 bucks for the buffet, the Malibu Beach party and the auction afterward. They were hoping for maybe a sniff of something gratis, but I was there to act as a sort of buffer and make sure that didn't happen.

Peter was all smiles as we went up to the first of the ladies, Susan Abrams, by her name tag, and started handing out corsages, one to a lady, and chiming out in chorus, "Welcome to Anchorage, land of the grizzly and the truehearted man!" Well, it was pretty corny—it was Peter's idea, not mine—and I felt a little foolish with the first few (hard-looking women, divorcées for sure, maybe even legal secretaries or lawyers in the bargain), but when I saw this little one with eyes the color of glacial melt about six deep in the line, I really began to perk up. Her name tag was done in calligraphy, hand-lettered instead of computer-generated like the rest of them, and that really tugged at me, the care that went into it. I gave her hand a squeeze and said, "Hi, Jordy, welcome to Alaska," when I gave her the corsage.

She seemed a little dazed, and I chalked it up to the flight and the drinks and the general party atmosphere that must certainly have prevailed on that plane—107 single women on their way for the Labor Day weekend in a state that boasted two eligible men for every woman. But that wasn't it at all. She'd hardly had a glass of Chablis, as it turned out. What I took to be confusion, lethargy, whatever, was just wonderment. As I was later to learn, she'd been drawn to the country all her life, had read and dreamed about it since she was a girl growing up in Altadena, California,

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES BRAGG

within sight of the Rose Bowl. She was bookish—an English teacher, in fact—and she had a new worked-leather high-grade edition of *Wuthering Heights* wedged under the arm that held her suitcase and traveling bag. I guessed her to be maybe late 20s, early 30s.

"Thank you," she said in this whispery little voice that made me feel about 13 years old all over again, and then she squinted those snowmelt eyes to take in my face and the spread of me (I should say I'm a big man, one of the biggest in the bush around Boynton, six-foot-five and 242 and not much of that gone yet to fat) and then she read my name off my name tag and added, in a deep-driving puff of that little floating wisp of a voice, "Ned."

Then she was gone, and it was the next woman in line (with a face like a topographic map and the grip of a lumberjack), and then the next, and the next, and all the while I'm wondering how much Jordy's going to go for at the auction, and if $125, which is about all I'm prepared to spend, is going to be enough.

•

The girls—women, ladies, whatever—rested up at their hotel for a while and did their ablutions and ironed their outfits and put on their makeup, while Peter Merchant and Susan Abrams fluttered around making sure all the little details of the evening had been worked out. I sat at the bar drinking Mexican beer to get in the mood. I'd barely finished my first when I looked up and who did I see but J.J. and Bud with maybe half a dozen local types in tow, each of them looking as lean and hungry as a winter cat. Bud ignored me and started chatting up the Anchorage boys with his eternal line of bullshit about living off the land in his cabin in the bush outside Boynton—which was absolutely the purest undiluted nonsense, as anybody who'd known him for more than half a minute could testify—but J.J. settled in beside me with a combination yodel and sigh and offered to buy me a drink, which I accepted.

"Got one picked out?" he said, and he had this mocking grin on his face, as if the whole business of the Los Angeles contingent was a bad joke, though I knew that it was all an act and that he was as eager and sweetly optimistic as I was myself.

The image of 107 women in their underwear suddenly flashed through my mind, and then I pictured Jordy in a black brassiere and matching panties, and I blushed and ducked my head and tried on an awkward little smile. "Yeah," I admitted.

"I'll be damned if Mr. Confidence down there"—a gesture toward Bud, who was neck-deep in guano with the weekend outdoorsmen in their L.L. Bean outfits—"doesn't have one too. Says he's got her room number already and told her he'll bid whatever it takes for a date with her, even if he has to dip into the family fortune."

My laugh was a bitter, strangled thing. Bud was just out of jail, where he'd done six months on a criminal mischief charge for shooting out the windows in three cabins and the sunny side of my store on the main street—the only street—in downtown Boynton, population 170. He didn't have a pot to piss in, except what he got from the VA or welfare or whatever it was—it was hard to say, judging from the way he seemed to confuse fact and fiction. That and the rattrap cabin he'd built on federal land along the Yukon River, and that was condemned. I didn't know what he'd done with his kid after Linda left him, and I didn't want to guess. "How'd he even get here?" I asked.

J.J. was a little man with a bald pate and a full snow-white beard, a widower and musician who cooked as mean a moose tritip with garlic and white gravy as any man who'd come into the country in the past ten years. He shrugged, set his beer mug down on the bar. "Same as you and me."

I was incredulous. "You mean he drove? Where'd he get the car?"

"All I know's he told me last week he had this buddy who was going to lend him a brand-new Toyota Land Cruiser for the weekend and that, furthermore, he was planning on going home to Boynton with the second Mrs. Withers, even if he did have to break down and shell out the one fifty for the party and all. It's an investment, he says, as if any woman would be crazy enough to go anyplace with him, let alone a cabin out in the hind end of nowhere."

I guess I was probably stultified with amazement at this point, and I couldn't really manage a response. I was just looking over the top of my beer at the back of Bud's head and his elbow resting on the bar and then the necks of his boots as if I could catch a glimpse of the plastic feet he had stuffed in there. I'd seen them once, those feet, when he first got back from the hospital and came round the store for a pint of something, already half-drunk and wearing a pair of shorts under his coat, though it was minus 30 out. "Hey, Ned," he'd said to me in this really nasty, accusatory voice, "you see what you and the rest of them done to me?" He flipped open the coat to show his ankles and the straps and the plastic feet that were exactly like the pink molded feet of a mannequin in a department store window.

I was worried. I didn't want to let on to J.J., but I knew Bud, I knew how smooth he was—especially if you weren't forewarned—and I knew women found him attractive. I kept thinking, What if it's Jordy he's after? But then I told myself the chances were pretty remote, what with 107 eager women to choose from, and even if it was—even if it *was*—there were still 106 others, and one of them had to be for me.

•

Statistics:

There were 32 women out of a population of 170 in Boynton, all of them married and all of them invisible, even when they were sitting around the bar I run in the back room of the store. Average winter temperature was minus 12 and there was a period of nearly two months when we hardly saw the sun. Add to that the fact that nearly every adult in Alaska has a drinking problem, and you can imagine what life was like on the bad days.

I was no exception to the rule. The winter was long, the nights were lonely and booze was a way to take the edge off the loneliness and the boredom that just slowed you down and slowed you down till you felt like you were barely alive. I was no drunk, don't get me wrong—nothing like Bud Withers, not even close—and I tried to keep a check on myself, going without even so much as a whiff of the stuff every other day at least and trying my best to keep a hopeful outlook. Which is why I left the bar after two beers to go back to Peter's place and douse myself with aftershave, solidify the hair around my bald spot with a blast of hair spray and slip into the sports coat I'd last worn at Chiz Peltz' funeral (he froze to death the same night Bud lost his feet, and I was the one who had to pry him away from the back door of the barroom in the morning; he was like a bronze statue, huddled over the bottle with his parka pulled up over his head, and that was how we had to bury him, bottle and all).

Then I made my way back through the roaring streets to the hotel and the ballroom that could have contained all of Boynton and everybody in it, feeling like an overawed freshman pressed up against the wall at the weekly social. But I wasn't a freshman anymore, and this was no social. I was 34 years old and tired of living like a monk. I needed someone to talk to—a companion, a helpmate, a wife—and this was my best chance of finding one.

As soon as I saw Jordy standing there by the hors d'oeuvre table, the other

(continued on page 132)

"I like it! It may not be very PC, but I <u>like</u> it!"

SUPER MODELS

they're smart, they're beautiful, they make grown men weep. yes!

WE KNOW them on a first-name basis—Cindy, Claudia, Elle. We know how much they make (a lot). We know how much they eat (tons, apparently, if we're to believe them). The only thing we don't know is exactly what they have to do with selling clothes. Yes, they're on television every night, sauntering down one runway or another, but to us their outfits are just blurs. (Something with ostrich feathers, maybe? No, vinyl.) Of course, we remember the see-through stuff—but that's like remembering nothing at all, right? What we love is how they gaze at us and how they casually reveal their wealth of banked curves. We shiver when they display their various points of view. Whether designers will admit it or not—go ahead, lower their rates—supermodels are bigger than their day jobs. They are bigger than everything but our imagination. Who cares about fashion? It only gets in the way.

CINDY CRAWFORD

She's the superpremium supermodel. She left her MTV *House of Style* gig and divorced Richard Gere, all the while pursuing a new career in movies. A business unto herself, Cindy (left) definitely is not your typical faceless corporation.

CLAUDIA SCHIFFER

How big is the dorling of Düsseldorf? Well, German Chancellor Helmut Kohl wanted to use Claudia (right) on billboards to support a single European currency. The catch? His advertising budget may be too small.

ANNA NICOLE SMITH

Anna Nicole burst onto the scene as Playmate of the Year and as the Guess jeans model. Now, as one of the biggest names around, she's an on-call bombshell for movies and sitcoms.

ANNA FALCHI

Keep your eyes peeled for more of curvaceous Italian-fed Falchi. A star on the Continent, she recently appeared in her first English-language film, *Cemetery Man*. As you can tell, she's definitely multidimensional.

HELENA CHRISTENSEN

Christensen is the quintessential rock chick, an avid fan of music—and musicians. Before she won a Miss Denmark competition, she had backpacked around the world. These days, she has traded in her Eurail pass for the Concorde.

TYRA BANKS

Tyra's interest rates have been rising since her bikini-clad form appeared on the cover of *Sports Illustrated*'s swimsuit issue. A true Nineties model, her preferred method of breaking up is via answering machine.

KATE MOSS

Ah, the tasty waifer: An active nightlife, a ramance with Johnny Depp and a collectian of phatas called *The Kate Moss Boak* dispelled the rumars af anarexia and established Mass as a truly adult wild child.

ELLE MACPHERSON

In *Sirens*, Elle overwhelmed our senses. As o model out to create "something modern" in photos, the boss Aussie showed why she eorned her nicknome, the Body.

ESTELLE HALLYDAY

France's top cover girl is the *grande royale* of models. Hallyday is the daughter-in-law of Johnny Hallyday, the French Elvis. Last year, she paraded through the pret-a-porter shows eight months pregnant. "I have good skin," she notes, "and I like my breasts."

CARLA BRUNI

An intellectual supermodel, Bruni (obove) is also o polyglot from Italy. However, her linguistic gift has been overshadowed by her apparent knowledge of a more familior tongue—Mick Jagger's. She astounded Poris with her pink Chonel bikini top.

PAULA BARBIERI

Photographer Peter Beard billed her as the Face—then she met O.J. Unlike others involved in the circus of the century, Barbieri (below) didn't try to exploit the connection—a move thot earned high marks from Hollywood insiders.

STEPHANIE SEYMOUR

The sultriest Victoria's Secret model, Seymour recently married Peter Brant, the co-owner of *Interview*. In one of the most memorable quotes by a supermodel, she said, "Put clothes on me and I wouldn't look pretty anymore. I'd look sad."

TERMINATION DUST

(continued from page 118)

It was surprising how well Bud managed to do on plastic feet—if you didn't know, you'd never guess.

106 women vanished from sight, and I knew I'd been fooling myself back there at the bar. She was the one, the only one, and my longing for her was a continuous ache that never let up from that moment on. She was with another woman, and they had their heads together, talking, but I honestly couldn't have told you whether this other woman was tall or short, blonde, brunette or redhead: I saw Jordy and nothing more. "Hi," I said, the sports coat gouging at my underarms and clinging to my back like a living thing. "Remember me?"

Sure she did. And she reached up to take hold of my hand and peck a little kiss into the outer fringe of my beard. The other woman—the invisible one—faded into the background before she could be introduced.

I found myself at a loss for what to say next. My hands felt big and cumbersome, as if they'd just been stapled on as I came through the door, and the sports coat flapped its wings and dug its talons into my neck. I wanted a drink. Badly.

"Would you like a drink?" Jordy whispered, fracturing the words into tiny little nuggets of meaning. She was holding a glass of white wine in one hand, and she was wearing a pair of big glittery dangling earrings that hung all the way down to the sculpted bones of her bare shoulders.

I let her lead me up to the long folding table with the four bartenders hustling around on one side and all the women pressed up against the other while the raw-boned bush crazies did their best to talk them to death, and then I had a double scotch in my hand and felt better. "It's beautiful country," I said, toasting her, it, the ballroom and everything beyond with a clink of our glasses, "especially out my way, in Boynton. Peaceful, you know?"

"Oh, I know," she said, and for the first time I noticed a hint of something barely contained bubbling just below the surface of that smoky voice, "or at least I can imagine. I mean, from what I've read. That's in the Yukon watershed, isn't it—Boynton?"

This was my cue and I was grateful for it. I went into a rambling five-minute oration on the geographic and geologic high points of the bush around Boynton, with sidelights on the local flora, fauna and human curiosities, tactfully avoiding any reference to the sobering statistics that made me question what I was doing there myself. It was a speech, all right, one that would have done any town booster proud. When I was through with it, I saw that my glass was empty and that Jordy was squirming in her boots to get a word in edgewise. "Sorry," I said, dipping my head in apology, "I didn't mean to talk your ear off. It's just that"—and here I got ahead of myself, my tongue loosened by the seeping burn of the scotch—"we don't get to talk much to anybody new, unless we make the trek into Fairbanks, and that's pretty rare—and especially not to someone as good-looking, I mean, as attractive, as you."

Jordy managed to flush prettily at the compliment, and then she was off on a speech of her own, decrying the lack of the human dimension in city life, the constant fuss and hurry and hassle, the bad air, the polluted beaches and—this really got my attention—the lack of men with old-fashioned values, backbone and grit. When she delivered this last line—I don't know if that's how she phrased it exactly, but that was the gist of it—she leveled those glaciated eyes at me and I felt like I could walk on water.

We were standing in line at the buffet table when Bud Withers shuffled in. It was surprising how well he managed to do on those plastic feet—if you didn't know what was wrong with him, you'd never guess. You could see something wasn't quite right—every step he took looked like a recovery, as if he'd just been shoved from behind—but as I say, it wasn't all that abnormal. Anyway, I maneuvered myself between Jordy and his line of sight, hunkering over her like an eagle masking its kill, and went on with our conversation. She was curious about life in Boynton, really obsessing over the smallest details, and I told her how much freedom you have out in the bush, how you can live your life the way you want, in tune with nature instead of shut up in some stucco box next to a shopping mall. "But what about you?" she said. "Aren't you stuck in your store?"

"I get antsy, I just close the place down for a couple days."

She looked shocked, or maybe skeptical is a better word. "What about your customers?"

I shrugged to show her how casual everything was. "It's not like I run the store for the public welfare," I said, "and they do have the Nougat to drink at, Clarence Ford's place." (Actually, Clarence meant to call it the Nugget, but he's a terrible speller and I always go out of my way to give it a literal pronunciation just to irritate him.) "So anytime I want, dead of winter, whatever, I'll just hang out the GONE TRAPPIN' sign, dig out my snowshoes and go off and run my trapline."

Jordy seemed to consider this, the hair round her temples frizzing up with the steam from the serving trays. "And what are you after," she said finally, "mink?"

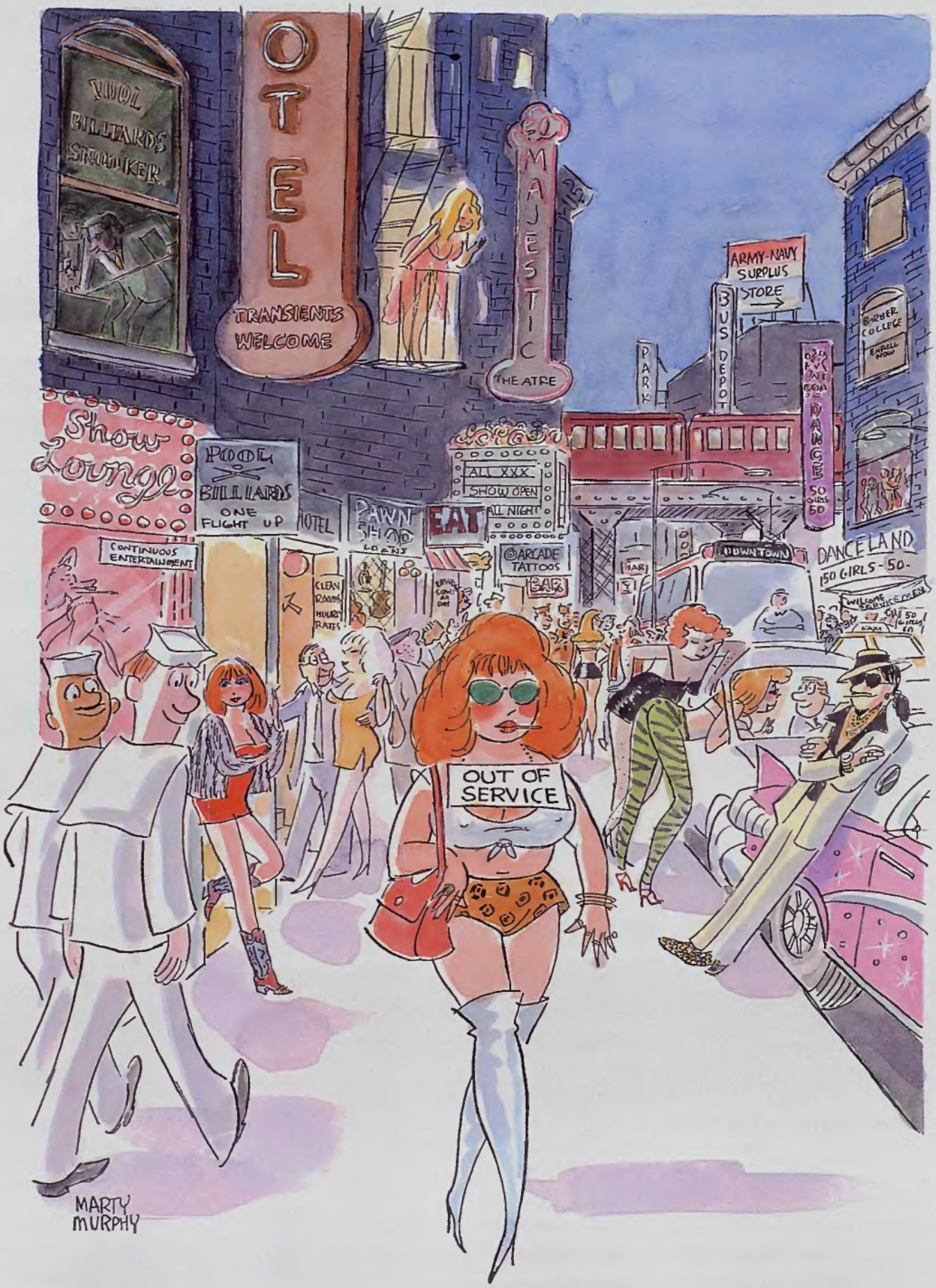
"Marten, lynx, fox, wolf." The food was good (it ought to have been for what we were paying) and I heaped up my plate, but not so much as to make her think I was a hog or anything. There was a silence. I became aware of the music then, a Beach Boys song rendered live by a band from Juneau at the far end of the room. "With a fox," I said, and I didn't know whether she wanted to hear this or not, "you come up on him and he's caught by the foot and maybe he's tried to gnaw that foot off, and he's snarling like a chain saw. Well, what you do is, you just rap him across the snout with a stick, like this"—gesturing with my free hand—"and it knocks him right out. Like magic. Then you just put a little pressure on his throat till he stops breathing and you get a nice clean fur, you know what I mean?"

I was worried she might be one of those animal liberation nuts who want to protect every last rat, tick and flea, but she didn't look bothered at all. In fact, her eyes seemed to get distant for a minute, then she bent over to dish up a healthy portion of the king crab and straightened up with a smile. "Just like the pioneers," she said.

That was when Bud sniffed us out. He butted right in line, put a hand around Jordy's waist and drew her to him for a kiss, full plate and all, which she had to hold out awkwardly away from her body or there would have been king crab and avocado salad all down the front of that silky black dress she was wearing. "Sorry I'm late, babe," Bud said, and he picked up a plate and began mounding it high with cold cuts and smoked salmon.

Jordy turned to me then and I couldn't read her face, not at all, but of course I knew in that instant that Bud had got to her and, though the chances were 106 to one against it, she was the one who'd given him her room number. I was dazed by the realization, and after I got over being dazed I felt the anger coming up in me like the foam in a loose can of beer. "Ned," Jordy

(continued on page 152)


POOL
BILLIARDS
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ENROLL NOW
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Show Lounge
POOL
BILLIARDS
ONE FLIGHT UP
HOTEL
PAWN SHOP
LOANS
EAT
ALL XXX
SHOW OPEN
ALL NIGHT
ARCADE
TATTOOS
BAR
CONTINUOUS ENTERTAINMENT
CLEAN ROOMS
HOURLY RATES
DOWNTOWN
DANCELAND
150 GIRLS - 50 -
WELCOME SERVICE MEN
OUT OF SERVICE
MARTY MURPHY

RETRO IS COOL AND HOOTIE IS HOT, BUT RECORD SALES ARE FLAT AND THE LABEL HONCHOS WERE SHUFFLED LIKE A DECK OF CARDS. WHADDUP?

THE BEATLES, Frank Sinatra, the Eagles, Janis Joplin (singing *Mercedes-Benz*) and the Village People were some of the hot names in 1995. While such nostalgia makes people feel good, what does it say about the health of the music business? Record sales were flat, and 1995 was a year of unprecedented hiring and firing at all the major labels. Proven acts—Michael Jackson, Bruce Springsteen and Madonna—tanked on the charts. But upstarts such as Alanis Morissette, Live, Hootie & the Blowfish and Foo Fighters had socko years. Still, they can't carry a major label. In fact, major labels have struggled to find ways to compete with the indies, movies, tours, television, CD-ROMs and all the other options open to anyone with dollars to spend.

A *Billboard* editorial on the industry infighting points out that "a cynical, hollow climate in the music business makes for the detached 'corporate rock' mentality that the public disdains and intuitively rejects." So what did we embrace in 1995?

Jimmy Page and Robert Plant returned to the concert stage, together for the first time in years, and filled up every place they played. H.O.R.D.E., with headliners Blues Traveler, the Black Crowes and the Dave Matthews Band, outhipped Lollapalooza. The Dead played its last shows, as Jerry Garcia's death brought an era to an end. Calling its tour Aneurysm '95, R.E.M. was on the road in between hospital visits by most of the band.

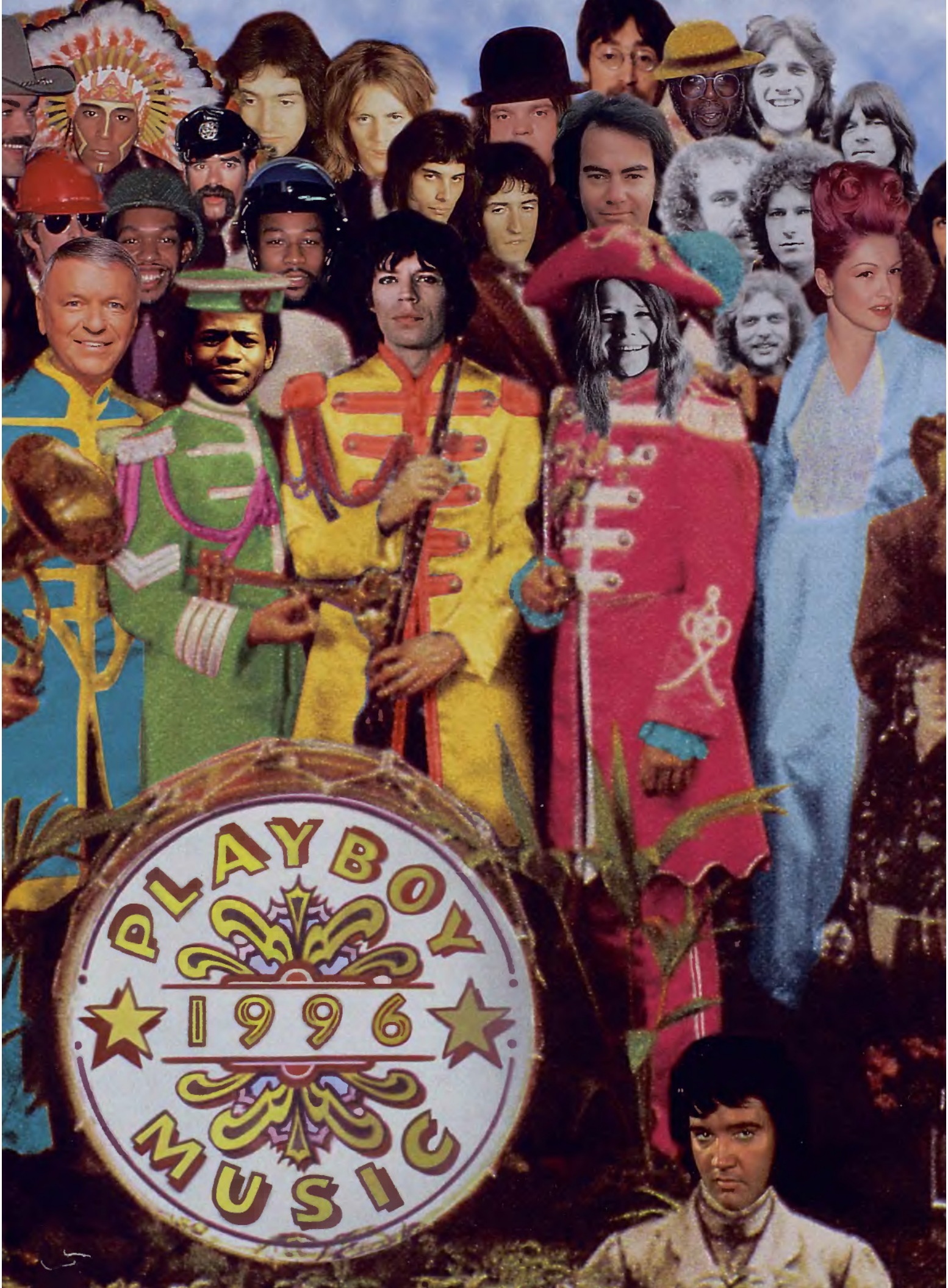
There was yet another British invasion. Bands such as Oasis, Bush, Supergrass, Blur, Elastica and Portishead conquered both fans and critics.

The Rock and Roll Hall of Fame and Museum finally opened, and those who came to sneer were pleasantly surprised. Our favorite story concerns a well-known rock critic who was taking a group on an informal tour. Rounding a corner, they came upon a lone man staring into an exhibit of vintage studio equipment. It was Sam Phillips, looking at the original stuff from the Sun studio. The group gathered around as he reminisced about recording Elvis, Jerry Lee, Johnny and Carl. Can you schmooze with Picasso at the Museum of Modern Art?

Although controversy heated up again between rap artists, labels, politicians and the media, the music continued to diversify. Listen to TLC, Coolio, R. Kelly, Jodeci, Monica, Method Man and Mary J. Blige and it becomes apparent that melody has been taking hold of rap.

Swingin' people celebrated Frank Sinatra's high-profile 80th birthday with television specials and boxed sets. But we think Wynton Marsalis' four-part PBS special and all the CD reissues from master jazz musicians were the highlights of 1995. Then there were the youngsters—Joshua Redman, Wessell Anderson, Christian McBride, James Carter and Jacky Terrasson in particular—who brought audiences back into the clubs.

The biggest surprise in country was the rediscovery of bluegrass and Alison Krauss' success as its ambassador. And the big, full voice of Shania Twain on her album *The Woman in Me* made it the fastest-selling disc by a woman in country music history.


PLAYBOY
1996
MUSIC

Soundtracks and music video continued the profitable marriage between record labels and movie companies. The video for Coolio's *Gangsta's Paradise*, from the film *Dangerous Minds*, combines the power of Coolio's rap with Michelle Pfeiffer's glamour, a mixture that pushed it into heavy rotation on MTV. Weezer's video for *Buddy Holly* taps into nostalgia for the characters of *Happy Days*. Period soundtracks such as *Pulp Fiction* created a similar sentimental feel for movie audiences and record buyers.

MTV's weight sent the labels in new directions. The success of *Unplugged* (thanks to the Nirvana session) sent artists such as Bob Dylan and Rod Stewart into their studios. Wasn't unplugged called acoustic in the old days?

These moneymakers increase the bottom line, but don't erase the problem of artist development. Many new artists still end up one-hit wonders while record labels search for the next big trend. The small, independent labels are more willing to nurture musicians. If an indie label sells 20,000 CDs, it has a hit. Twenty thousand sales aren't even a blip on the bigger screen.

The Smashing Pumpkins' new CD, *Mellon Collie and the Infinite Sadness*, debuted at number one. It disproved those who predicted that the band couldn't do it again.

What other 1995 events gave us joy? The return of Al Green; Dylan, in top form with a tight band, singing with the Stones; the unretired Patti Smith and (if only briefly) the Velvet Underground. Also, Robert Palmer's *Rock and Roll: An Unruly History*. Discovering Eddie Vedder on a club tour with Mike Watt and Dave Grohl's Foo Fighters. And finding Babyface on all the hippest, smoothest R&B this year, including his own.

In keeping with the times, we put this year's readers' poll on our Web page at the same time that the paper ballots were mailed. We weren't sure whether it would make a difference in the voting. It didn't. Our readers know what they like. Some of what they like, they liked before. Kind of retro, wouldn't you say?

—BARBARA NELLIS

The Hitmakers

When you buy a CD, you've been influenced—unwittingly or not—by an industry player, someone who made the moves to get the record to the store in the first place. Here are the managers, programmers, DJs and A&R guys who consistently hit the right chords:

Program Director Kevin Weatherly and DJ Rodney Bingenheimer, KROQ Los Angeles: Weatherly does the playlist, while "Rodney on the ROQ" breaks new music. Bingenheimer is known for having introduced an amazing array of artists, including Blondie, Van Halen and Nirvana. KROQ's Xmas concert had sets by Alanis Morissette, Foo Fighters, Lenny Kravitz and Sonic Youth.

Andy Schuon, MTV: As head of MTV's music department, he oversees two committees that make decisions by rough-and-tumble consensus. One group votes on which videos to air while the other monitors the world of available music.

Suge Knight, chief executive, and Dr. Dre, producer, Death Row Records: Death Row's gangsta rap continues to loom large—even in the eyes of Congress. Time Warner dropped Death Row's distributor, Interscope (headed by Jimmy Iovine and Ted Field and home of Tupac Shakur), because Knight and Dre refused to muzzle Snoop Doggy Dogg and Tha Dogg Pound.

Perry Farrell: He sold his stake in Lollapalooza, his showcase event, to the William Morris Agency. He is planning a new festival, which may be a traveling, all-night pajama party with various musicians.

Tony Brown, president, MCA Nashville: Responsible for such country artists as Reba McEntire, George Strait, Steve Earle, Joe Ely and the Mavericks.

Sheila Rogers and Zoe Friedman (Letterman), Barbera Libis (Leno) and James Pitt (O'Brien), music bookers: Competition has made late-night TV a hot venue for unknowns who later turn up on radio and CD players.

Tim Sommers, A&R, Atlantic: He signed Hootie & the Blowfish. The band cut the record, and the rest is history—just check your rearview mirror.

Honorable mentions: Cliff Burnstein and Peter Mensch at Q Prime (managers for Metallica, Veruca Salt, Smashing Pumpkins), Butch Vig (producer), Scott Hendricks (head of Capitol Nashville), KCRW-FM, Santa Monica (essential listening for label executives), and artists who foster new acts: Garth Brooks, Ice Cube, Madonna, Sonic Youth, the Beastie Boys and Michael Stipe.

—DEAN KUIPERS

MUSIC POLL RESULTS · OUR READERS SPEAK UP

Concert of the Year
THE GRATEFUL DEAD

Music Video
WATERFALLS · TLC

Soundtrack
PULP FICTION

Albums of the Year

Rock
CRACKED REAR VIEW

HOOTIE & THE BLOWFISH

•

Country
THE WOMAN IN ME

SHANIA TWAIN

•

R&B
CRAZYSEXYCOOL

TLC

•

Jazz
DIS IS DA DRUM

HERBIE HANCOCK

VJ
DAISY FUENTES
MTV

HALL OF FAME · JERRY GARCIA

The unexpected death of Jerry Garcia last August spelled the end of an era as well as the last show for the longest-running band in rock and roll. PLAYBOY's 1996 Hall of Fame winner was born in San Francisco on August 1, 1942 to a musician father and a mother who ran a bar. He took up the guitar at the age of 15 and became a virtuoso as well as the heart and soul of the Grateful Dead. Legions of Deadheads danced their way through three decades of tie-dye, macrobiotic rice and concerts saluting the improvisational noodlings of Captain Trips and his cohorts. Garcia, who sneered at fame and who was superstitious about death, strangely enough made the Dead famous.

SCULPTURE BY JACK GREGORY; PHOTOGRAPHY BY SYMOUR MEDNICK

1996 Playboy Music Poll Winners

❶ Sheryl Crow, Female Vocalist—Rock ❷ Boyz II Men, Group—R&B ❸ Hootie & the Blowfish, Group—Rock ❹ Garth Brooks, Male Vocalist—Country ❺ Reba McEntire, Female Vocalist—Country ❻ Kenny G, Instrumentalist—Jazz ❼ Anita Baker, Female Vocalist—Jazz

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOE FOURNIER

8 Harry Connick Jr., Male Vocalist—Jazz **9 Eric Clapton, Male Vocalist—Rock** **10 Seal, Male Vocalist—R&B** **11 Alabama, Group—Country** **12 Vanessa Williams, Female Vocalist—R&B** **13 Manhattan Transfer, Group—Jazz** **14 Carlos Santana, Instrumentalist—Rock**

PLAYBOY TV: MORE THAN YOU EVER IMAGINED

ACCESS DENIED

LAP DANCING

SEX SECRETS OF A MISTRESS

SKIN HUNGER

PLAYBOY'S STRIPSEARCH: SAN FRANCISCO

LOVE ME

BODY LANGUAGE

PLAYBACK

Playdates: April 13, 15, 17, 24, 26, 29

PLAYBOY's SISTERS

Playdate: April 26

NIGHT CALLS LIVE

LIVE April 3, Replays 8, 13
LIVE April 17, Replays 20, 25

Your Playmate Hosts for April

Gillian Bonner
Miss April

Shauna Sand
Miss May

April is an all-star month on Playboy TV, featuring a pair of exclusive world premiere movies. *Playback* pits George Hamilton and Tawny Kitaen in a plot of red-hot tape when their illicit home video falls into unscrupulous hands. Colleen McDermott and Robert Lee Jacobs star in *Access Denied*, as an innocent young woman unjustly sent to prison seeks seductive vengeance. Then, it's all in their genes for the sexy siblings in *Playboy's Sisters*, a sizzling exposé on family ties of the most beautiful kind. Plus, seven hot fantasies sear the screen in an all-new *Private Liaisons*, while *Playboy's Really Naked Truth* takes a risqué look at telemarketing. Twenty-four hours a day, it's electric entertainment the Playboy Way!

PLAYBOY TV

Playboy TV is available from your local cable television operator or home satellite, DirecTV or PrimeStar dealer.

ALANIS MORISSETTE is a Big Deal

BY CHARLES M. YOUNG

SOMEONE comes out of left field every year in the music biz and sells several gazillion copies of a record to a market that didn't exist before. One year, it's the Beatles. Another year, it's Right Said Fred. In 1995, it was Alanis Morissette. This inherent volatility makes the music biz an unreliable place to work. In no other business do you find consumers suddenly trying to read the meaning of their lives in the next big thing.

You do find consumers of Morissette reading the meaning of their lives into her lyrics. I personally found those consumers this past summer during Morissette's first tour as a headliner in small clubs. Her album *Jagged Little Pill* zipped into the top ten just after the tour was booked. Every club she played looked like the Alamo, with her fans scaling the walls, pounding on the windows, assaulting security guards, offering bribes of monetary and bodily natures—all to get a message to Morissette. Once inside the clubs, those fans sang along throughout the show, but they especially joined in on *You Oughta Know*, a harrowing howl of rage about being dumped for a more fabulous babe. Doing my own demographic research at shows in New York and Texas, I discovered that large numbers of young women are indeed thoroughly pissed off. And if you're a man, the song can induce a severe episode of manic depression. One second you're thinking, I'm ashamed of myself for following my dick around; the next second you're thinking, I don't exactly get cheerful when my significant other, in the throes of ecstasy, calls me Fabio. Maybe I should just forget Morissette is singing about a guy and just go with the sentiment.

So both sexes can identify strongly with the song. This is partly because radio and MTV have played it incessantly. But it also stems from Morissette's understanding of the panic behind the anger of sexual betrayal: "Did you forget about me, Mr. Duplicity?/I hate to bug you in the middle of dinner/It was a slap in the face how quickly I was replaced/Are you thinking of me when you fuck her?" She's worried about being forgotten, about being reduced to anonymity. It's the female echo of the male antihero in *Kids*, who is obsessed with deflowering girls on the theory that if he is their first, they will always remember him.

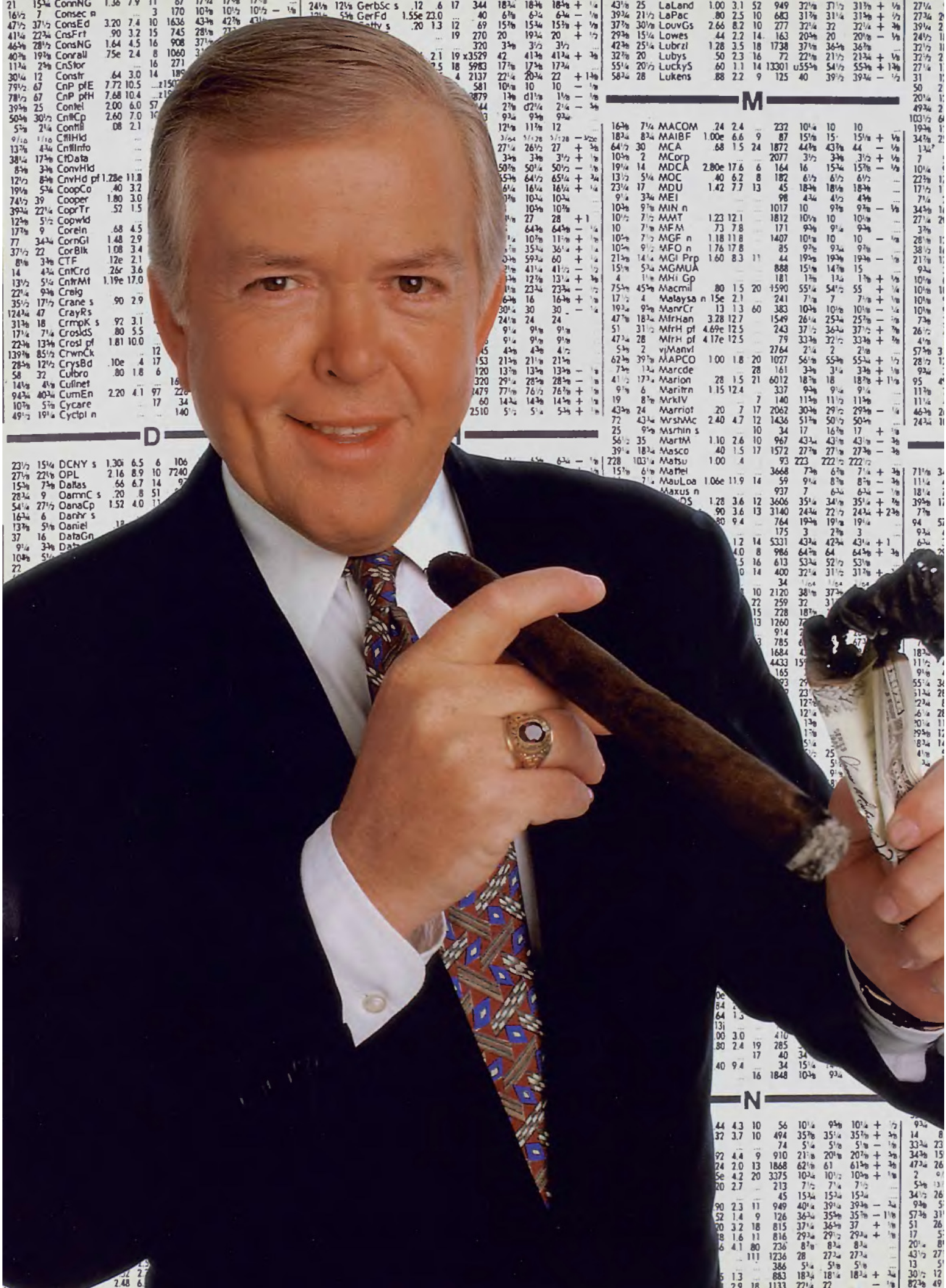
"I've come to terms with the fact that, yeah, I think I'm good in bed," Morissette told me. "But a lot of women are good in bed, and some guys are going to forget about me. And that's fine." Then she paused. Then a sarcastic: "Yeah, right." Then she laughed.

Vast sums of money and the adulation of millions—I hope they compensate Morissette for the difficult sex life she'll endure for the rest of her career. Like Madonna, who owns her record label, she'll either have to find lovers with real low SAT scores or go to bed with guys who are so intimidated at the prospect of getting ripped in her next song that they will just lie there staring at the ceiling.

"When I have sex with a guy now," she said, "I worry that if I scratch my nails on his back, he will think of *You Oughta Know*."

Her next big hit, I predict, will be *You Oughta Get a Stiffie*.

The other major problem she'll have to contend with is that lots of people are hugely annoyed that a 21-year-old could write such good songs and sing them so well. As you may have noticed during MTV's *Video Music Awards* show, she hits the notes like a laser-guided bomb. All that emotion on key in one so young is too much for the envious to bear. They compare her to Tiffany and Debbie Gibson. To which I reply, "Go get a stiffie." Tiffany couldn't sing half as well and couldn't write at all. And Debbie Gibson was managed by her mother. When Gibson tried to transform herself from the voice of virginal innocence to the purr of leather harness–clad experience, she had all the credibility of Tipper Gore proclaiming her deep commitment to freedom of speech. Morissette has been running her own life since she was ten, when she took the money she made acting on Nickelodeon and financed her first single. With all that energy and willpower, she'll probably be Madonna's boss in another couple of years. And then maybe she'll provoke a constitutional crisis as the first Canadian citizen to run for president of the U.S. I'd vote for her just to hear the state of the union address.



LOU DOBBS

Students who worry they'll never use their college degree in the real world can take heart from the experience of Lou Dobbs. He majored in economics and wound up as anchor of CNN's "Moneyline," the cable network's evening financial news program. Dobbs claims to have made broadcasting his career choice because "it looked like a great deal of fun."

He began broadcasting in towns in the Southwest where the audience consisted of local residents he would meet after work in the grocery store. "They would tell you precisely what they thought—or didn't think—of your reporting," he recalls. Dobbs insists that he occasionally refers to videotape as "film" to make certain he's still in touch with his generation of television broadcasters.

Dobbs was working in Seattle in January 1980 when CNN called and offered the "totally unknown anchor focusing primarily on business" a full-time financial news position. Dobbs was skeptical. He didn't have much faith in the network's future, but was swayed by Ted Turner's salesmanship.

Although audiences for television financial news remain small compared with those of network news broadcasts, the number of viewers is rising. Some observers credit this to a greater awareness of economic issues and to the popularity of mutual funds. Last year CNN announced it was going to beef up its business coverage by launching a new network. CNNFN, which programs 12 daily hours of financial news, debuted in January. Dobbs, who's also a CNN executive vice president, oversaw the expansion. Will audiences watch more financial news? Dobbs says that he's investing "a lot of Ted Turner's money" to find out.

the financial ringmaster of cnn on the joys of a bull market, the pain of playing football for harvard and the day ted turner broke down and cried

Warren Kalbacker met with Dobbs before and after recent tapings of "Moneyline." According to Kalbacker, "Lou Dobbs the reporter did have plenty to say about the economy, the stock market and the media business. Lou Dobbs the Turner executive seemed especially pleased about the year-end performance of another division. He reminded me, 'My company won the World Series.'"

1.

PLAYBOY: Can we date television business coverage from 1971, when NBC's bow-tied Irving R. Levine began to report on economic topics?

DOBBS: Around that time. Or really around the time of OPEC. Then you saw business news only when a petrochemical plant blew up, when Wall Street defrauded investors or when OPEC decided to put the squeeze on the West in terms of oil prices and supply. Ted Turner mandated business news on CNN. I didn't give this network much of a chance, but I thought it was worth doing. We put *Moneyline* on simultaneously with the network start-up in 1980. Much to our surprise and delight we had viewership.

2.

PLAYBOY: Mergers and layoffs don't require a whole lot of explanation. Surely you're aware that people can tune in to *Moneyline* and discover their pink slips are on the way.

DOBBS: Absolutely true. For the past four and a half years I've been reporting some bad news. Corporate layoffs are running at a pace very close to the recession of 1990–1991. Almost as troubling is that our political leaders haven't come up with any solutions about how to create an environment that has greater security and stability. Productivity is a great thing, but when it comes at the cost of questionable benefits and questionable savings for retirement, we have to figure out a way to do better. And that better way won't come from government or serendipity. It will ultimately come from the marketplace.

3.

PLAYBOY: Set the daily performance of the stock market in the larger context of American culture.

DOBBS: Now, with some 50 million people investing in the market indirectly through their mutual funds or 401(k)s, the market has personal relevancy as a barometer of net worth. But it also has an almost ritualistic, transcendent importance. It suggests that things are either going well or that there's reason for concern, fear or anxiety. The market becomes a talisman for where we are in our economy on a given day and perhaps where we are in terms of our material life. It suggests the broader condition of our lives. The Dow is great, honey, and so are you.

4.

PLAYBOY: Would you care to step out of your anchor's role and gaze into the crystal ball?

DOBBS: One pitfall for a journalist who covers business is that you sometimes confuse being a journalist with being a market expert. But I'm definitely a bull. My sense is that this market will go higher. The economy is strong because of restructuring and the renewed productivity of our workforce. There's so much liquidity out there. There's little in the way of an alternative investment to equities right now.

5.

PLAYBOY: Financial journalists rely on clichés to describe stock-market action. Do you have a favorite?

DOBBS: "Rallying" would be my favorite. My least favorite and the most confounding term is "profit taking." The damn stock got sold. Despite my absolute stricture, I find myself using it at least once every two weeks. It's one of those expressions you just can't seem to get away from.

6.

PLAYBOY: Television financial news often depicts a reporter talking outside a corporation's headquarters. What's your idea of a good visual in a field where dramatic pictures are few and far between?

DOBBS: One of the most effective 30 minutes of television I've ever seen was Ross Perot's performance in the 1992 presidential campaign. He stood there with his flip charts, looking like the IBM salesman he once was, and made two 15-minute presentations, one on chickenman Bill Clinton and one on voodooman George Bush. My other favorite business visual is the face of Myron Kandel, when he gives us the perspective of his 35 years of business journalism without the benefit of other pictures.

7.

PLAYBOY: Has anyone ever really explained a derivative well? The treasurer who brought Orange County to bankruptcy by investing in derivatives might have benefited from a good definition.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID ROSE

DOBBS: He may have explained the hazards of derivatives better than any of us. We haven't done a very good job, on television or in print. I suspect that's because those who invented derivatives and trade them and seek your money for them don't want you to understand them too well.

8.

PLAYBOY: Do you pride yourself on remembering a huge number of ticker symbols?
DOBBS: Not at all. I've never understood the fascination for ticker symbols. Most of the tickers people watch on television or in a brokerage work with a 15-minute delay. They're for people who have nothing better to do. My advice is, Get a life.

9.

PLAYBOY: In October 1987 you covered the stock market crash. Are you planning your coverage of the next big one?
DOBBS: The question I will be asking is: "Isn't this the crash we said couldn't happen again?" There are new safeguards and restraints on selling on downticks. But I recall vividly in 1987 that people said we could never have another crash like 1929 because the market was different, the economy was far more complex and there were safety nets for each institution in the financial services industry. And the next thing I'm reporting is a 508-point crash. If I had been clever enough to have anticipated that crash, we wouldn't be having this discussion. We had warnings from the Tokyo market. So it didn't take a genius to suggest we set up live trucks outside the New York Stock Exchange the day we did. The second question I would ask is, "Why am I still working?"

10.

PLAYBOY: Japanese geishas verse themselves in economic news in order to converse knowledgeably with their executive clients. Is there a lesson there?
DOBBS: I have never had the pleasure of an extended conversation with a geisha, but I'm told they are the epitome of social grace and carry on terrific conversations. That seems like a wonderful mixture. Commerce, like music, is an international language.

11.

PLAYBOY: Given the worldwide presence of CNN, entrepreneurs in former communist nations are tuning in. How does *Moneyline* play in countries that are new to capitalism?
DOBBS: Apparently very well. The editors of a Russian business weekly even suggested to me that CNN was responsible for much of the changing attitudes about capitalism. I went by myself to what they call the commodity exchange in Moscow. The exchange was part electronic transfer, part open outcry, but altogether primitive, with the wares actually right in front of the seller. When I talk about commodities here, I mean commodities. Shirts, for example. A fellow walked up to me and said "Lou Dobbs, CNN." Because I was the host of *Moneyline* and he assumed I had millions of dollars of disposable income, he wanted to sell me a Soviet transport aircraft. He had a brochure on this thing. It was priced at $5 million and he offered it to me for $1.6 million. A terrific discount. He couldn't understand my disinterest, which I explained to him was, first of all, economic. Forget that I had no use for it.

12.

PLAYBOY: You reported from the Middle East during the Gulf war. Do you compete for scoops with Peter Arnett?
DOBBS: Peter is an old friend. And where there's shooting, I certainly don't want to infringe on his being there. I ended up in Kuwait and Iraq because I thought the Gulf war was about oil. Foolish me. My producer and crew, though we did not know it at the time, were the first Americans into the Port of Kuwait after the military secured it. We actually broke the story of the release of the hostages from Iraq. I had the distinction of being the first one into the Kuwait stock exchange after the Iraqis. They had absolutely trashed the place. The Iraqis were resentful and jealous of everything the small Kuwaiti population had amassed.

13.

PLAYBOY: Explain the transformation of some corporate chieftains from gray-suited managers into celebrities.
DOBBS: It's a phenomenon that's occurred over the past 15 years, and it's been concurrent with some great scandals. Beyond the Ivan Boeskys and the Martin Siegels and the Charles Keatings, there are good guys such as Bob Allen at AT&T, Henry Kravis at KKR and Walt Wriston at Citibank. On balance it's a healthy thing. I'd rather we look to the accomplishments of a Bill Gates than raise a rock star to celebrity for a week and a half. They both have a role, but the more enduring and substantial story is the business leader's.

14.

PLAYBOY: You recently introduced a story about microbreweries as "something for trendies and Generation Xers." Did we detect a hint of a sneer in that intro? We've heard you managed to parlay your affinity for brew into a few extra dollars during your college days.
DOBBS: I like some of the microbrewery beers tremendously. But the idea of their becoming fads? My story goes back to ancient history, when Coors wasn't available in the East. It's a marketing story and it's also a story about a poor boy from Idaho compensating. Most of my classmates would go through about 20 types of wine, which I never could comprehend. But I was a gourmet in terms of Coors beer. I would bring back as many cases as I could in the backseat of my car and make $5 profit on each case. Great instruction about free markets and supply and demand, which I tried to fill as best I could for a couple of years. The American system does work, by God. I'm sure I spent the profits on more beer.

15.

PLAYBOY: You majored in economics in college. What drew Lou Dobbs to the dismal science?
DOBBS: I'd never been exposed to economics in my life until I got to Harvard. I went to a debate at MIT between Paul Samuelson and Milton Friedman. For me, Friedman was the first person to

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draw the concept of the interdependency of economic and political systems. Samuelson didn't do that. Friedman's books were much shorter, though they were dense. I was impressionable. And being a poor boy, the concept of money sounded interesting to me. The fact that I went into business journalism came down to one thing: I was one of the few reporters whose eyes didn't glaze over when I went to a budget hearing at the city council. Though that may be overstating the case.

16.

PLAYBOY: Tell us a true tale of Lou Dobbs, cub reporter.

DOBBS: I was chasing drug dealers and murderers through the deserts in Arizona. I turned down jobs offering substantially more money because I had so much fun following the DEA across the border into Mexico on raids with the *federales*. Driving home one night I heard a call on my scanner for assistance in a citrus grove. I wheeled the car around and drove right into the middle of this 50-acre grove. A bleeding man stumbled toward me. I put him in the car and he said his buddies were also being attacked. I was confronted by a dozen so-called fruit tramps. I suddenly realized I was in a bad situation. I was there before the police were. Just as they had me surrounded—two of them had knives—the sweetest voice in the world rang out, "Boys, this is the Yuma County sheriff's department, is there a problem?"

17.

PLAYBOY: Huge mergers continue to occur in the media business. Will financial journalists be forced to pull their punches when they cover their corporate parents?

DOBBS: I don't think so, based on my experience. I'd be glad to talk about Disney taking over ABC. [*Laughs*] But with all these mergers, when you concentrate so much media and there are very few people—no matter how good and well-intentioned these people are—bigness will still be power. There's no other way to describe it or to think about it. With that much power in the hands of a few there will be the potential for abuse. I've worked for Ted Turner for 15 and a half years and never once has he sought to shape coverage, to dictate coverage or to question coverage. So long as Ted Turner is here, I'm confident that will remain the case. The problem in talking about your boss is that there's always a danger of being obsequious, or, as we say in television terms, sucking up.

18.

PLAYBOY: Would you care to suck up to Ted Turner in this space?

DOBBS: Let me suck up. Some years ago Ted did an editorial on the movie *Gandhi*. He had done one previously on *Taxi Driver*. Now, the idea of an editorial from the chairman is not what we created CNN for. I finally made the decision and I told my wife, "Babe, I'm going to call Ted and tell him how I feel and how a lot of other people here feel. This will probably be my last week at the company." So I called him at the Plantation on a Friday night. I said, "Ted, I need to talk to you about these editorials of yours. This isn't what we're about. They're not appropriate." I thought he might explode, but instead he invited me into his office Monday morning. So I walked in, fully expecting that I'd simply had a weekend's forbearance on being fired. We talked for almost an hour about commentary and editorials. He sat there and listened. He didn't say that he wouldn't do it again, but he said he'd think about it. And that was the last time he did it. That's my sucking-up tale. People never give Ted credit for being a listener. That's about as obsequious as I can get.

19.

PLAYBOY: When the merger between Time Warner and Turner Broadcasting was announced, Ted Turner appeared on *Moneyline*. Was he crying over all the money he stood to make from the deal?

DOBBS: There may have been a little of that. He was crying. All of the countless hours that Ted had spent with investment bankers and lawyers would be enough to make any of us cry. I think after a grueling day and taking a look back at his life, what he was doing hit him. Ted is an emotional man. Those were real tears. I started to say something to the viewers because they probably were able to see the tears. As I did, I choked up and decided this was a subject I wasn't going to approach until I could control myself. For many of us, CNN was our first opportunity to be journalists, and we put energy, blood, sweat, tears and egos into it. To see it change was emotional.

I patted Ted on the arms when those tears started to well up. I tried to lighten him up by telling him a Warren Buffett joke. I told him the last time Buffett was on *Moneyline* he was asked for a mike check and instead of the normal test, counting out "one, two, three," without breaking expression Warren counted, "1 million, 2 million, 3 million." Ted found it amusing, but apparently not amusing enough to hold back the tears.

20.

PLAYBOY: You played football at Harvard. Explain the Ivy League version of the sport to the rest of us.

DOBBS: I played not very well and not very long. My wife, who's a graduate of the University of Oregon, refers to Harvard as a girl's football team, which I think is unkind. A few years ago I took my number two son and some friends to a Harvard–Army game. At the end of the first quarter the score was, much to my surprise, 14–0, Harvard. I stood up and said in all seriousness, "Now we're leaving." I was trying to get my son interested in Harvard. By halftime the score was 28–28. By the end of the day it was Army 56, Harvard 28. But I had my revenge last year because Oregon was drubbed by Penn State.

RADIO U. (continued from page 92)

"Send five CDs and a poster and you own them. They don't even realize they're being bought."

The transformation of WRAS highlights one of the great ironies of the relationship between college radio and major labels: The stations theoretically most important to a major label—the bigger stations in bigger cities, the stations that *Gavin* has deemed most influential and that *CMJ* puts on its core chart—tend to be those most invested in their own independent, underground integrity. They are least susceptible to the blandishments of the promotion guys. Take, for instance, KFJC, at Foothill College near San Jose, whose signal reaches much of the Bay Area. "We're into very experimental, unstructured, unshackled sounds that tend to go on for a long time," says Alan Lowe, the station's 36-year-old music director.

Oddly enough, label reps love this stuff, even if it means they can't get their own music played on those stations. Partly it's because, at heart, they're college radio purists themselves, often recent refugees from the music director ranks, and they just can't stand to see that purity defiled. "College radio has to learn to say no," says Kolosine. Promotion people also love purist stations because they give college radio its credibility. Meanwhile, they're happy to call on the 80 percent of college stations that aren't so closely guarding their virginity.

"Those kids don't know what's hitting them," Kolosine says. "For the majority of them, if you send five CDs and a poster and tell them you're going to take them out to dinner, you own them. They don't even realize they're being bought." Every year, both *Gavin* and *CMJ* host conventions, where major labels showcase their newest bands and treat college music directors to expensive dinners. At last fall's *CMJ* Music Marathon, three major labels rented a loft in New York. They brought in 20 kegs of beer and had jugglers, fire-eaters and bands. They called this event the Pukefest.

Imagine the ambivalence this inspires among label reps who also fancy themselves college radio purists. "College radio used to develop careers naturally and effectively, creating a base for an artist," says Slomovitz. "But it has veered off course because of the very beast that serves the records. Label bosses are interested in achieving high chart status and therefore put pressure on college reps to deliver higher numbers. That in turn puts pressure on a DJ's choices, which results in less diversity and more mediocre mainstream music getting played on college radio." This from the man whose college promotion manager was last seen pushing the new Rolling Stones record to college music directors.

Eventually, something will have to give in the relentless promotion of college radio, before the major labels foul their own farm system and so thoroughly water down its indie cred that the cynic won't care who's charting on *CMJ*. Baruth believes the labels will be saved from this by the marketplace.

"Labels have built these paper houses, because right now they're investing a lot of money and energy in a radio format that rarely sells records. They're seeing little actual financial return. As this alternative explosion thing peaks and wanes, the labels are going to see that spending all this money on college radio isn't wise. And then things will wind down and go back to normal." And maybe then Delaney will go back to being just a guy with a cool personality, and Slomovitz will be able to sleep better at night.

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ROCK STARS AND SUPERMODELS *(continued from page 112)*

"Any guy who tells you he didn't start playing guitar to get laid is a liar," says John Mellencamp.

the mix-up: "It was the Seventies."

Malcolm McLaren and Lauren Hutton's amorous relationship faded, as did their careers.

Whether Ingrid Casares is actually a model and whether Madonna actually stole her from Sandra Bernhard are the subjects of speculation; Casares was recently seen cavorting nude with k.d. lang in a hotel pool.

For the record, Madonna insists she never went out with protégé Nick Scotti—but you can call her other male model friend, Johnny Zander, her ex.

Mick Jagger dated and fell out with Pat Cleveland and Carla Bruni.

Curly-locked headbanger David Coverdale of Whitesnake—perhaps upset at video vixen Tawny Kitaen's even larger hair—split from her soon after their marriage. She recently appeared on *Hercules* opposite Kevin Sorbo, another dude who really knows how to blow-dry his hair.

Billy Joel's uptown girl, Christie Brinkley, divorced him to marry—briefly—her downhill boy, skiing enthusiast and real estate mini-mogul Rick Taubman.

Rod Stewart, the supermodel rooster, had splits with Britt Ekland, Alana Stewart and Kelly Emberg.

Axl Rose and Stephanie Seymour had a vicious break to their engagement following some fistfights. He sued her for the return of $100,000 worth of jewelry.

Bill Wyman, who married teen Mandy Smith so young that she barely had her modeling career going, was divorced by her in 1992. Notably, Wyman's son dated Mandy's mom.

Bruce Springsteen, perhaps sensing that his blue-collar image was tarnished by his marriage to model-turned-actress Julianne Phillips, split from her after developing a bad case of Scialfa—as in backup singer Patti Scialfa.

TAFKAP, that purple-paisley guy with no name, is certainly the sort of man who reads PLAYBOY. Three of his exes (Vanity, Kim Basinger and Playmate Devin De Vasquez) have appeared in the magazine.

THE STATUS OF SEX SYMBOLS

Keith Richards and Patti Hansen have settled into a sedate marriage. Having kicked his heroin habit, he says in *Cosmo*: "I couldn't have made it without her. I ain't letting the bitch go."

Tommy Lee and Pam Anderson got married twice; once in bathing suits on the beach, then at home in silver capes—don't ask why. They are still together, still having sex in trailers on movie sets.

Ringo Starr and Barbara Bach are alive and living well now that they've stopped making movies like *Caveman*.

Jerry Hall and Mick Jagger are still together, despite Carla Bruni's best efforts and the fact that Jerry gave up modeling for motherhood.

Harry Connick Jr. married Jill Goodacre. John Mellencamp married Elaine Irwin.

David Bowie and Iman joined forces in marriage and have hit every opening and party together. But they have yet to attain the type of status together that they once enjoyed separately.

Ric Ocasek and Paulina Porizkova are still speaking Vulcan to each other.

Nikki Sixx of Motley Crue and Playmate Brandi Brandt, a couple that predates Pam and Tommy, are still at it. In 1993 they posed nude in PLAYBOY for a feature on tattoos.

In a rare burst of deductive reasoning, Naomi Campbell announced on Irish TV, "I am marrying an Irishman." Logical, but not prescient. She and fiancé Adam Clayton broke up for good in 1994. Naomi has been seen with Sean Penn; Clayton has reportedly sworn off booze—and, we assume, supermodels.

Eric Erlandson of Hole is sticking by Drew Barrymore no matter how many times she shucks her clothes.

The saturnine 42-year-old Tico Torres is now engaged to marry 22-year-old Litvínovian lovely Eva Herzigova.

LYRICAL QUOTES

"When I met my husband, he teased me constantly, because he liked me!"
—ELAINE IRWIN ON JOHN MELLENCAMP

"I always had a fantasy about seducing Mr. Spock. I guess in my own weird way, I did."—PAULINA PORIZKOVA ON RIC OCASEK

"I was the king of cock-rock, and I still am on a good night." —ROBERT PLANT

"We don't get off with groupies when we're here. We only get off with supermodels."—ALEX JAMES, BASS PLAYER FOR BLUR, ON TOURING THE U.S.

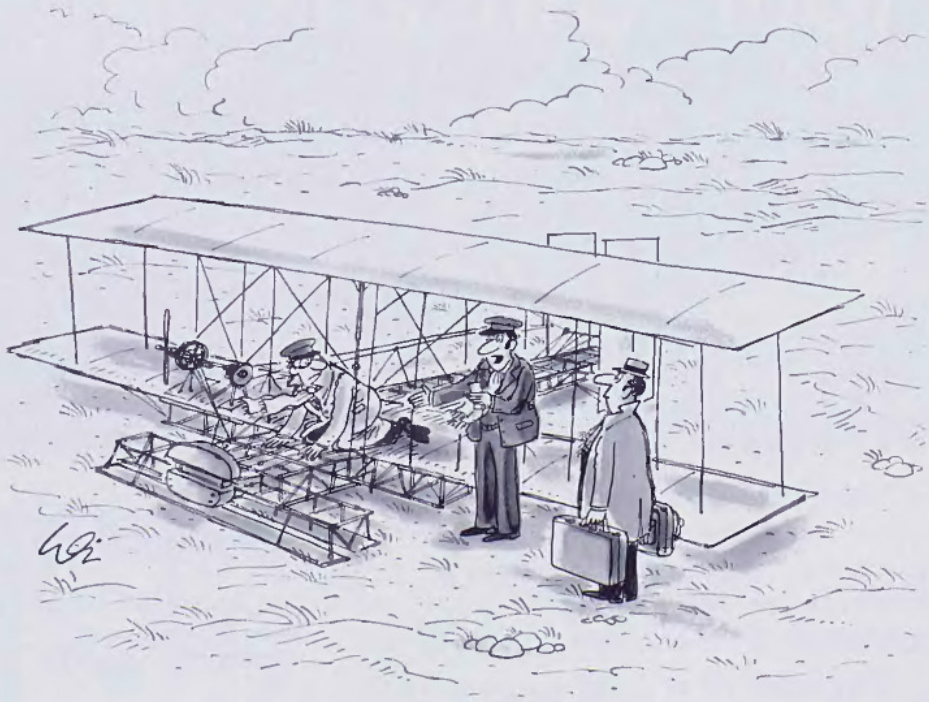
"When you're in a rock band, bragging about sexual conquests is like bragging about turning on the faucet and finding water." —PAUL STANLEY OF KISS

"Jill's smart. She never lets you know it, though."—HARRY CONNICK JR. ON JILL GOODACRE

"For the first time in my life, I'd rather have my dick cut off than be unfaithful."—ROD STEWART ON HIS MARRIAGE TO RACHEL HUNTER

"Any guy who tells you he didn't start playing guitar to get laid is a liar."
—JOHN MELLENCAMP

"Rock stars want models because models are beautiful, successful, incredibly naive and malleable. They believe everything the guy tells them."—KELLY EMBERG, EX OF ROD STEWART



"It beats me, Orville, but according to this ticket, you've got his seat!"

 (continued from page 56)

I don't know what to do with dumb people, but we must try to educate them along with the sharp kids.

the moon, my biggest hope is that L.A. will show the way for all of our cities to rebuild, because they've gone to hell and the crime rate has soared. When we can repopulate them, the crime rate will plunge.

PLAYBOY: What will help?

BRADBURY: We need enlightened corporations to do it; they're the only ones who can. All the great malls have been built by corporate enterprises. We have to rebuild cities with the same conceptual flair that the great malls have. We can turn any bad section of town into a vibrant new community.

PLAYBOY: How do you convince corporate leaders and bureaucrats that you have the right approach?

BRADBURY: They listen because they know my track record. The center of downtown San Diego was nonexistent until a concept of mine, the Horton Plaza, was built right in the middle of bleakest skid row. Civilization returned to San Diego upon its completion. It became the center of a thriving community. And the Glendale Galleria, based on my concept, changed downtown Glendale when it was built nearly 25 years ago. So if I live another ten years—please, God!—I'll be around to witness a lot of this in Los Angeles and inspire the same thing in big cities throughout the country.

PLAYBOY: You have said that you want to influence children. Is that your most important audience?

BRADBURY: I feel like I own all the kids in the world because, since I've never grown up myself, all my books are automatically for children.

PLAYBOY: How does it feel to have an impact on children?

BRADBURY: It's mutual delight and love made manifest. For one thing, kids love me because I write stories that tell them about their capacity for evil. I'm one of the few writers who lets you cleanse yourself that way.

PLAYBOY: Would you say you're nostalgic for childhood?

BRADBURY: Yeah. Once you let yourself begin to be grown-up, you face a world full of problems you can't solve. The politicians and specialists—adults, all—have a hard enough time trying to figure out where to look. It doesn't have to be that way. The greatest solutions in society are reached by corporate thinking, ruled by a motive to either make a profit or go out of business. There's great incentive to strive for excellence. On the other hand, bloated bureaucracies like city governments don't have to make a profit—they just raise people's taxes when they need more money. If you want to get anything done, it should be through a corporation. Disney is a prime example.

PLAYBOY: Didn't the Eighties—the decade of Wall Street junk-bond scandals and bankrupt banks—establish that corporate chiefs can be little more than thieves?

BRADBURY: I'm talking about top-flight people like those at IBM, Apple, AT&T. If corporations don't take over the educational system soon, we'll end up with all black-and-brown cities surrounded by white-flight small towns, which are under construction even as we speak. You can't blame whites for getting the hell out. City governments have neglected the biggest factor in our criminal environment—education. Kindergarten. First grade. If we don't change those immediately, we'll raise another generation of empty-headed dummies. If you let boys grow up as that, when they reach

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Want To Shoot An Eagle or Two ?

By Mike Hensen

YALESVILLE, CT – A small golf company in Connecticut has created a powerful, new ball that flies like a U-2, putts with the steady roll of a cue ball and bites the green on approach shots like a dropped cat. But don't look for it on weekend TV. Long-hitting pros could make a joke out of some of golf's finest courses with it. One pro who tested the ball drove it 400 yards, reaching the green on all but the longest par-four's. Scientific tests by an independent lab using a hitting machine prove the ball out-distances ten major brands dramatically.

The ball's extraordinary distance comes partly from a revolutionary new dimple design that keeps the ball aloft longer. But there's also a secret change in the core that makes it rise faster off the clubhead. Another change reduces air drag. The result is a ball that gains altitude quickly, then sails like a glider. None of the changes is noticeable in the ball itself.

Despite this extraordinary performance, the company has a problem. A spokesman put it this way: "In golf you need endorsements and TV publicity. This is what gets you in the pro shops and stores where 95% of all golf products are sold. Unless the pros use your ball on TV, you're virtually locked out of these outlets. TV advertising is too expensive to buy on your own, at least for us.

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The company guarantees a golfer a prompt refund if the new ball doesn't cut five to ten strokes off his or her average score. Simply return the balls–new or used–to the address below. "No one else would dare do that," boasted the company's director.

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the age of ten they're bored, drop out, take dope, rob stores, rape—all that good stuff. Our jails overflow with illiterates who have been ignored by our city leaders. Jails should be run as schools, where kids are taught the basics, instead of spending a billion dollars a day just to keep them locked up. The government should stop sending schools money until they prove they are teaching reading and writing. We should fire half the teachers right now. This is an emergency—we're raising a criminal culture in all races and every walk of life by not teaching kids how to read and write. That scares me more than anything, yet I don't hear anyone else talking about the primary grades—where our future lies. The corporations I mention are getting involved more and more in magnet school relationships with local schools. The reasoning is hardly utopian—it's actually a selfish endeavor since they must educate the kids who grow up to be a part of their companies.

PLAYBOY: A future when our children are taught to be useful employees of big companies? It sounds like a robotic race in some science fiction story.

BRADBURY: You mean the way Japan-bashers portray that society? Listen, you can't turn really bright people into robots. You can turn dumb people into robots, but that's true in every society and system. I don't know what to do with dumb people, but we must try to educate them along with the sharp kids. You teach a kid to read and write by the second grade, and the rest will take care of itself. To solve the drug problem, we have to start at the root—first grade. If a boy has all the toys in his head that reading can give him, and you hook him into science fiction, then you've got the future secured.

PLAYBOY: How does it feel to get older?

BRADBURY: On my seventieth birthday, when I reflected that so many of my friends were dead or dying, it hit me that it was high time I got more work done. Ever since that time, I have done the active, smart thing by increasing my productivity. I'm not on the rocks or shoals yet, but the last few years have been a devastation of illnesses and deaths of many good friends. [Star Trek creator] Gene Roddenberry was a loss that deeply grieved me.

PLAYBOY: How well did you know him?

BRADBURY: Gene was an intimate friend. We'd been friends for many years when he asked me to write for *Star Trek* more than 25 years ago. But I've never had the ability to adapt other people's ideas into any sensible form.

PLAYBOY: What did you think of Roddenberry's final flourish, when NASA honored his will's request and released his ashes into space on one of its missions? Sound tempting?

BRADBURY: That was interesting. At one time, I had planned to have my ashes put into a Campbell's tomato soup can and then have it planted on Mars. [*Laughs*] But in recent years, I have come to realize that I have a lot of fans and lovers out there. So I plan to design a big, long, flat gravestone that will be inscribed with the names of my books and lots of dandelions, as a tribute to *Dandelion Wine*, because so many people love it. At the bottom of the slab there will be a sign saying PLACE DANDELIONS HERE—I hope people will, so a living yellow meadow can bloom in the spring and summertime.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe in God?

BRADBURY: I believe in Darwin and God together. It's all one. It's all mysterious. Look at the universe. It's been here forever. It's totally impossible. But, then, the size of the universe is impossible. It goes on forever, there's no end. That's impossible. We're impossible. And the fact that the sun gave birth to the planets, and the planets cooled, and the rain fell and we came out of the oceans as animals. How come dead matter decided to come alive? It just did. There is no explanation. There's no theory.

PLAYBOY: You almost sound like a fundamentalist preacher. You say you believe in Darwinism, but you sometimes sound like a creationist.

BRADBURY: Or a combination of both. Because nobody knows. Science and religion have to go hand in hand with the mystery, because there's a certain point beyond which you say, "There are no answers." Why does the sun burn? We don't know. It just does—that's the answer. Why were the planets created? We don't know. It happened. How come there's life on the earth? We don't know. It just happened. You accept that as a scientist and as a religious preacher. The scientist can teach us to survive by learning more about how the body works, what disease is, how to cure ourselves and how to work on longevity. The preacher then says, "Don't forget to pay attention to the fact that you're alive." Just the mere fact, the glory of getting up every morning and looking at the sunrise or a good rainfall or whatever, and saying, "That's wonderful." That's just wonderful. The Darwin theory can't be proved; it's a theory. We think it is true.

PLAYBOY: Do you think it's true?

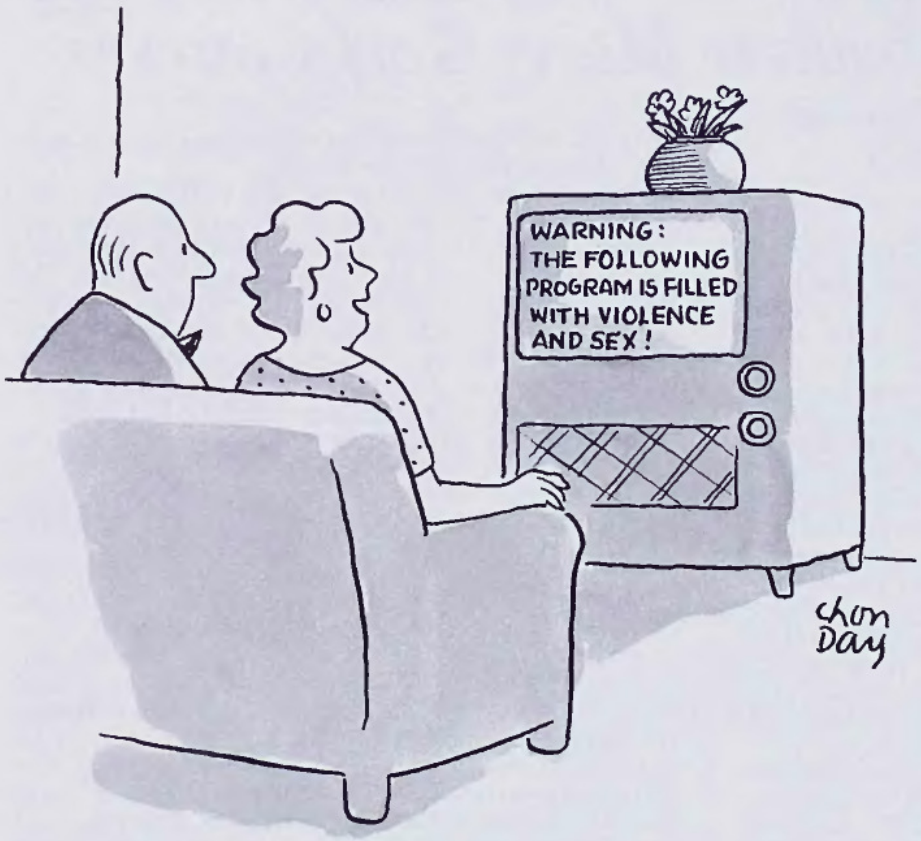
BRADBURY: Nobody knows. I can't give you an opinion about it. It's only a theory, you see.

PLAYBOY: Do you go to church?

BRADBURY: No. I don't believe in the anthropomorphic God.

PLAYBOY: Do you think our souls live on or do we cease to exist when we die?

BRADBURY: Well, I have four daughters and eight grandchildren. My soul lives on in them. That's immortality. That's the only immortality I care about.



"Sounds like fun."

NEWT GINGRICH *(continued from page 78)*

Washington observers have never seen anything like the gusher of gelt now flowing to the Republicans.

In theory, Gingrich believes in devolution and the decentralization of power. In fact, the organizational changes he made in the House gave him an unprecedented degree of power: He has systematically broken down old independent centers of power, including the seniority system. Given that he's been in Congress for 18 years, his reluctance to push for realistic term limits, the Contract With America notwithstanding, is understandable. On campaign financing, the root of the rot in American politics ("You got to dance with them what brung ya"), Gingrich has not sought reform but has cashed in.

The most striking evidence of Gingrich's allegiance to the old Washington concerns money. Baskets and buckets and trucks full of money. Majority Whip Tom DeLay, a former bug exterminator from Fort Bend County, Texas, is now Gingrich's lead moneyman. He's known as "The Hammer" for his tactics. Of which subtlety is not one. DeLay greets lobbyists with reports that show how much the lobbyists or their PACs have contributed to Democrats in the past. The message is that it's time to switch sides. One letter DeLay sent to PACs on behalf of a winning Republican candidate's postelection fund-raiser said, "You now have the opportunity to work toward a positive future relationship. Your immediate support is personally important to me and the House Republican leadership team. I hope I can count on you being on the winning team."

DeLay said: "We're just following the old adage of punish your enemies and reward your friends. We don't like to deal with people who are trying to kill the revolution. We know who they are. The word is out."

No one ever claimed the Democrats were simon-pure when in power, but veteran Washington observers agree they have never seen anything like the gold rush now taking place. The gusher of gelt now flowing to the Republicans comes from those who want to cut timber in protected forests, to drill for oil in environmentally sensitive areas, to get breaks on leasing or buying government land, to avoid taxes and to avoid regulations for health and safety. Subsidies and tax loopholes for corporations, called corporate welfare, remain sacred while AFDC may be chopped into pieces. This is the old Washington with a vengeance.

Gingrich is not presiding over these festivities without some signs of stress. He has gained what appears to be in the neighborhood of 30 pounds since he became Speaker, and his political touch is occasionally wildly faulty. The most notable lapse was his juvenile snit about how "bizarre" it was that he had to exit by the back door of Air Force One after Yitzhak Rabin's funeral. Nor did shutting down the government prove to be a political plus for the Republicans.

In a now-famous speech given to college Republicans in 1978, Gingrich observed, "One of the great problems in the Republican Party is that we don't encourage you to be nasty." Or maybe not. The current nastiness of American politics has many fathers—political consultants and negative campaign ads among them. But Newt Gingrich is a leading force in the nastification of politics. More and more studies show that the upshot of the polarization and meanness of contemporary politics is that fewer and fewer people are willing to participate. And that is the death of democracy.

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TERMINATION DUST

(continued from page 132)

murmured, "do you know Bud?"

Bud gave me an ugly look, halfway between a "fuck you" and a leer of triumph. I tried to keep my cool, for Jordy's sake.

"Yeah," was all I said.

She led us to a table in back, right near the band—one of those long banquet-type tables—and Bud and I sat down on either side of her, jockeying for position. "Bud," she said as soon as we were settled, "and Ned," turning to me and then back to him again, "I'm sure you can both help me with this, and I really want to know the truth because it's part and parcel of my whole romance with Alaska and now I've read somewhere that it isn't true." She had to raise her voice to be heard over the strains of *Little Deuce Coupe*—this was the Malibu Beach party, after all, complete with a pile of sand in the corner and a 20-foot poster of Gidget in a bikini—and we both leaned in to hear her better. "I want to know if you really have 72 different words for snow—in the Eskimo language, I mean."

Bud didn't even give me a glance, just started in with his patented line of bullshit: how he'd spent two years with the Inuit up around Point Barrow, chewing walrus hides with the old ladies and dodging polar bears, and how he felt that 72 was probably a low estimate. Then he fell into some dialect he must have invented on the spot, all the while giving Jordy this big moony smile that made me want to puke, till I took her elbow and she turned to me and the faux-Eskimo caught like a bone in his throat. "We call it termination dust," I said.

She lifted her eyebrows. Bud was on the other side of her, looking bored and greedy, shoveling up his food like a hyperphagic bear. It was the first moment he'd shut his mouth since he'd butted in. "It's because of the road," I explained. "We're at a two-lane gravel road that runs north from the Alaska Highway and dead-ends in Boynton."

She was still waiting. The band fumbled to the end of a song and the room suddenly came alive with the buzz of a hundred conversations. Bud glanced up from his food to shoot me a look of unadulterated hate. "Go on," she said.

I shrugged, toying with my fork. "That's it," I said. "The first snow, the first good one, and it's all over till spring, the end, it's all she wrote. If you're in Boynton, you're going to stay there——"

"And if you're not?" she asked, something satirical in her eyes as she tucked away a piece of crab with a tiny two-pronged fork.

Bud answered for me. "You're not going to make it."

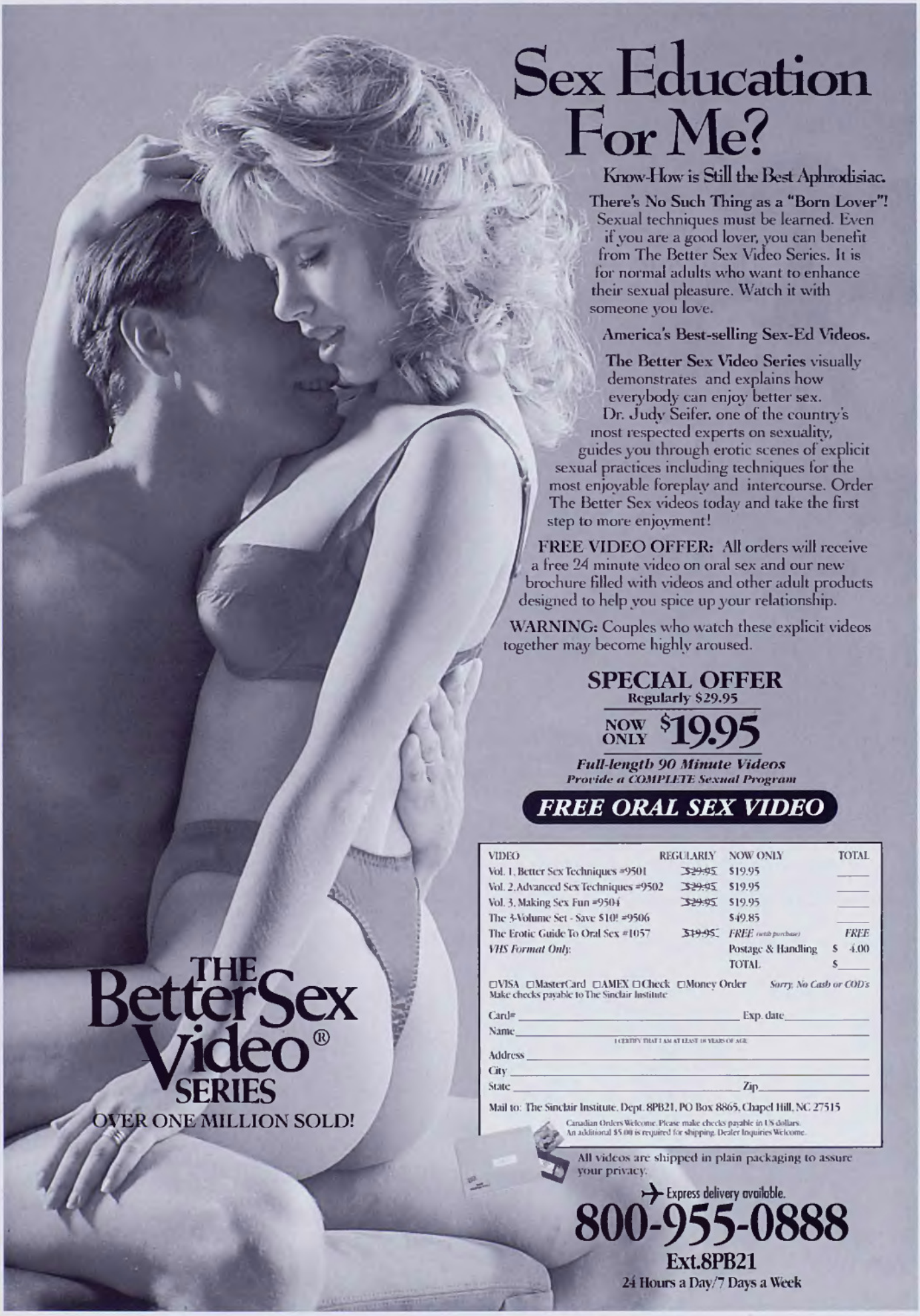
•

The auction was for charity, all proceeds to be divided equally among the Fur Trappers' Retirement Home, the AIDS hospice and the Greater Anchorage Foodbank. I had no objection to that—I was happy to do my part—but as I said, I was afraid somebody would outbid me for a date with Jordy. Not that the date was anything more than just that—a date—but it was a chance to spend the better part of the next day with the woman of your choice, and when you had only two and a half days, that was a big chunk of it. I'd talked with J.J. and some of the others, and they were all planning to bid on this woman or that and to take them out on a fishing boat or up in a Super Cub to see the glaciers east of town or even out into the bush to look over their cabins and their prospects. Nobody talked about sex—that would demean the spirit of the thing—but it was there, under the surface, like a burning promise.

The first woman went for $75. She was about 40 or so, and she looked like a nurse or dental technician, somebody who really knew her way around a bedpan or saliva sucker. The rest of us stood around and watched while three men exercised their index fingers and the auctioneer (who else but Peter?) went back and forth between them with all sorts of comic asides until they'd reached their limit. "Going once, going twice," he chimed, milking the moment for all it was worth, "sold to the man in the red hat." I watched the guy, nobody I knew, an Anchorage type, as he mounted the three steps to the stage they'd set up by the sandpile, and I felt something stir inside me when this dental technician of 40 smiled like all the world was melting and gave him a kiss right out of the last scene of a movie and the two of them went off hand in hand. My heart was hammering like a broken piston. I couldn't see Bud in the crowd, but I knew what his intentions were, and as I said, $125 was my limit. There was no way I was going past that, no matter what.

Jordy came up ninth. Two or three of the women who preceded her were really something to look at, secretaries probably or cocktail waitresses, but Jordy easily outclassed them. It wasn't only that she was educated, it was the way she held herself, the way she stepped up to the platform with a private little smile and let those unquenchable eyes roam over the crowd till they settled on me. I stood

"So much for your theory that he was getting down on his knees to ask for her hand in marriage!"



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a head taller than anyone else there, so I guess it wasn't so hard to pick me out. I gave her a little wave, and then immediately regretted it because I'd tipped my hand.

The first bid was $100 from some clown in a lumberjack shirt who looked as if he'd just been dragged out from under a bush somewhere. I swear there was lint in his hair. Or worse. Peter had said, "Who'll start us off here? Do I hear an opening bid?" and this guy stuck up his hand and said, "A hundred," just like that. I was stunned. Bud I was prepared for, but this was something else altogether. What was this guy thinking? A lumberjack shirt and he was bidding on Jordy? It was all I could do to keep myself from striding through the crowd and jerking the guy out of his boots like some weed along the roadside. But then another hand popped up just in front of me, and this guy must have been 60 if he was a day, the back of his neck all rutted and seamed, with piss-yellow hairs growing out of his ears, and he spoke up just as casually as if he were ordering a drink at the bar: "One twenty." I was in a panic, beset on all sides, and I felt my tongue thickening in my throat as I threw up my arm. "One——" I gasped. "One twenty-five!" Then it was Bud's turn. I heard him before I saw him, slouching there in the second row, right up near the stage. He didn't even bother raising his hand. "One fifty," he said, and right away the old bird in front of me croaked out, "One seventy-five." I was in a great sweat, wringing my hands till I thought the left would crush the right and vice versa, the sports coat digging into me like a hair shirt, like a straitjacket, too small under the arms and across the shoulders. One twenty-five was my limit, absolutely and unconditionally, and even then I'd be straining to pay for the date itself, but I felt my arm jerking up as if it were attached to a wire. "One seventy-six!" I shouted, and everybody in the room turned around to stare at me.

I heard a laugh from the front, a dirty sniggering little stab of a laugh that shot hot lava through my veins, Bud's laugh, Bud's mocking hateful naysaying laugh, and then Bud's voice crashed through the wall of wonder surrounding my bid and pronounced my doom. "Two hundred and fifty dollars," he said, and I stood there stupefied as Peter called out, "Going once, going twice," and slammed down the gavel.

I don't remember what happened next, but I turned away before Bud could shuffle up to the stage and take Jordy in his arms and receive the public kiss that was meant for me, turned away and staggered toward the bar like a gut-shot deer. I try to control my temper, I really do—I know it's a failing of mine—but I guess I must have gotten a little rough with these two L.L. Bean types who were blocking my access to the scotch. Nothing outrageous, nothing more than letting them know in no uncertain terms that they were in my path and that if they liked the way their arms fit in their sockets they'd dance on out of there like the sugarplum fairy and her court, but still I regretted it.

Nothing else that night rings too clear, not after Jordy went to Bud for the sake of mere money, but I kept thinking, over and over, as if a splinter were implanted in my brain, *How in Christ's name did that unemployed son of a bitch come up with two hundred and fifty bucks?*

•

I rang Jordy's room first thing in the morning (yes, there was that, at least: She'd given me her room number, too, but now I wondered if she weren't just playing mind games). There was no answer, and that told me something I didn't want to know. I inquired at the desk and the clerk said she'd checked out the night before, and I must have had a look on my face because he volunteered that he didn't know where she'd gone. It was then that the invisible woman from the cocktail party materialized out of nowhere, visible suddenly in a puke-green running suit, with greasy hair and a face all pitted and naked without a hint of makeup. "You looking for Jordy?" she said, and maybe she recognized me.

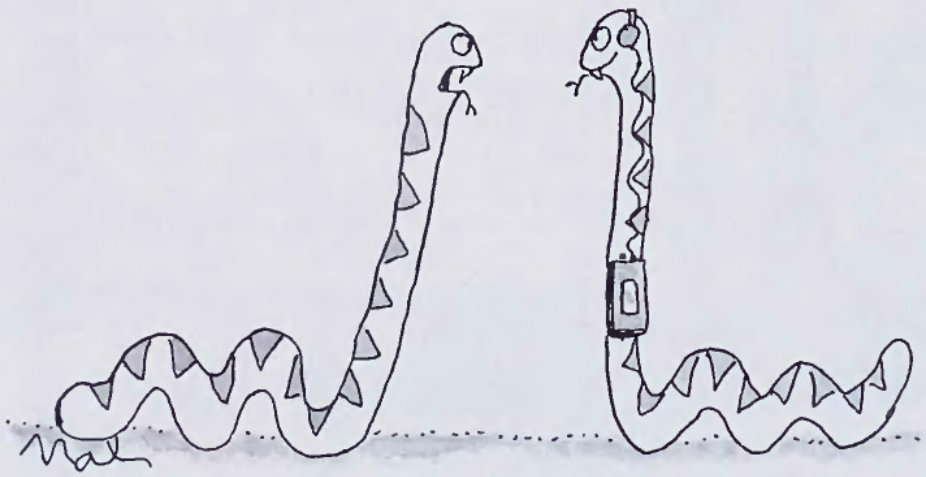
The drumming in my chest suddenly slowed. I felt ashamed of myself. Felt awkward and out of place, my head windy and cavernous from all that sorrowful scotch. "Yes," I admitted.

She took pity on me then and told me the truth. "She went to some little town with that guy from the auction last night. Said she would be back for the plane Monday."

Ten minutes later I was in my Chevy half-ton, tooling up the highway for Fairbanks and the gravel road to Boynton. I felt an urgency bordering on the manic and my foot was like a cement block on the accelerator, because once Bud got to Boynton I knew what he was going to do. He'd ditch the car, which I wouldn't doubt he'd borrowed without the legitimate owner's consent, whoever that might be, and then he'd load up his canoe with supplies and Jordy and run down the river for his trespasser's cabin. And if that happened, Jordy wouldn't be making any plane. Not on Monday. Maybe not ever.

I tried to think about Jordy and how I was going to rescue her from all that and how grateful she'd be once she realized what kind of person she was dealing with in Bud and what his designs were, but every time I summoned her face, Bud's rose up out of some dark hole in my consciousness to blot it out. I saw him sitting at the bar the night he lost his feet, sitting there drinking steadily though I'd eighty-sixed him three times over the course of the past year and three times relented. He was on a tear, drinking with Chiz Peltz and this Indian I'd never laid eyes on before who claimed to be a full-blooded Flathead from Montana. It was January, a few days after New Year's, and it was maybe two o'clock in the afternoon and dark beyond the windows. I was drinking too—tending bar, but helping myself to the scotch—because it was one of those days when time has no meaning and your life drags like it has brakes on it. There were maybe eight other people in the place, Ronnie Perrault and his wife, Louise, Roy Treadwell, who services snow machines and sells cordwood, Richie Oliver and some others—I don't know where J.J. was that day, playing solitaire in his cabin, I guess, staring at the walls, who knows?

Anyway, Bud was on a tear and started using language I don't tolerate in the bar, not any time, and especially not when ladies are present, and I told him to can it and things got nasty. The upshot was that I had to pin the Indian by his throat to the back wall and rip Bud's parka half off him before I persuaded



"I sure wish I had a Sony Slitherman."

the three of them to finish up their drinking over at the Nougat, which is where they went, looking ugly. Clarence Ford put up with them till around seven or so, and then he kicked them out and barred the door and they sat in Chiz Peltz' car with the engine running and the heater on full, passing a bottle back and forth till I don't know what hour. Of course, the car eventually ran out of gas with the three of them passed out like zombies, and the overnight temperature went down to something like minus 60, and, as I said, Chiz didn't make it, and how he wound up outside my place I'll never know. We helicoptered Bud to the hospital in Fairbanks, but they couldn't save his feet. The Indian—I've never seen him since—just seemed to shake it off with the aid of a dozen cups of coffee laced with free bourbon at the Nougat.

Bud never forgave me nor Clarence nor anybody else in town. He was a sorehead and griper of the first degree, the sort of person who blames all his miseries on everybody but himself, and now he had Jordy, this sweet dreamy English teacher who probably thought Alaska was all *Northern Exposure* and charmingly eccentric people saying witty things to one another. I knew Bud. I knew how he would have portrayed that ratty illegal tumbledown cabin to her and how he would have told her it was just a hop, skip and jump down the river and not the 12 miles it actually was—and what was she going to do when she found out? Catch a cab? These were my thoughts as I passed through Fairbanks, headed out the Alaska Highway and finally turned north for Boynton. It was late in the afternoon and I still had 180 miles of gravel road to traverse before I would even hit Boynton, let alone catch up with Bud. I could only hope he'd stopped off at the Nougat for his usual fix of vodka, but the chances of that were slim because he'd want to hustle Jordy down the river before she got a good idea of who he was and what was going on. And that was another thing: I just didn't understand her. Just didn't. He put in the highest bid and she was a good sport, OK—but to drive all night with that slime? To put up with his bullshit for all those crippling hours, maybe even fall for it? Poor Jordy. Poor, poor Jordy.

I pulled into Boynton in record time, foot to the floor all the way, and skidded to a halt in the gravel lot out front of my store. There were only three other cars there, each as familiar as my own, and Ronnie Perrault, who I'd asked to help out for the weekend, was presiding over a very quiet bar (half the men in town had gone to Anchorage for the big event, thanks to Peter and his unflagging salesmanship). "Ronnie," I said, coming into the bar to the strains of Lyle Lovett singing *Mack the Knife* like he was half-dead, "you seen Bud?"

Ronnie was hunched lovingly over a

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cigarette and Myers's and Coke, holding hands with Louise. He was wearing a Seattle Mariners cap backward and his eyes were distant, the eyes of a man in rum nirvana. Howard Walpole, 70 years old and with a bad back and runny eyes, was at the far end of the bar, and Roy Treadwell and Richie Oliver were playing cards at the table by the stove. Ronnie was slow, barely flowing, like the grenadine in the back pantry that hardly gets any heat. "I thought," he said, chewing over the words, "I thought you wasn't going to be back till Tuesday."

"Hey, Neddy," Richie shouted, squeezing out the diminutive until it was like a screech, "how many you bring back?"

"Bud," I repeated, addressing the room at large. "Anybody seen Bud?"

Well, they had to think about that. They were all pretty hazy—while the cat's away the mice will play—but it was Howard who came out of it first. "Sure," he said, "I seen him," and he leaned so far forward over his drink I thought he was going to fall into it, "early this morning, in a brand-new Toyota Land Cruiser, which I don't know where he got, and he had a woman with him." And then, as if remembering some distant bit of trivia: "How was that flesh bazaar, anyway? You married yet?"

Louise snickered, Ronnie guffawed, but I was in no mood. "Where'd he go?" I said, hopeful, always hopeful, but I already knew the answer.

Howard did something with his leg, a twitch he'd developed to ease the pain in his back. "I didn't talk to him," he said. "But I think he was going downriver."

•

The river wasn't too rough this time of year, but it was still moving at a pretty good clip and I have to admit I'm not exactly an ace with a canoe. I'm too big for anything that small—give me a riverboat with a Johnson any day—and I always feel awkward and top-heavy. But there I was, moving along with the current, thinking one thing and one thing only: Jordy. It would be a bitch coming back up, but there'd be two of us paddling, and I kept focusing on how grateful she was going to be to me for getting her out of there, more grateful than if I'd bid $1000 for her and taken her out for steak three nights in a row. But then the strangest thing happened: The sky went gray and it began to snow.

It just doesn't snow that early in the year, not ever, or hardly ever. But there it was. The wind came up the channel of the river and threw these dry little pellets of ice in my face and I realized how stupid I'd been. I was already a couple miles downriver from town, and though I had a light parka and mittens with me, a chunk of cheese, loaf of bread, couple Cokes, that sort of thing, I really hadn't planned on any weather. It was a surprise, a real surprise. Of course, at that point I was sure it was only a squall, something to whiten the ground for a day and then melt off, but I still felt stupid out there on the river without any real protection, and I began to wonder how Jordy would see it, the way she worried about all the names for snow and how sick at heart she must have been just about then with Bud's shithole of a cabin and no escape and the snow coming down like a life sentence, and I leaned into the paddle.

It was after dark when I came round the bend and saw the lights of the cabin off through the scrim of snow. I was wearing my parka and mittens now and I must have looked like a snowman propped up in the white envelope of the canoe and I could feel the ice forming in my beard where the breath froze coming out of my nostrils. I smelled woodsmoke and watched the soft tumbling sky. Was I angry? Not really. Not yet. I'd hardly thought about what I was doing up to that point—it all just seemed so obvious. The son of a bitch had gotten her, whether it was under false pretenses or not, and Jordy, sweet Jordy with Emily Brontë tucked under her arm, couldn't have imagined in her wildest dreams what she was getting into. No one would have blamed me. For all intents and purposes, Bud had abducted her. He had.

Still, when I actually got there, when I could smell the smoke and see the lamps burning, I felt suddenly shy. I couldn't just burst in and announce that I'd come to rescue her, could I? And I could hardly pretend I just happened to be in the neighborhood. Plus, that was Bud in there, and he was as purely nasty as a rattlesnake with a hand clamped around the back of its head. There was no way he was going to like this, no matter how you looked at it.

So what I did was pull the canoe up on the bank about 100 yards from the cabin, the scrape of the gravel masked by the snow, and crept up on the place, as stealthy as a big man can be—I didn't want to alert Bud's dog and blow the whole thing. But that was just it, I realized, tiptoeing through the snow like an ice statue come to life—what thing

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would I blow? I didn't have a plan. Not even a clue.

In the end, I did the obvious: sneaked up to the window. I couldn't see much at first, what with the window all smeared with grime, but I rubbed the pane with the wet heel of my mitten and things came into focus. The stove in the corner was going, a mouth of flame with the door flung open wide for a fireplace effect. Next to the stove was a table with a bottle of wine on it and two glasses, one of them half-full, and I saw the dog then—a malamute-looking thing—asleep underneath it. There was some homemade furniture—a sort of couch with an old single mattress thrown over it, a couple of crude chairs of bent aspen with the bark still on it. Four or five white plastic buckets of water were lined up against the wall, which was festooned with the usual backcountry junk: snowshoes, traps, hides, the mangy stuffed head of a caribou Bud must have picked up at a fire sale someplace. But I didn't see Bud. Or Jordy. And then I realized they must be in the back room—the bedroom—and that made me feel strange, choked up in the pit of my throat as if somebody were trying to strangle me.

It was snowing pretty steadily, six inches on the ground at least, and it muffled my footsteps as I worked my way around the cabin to the back window. The night was absolute, the sky so close it was breathing for me, in and out, and the snow held everything in the grip of silence. A candle was burning in the back window—I could tell it was a candle even before I got there from the way the light wavered—and I heard music then, violins playing in unison, the sort of thing I wouldn't have expected from a lowlife like Bud, and voices, a low intimate murmur of voices. That almost stopped me right there, that whispery blur of Jordy's voice and the deeper resonance of Bud's, and for a moment everything hung in the balance. Part of me wanted to back away from that window, creep back to the canoe and forget all about it. But I didn't. I couldn't. I'd seen her first—I'd squeezed her hand and given her the corsage and admired the hand-lettered name tag—it wasn't right. The murmur of those voices rose up in my head like a scream and there was nothing more to think about.

My shoulder hit the back door just above the latch and blew the thing off the hinges like it was a toy, and there I was, breathing hard and white to the eyebrows. I saw them in the bed together and heard this little birdlike cry from Jordy and a curse from Bud and then the dog came hurtling in from the front room as if he'd been launched from a cannon. (And I should say here that I like dogs and that I've never lifted a finger to hurt any dog I've ever owned, but I had to put this one down. I didn't have any choice.) I caught him as he left the floor and slammed him into the wall behind me till he collapsed in a heap. Jordy was screaming now, actually screaming, and you would have thought that I was the bad guy, but I tried to calm her, her arms bare and the comforter pulled up over her breasts and Bud's plastic feet set there on the floor like slippers, telling her a mile a minute that I'd protect her, it was all right, and I'd see that Bud was prosecuted to the fullest extent, the fullest extent, but then Bud was fumbling under the mattress for something like the snake he was and I took hold of his puny slip of a wrist with the blue-black .38 special in it and just squeezed till his other hand came up and I caught that one and squeezed it too.

Jordy made a bolt for the other room and I could see she was naked and I knew right then he must have raped her because there was no way she'd ever consent to anything with a slime like that, not Jordy, not my Jordy, and the thought of what Bud had done to her made me angry. The gun was on the floor now and I kicked it under the bed and let go of Bud's wrists and shut up his curses and vile foul language with a quick stab to the bridge of his nose, and it was almost like a reflex. He went limp under the force of that blow and I was upset, I admit it, I was furious over what he'd done to that girl, and it just seemed like the most natural thing in the world to reach out and put a little pressure on his throat till the raw-looking stumps of his legs lay still on the blanket.

That was when I became aware of the music again, with the violins swelling up and out of a boom box on the shelf till they filled the room and the wind blew through the doorway and the splintered door groaned on its broken latch. Jordy, I was thinking, Jordy needs me, needs me to get her out of this, and I went into the front room to tell her about the snow and how it was coming down out of season and what that meant. She was crouched in the corner across from the stove and her face was wet and she was shivering. Her sweater was clutched up around her neck and she'd got one leg of her jeans on, but the other leg was bare, sculpted bare and white all the way from her little painted toenails to the curve of her thigh and beyond. It was a hard moment. And I tried to explain to her, I did. "Look outside," I said. "Look out there into the night. You see that?"

She lifted her chin then and looked, out beyond the doorway to the back room, beyond Bud on his bed and the dog on the floor and into the gaping hole where the door had been. And there it was, coming down like the end of everything, snow, and there was only one name for it now. I tried to tell her that. Because we weren't going anywhere.

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baseball (continued from page 84)

No other lineup can go nine with the Tribe, not with Lofton on the bases and Belle knocking pitchers out.

Jake by the Lake is sold out for 1996. Every seat for every home game was gone before Christmas.

Hart landed ace Jack McDowell and lured first baseman Julio Franco home from Japan. He re-signed the young (Manny Ramirez), the old (Orel Hershiser) and the glovely (Omar Vizquel). He even convinced Eddie Murray to take a million-dollar pay cut after Murray hit .323 with 21 homers. He acted to ensure a Cleveland fin de siècle. No other lineup can go nine with the Tribe, not with Kenny Lofton dancing the bases and Most Vile Person Albert Belle knocking pitchers out. And now McDowell, Dennis Martinez, Hershiser, Charles Nagy and closer José Mesa make Indian pitching look almost Atlantan. This is the year baseball's best-laid plan pays off.

After a horrid 1995, **White Sox** owner Jerry Reinsdorf's team dumped Tim Raines and Lance Johnson and showed little interest in top free agents. Will Dennis Rodman come help this club rebound? Clearly, Frank Thomas can't do it alone. The splendid tree trunk hit .308 with 40 dings while pitchers gave him almost nothing to hurt. They walked him 136 times, more than a fourth of his ups. Robin Ventura had 26 homers, but Thomas needs more hitters around him if he's to unleash a Ruthian year. Signees Tony Phillips, Danny Tartabull, Harold Baines and Darren Lewis? Not enough. Phillips and Baines are 37. Two NL clubs gave up on Lewis. The Yanks and A's couldn't wait to unload Tartabull. Oh, yes—the Sox hired Bill Buckner as batting coach. Can you hear Reinsdorf-hater Jack McDowell chuckling up his Cleveland sleeve? Will Chicago be the first second-place team to finish 40 games out?

The **Royals** were last in the AL in homers and runs scored. They enter the new year with a new infield: overswinger Bob Hamelin at first, imp Bip Roberts at second, veteran bush leaguer Keith Lockhart at third and butterfingered José Offerman at short. Top starter Kevin Appier and closer Jeff Montgomery are trade bait. At least there's a blue-chip Royal prospect in Johnny Damon, and a kid reliever, Jaime Bluma, who spurns Skoal in the bullpen. Bluma chews bugs.

The **Twins** hit one more homer than the Royals. Their pitching ace was, you guessed it, Brad Radke. Marty Cordova had a fab rookie year, but is GM Terry Ryan building around him? No, he signed veteran closer Rick Aguilera, 34, to be a starter. Plus, outfielder Roberto Kelly, 32, and Minnesota-born DH Paul Molitor, 39, to help Kirby Puckett whittle away the long season.

Acting commissioner Bud Selig promised winning baseball if Milwaukee would give his **Brewers** a new ballpark. The city agreed. But few outsiders want to join this cheesy franchise. GM Sal Bando had to pay All-Star money to land three game–winner Ben McDonald. Winning baseball is a memory; Milwaukee is a microbrewery.

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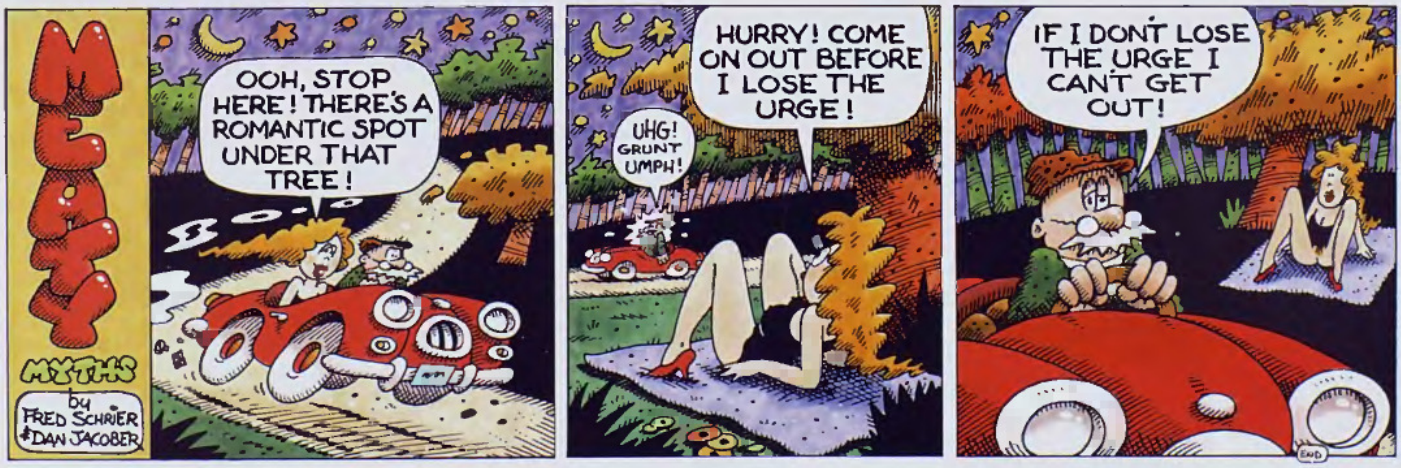
Thud. Meet the Anaheim Mighty Duds. Eleven games up with two months left, the **Angels** crashed and burned. If that's not shame enough, they are now being sold by a cowboy to a mouse. But Disney's controlling interest of Gene Autry's beloved ball club finds the Angels a step from Playoffs World. They're happy, they're animated and they can rule the AL West's small world after all.

California has talent all over. Best of all are the Angels in the outfield. Garret Anderson, Jim Edmonds and Tim Salmon combined to hit .313 with 83 homers and 281 RBIs. Salmon's the oldest at 27. First baseman J.T. Snow is another young whiffer (he and the outfielders averaged 100 strikeouts) who still hits for average and power. Ditto designated hitter Chili Davis, 36, the grown-up in the group.

California GM Bill Bavasi saved the rotation while the Disney sale was on hold, boldly spending $20 million to keep starters Chuck Finley and Jim Abbott. Along with signee Steve Ontiveros, they'll help Mark Langston get games to

the bullpen, which had been an off-season worry. Last winter Lee Smith had what the club called a hunting accident. The all-time–saves king stepped in a hole and twisted his knee. Ex-closer Bryan Harvey, returning for a second stint in Anaheim, tends to wince when he warms up. Smith's and Harvey's 648 combined career saves may be down the drain like fluid from Smith's knee. But, as in all Disney clouds, there's a silver lining: Troy Percival, with three career saves, is better than any kid closer you've seen in a while. Watch Percival's smoke cloud Seattle's hopes.

Before last year's thrilling finish the **Mariners** were undistinguished. Now call them extinguished. Trading first baseman Tino Martinez and third baseman Mike Blowers takes 54 homers off Seattle's corners. Replacements Paul Sorrento and Russ Davis may hit 34. Jay Buhner had a dazzling 1995 but isn't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UHG! GRUNT UMPH!
IF I DONT LOSE THE URGE I CANT GET OUT!
END

about to have consecutive 40-homer, 120-RBI seasons. Likewise Edgar Martinez, who is due to cool off from .356 with 29 homers. The rest of the lineup is punchless, with one major exception: the great Griffey. Junior broke his wrist, came back with a four-inch metal plate and seven screws in his hand and screwed the Yankees with five playoff homers. At 26 he has 189 big-league home runs to go with a new four-year, $34 million contract. But can he carry Seattle's Swiss cheese lineup? Can Randy Johnson carry a rotation that stinks except for him? I suspect the Unit wore down his arm by pitching so often last fall. Less noticed but equally ominous: General manager Woody Woodward traded Jeff Nelson and Bill Risley, who twirled 139 innings of razory middle relief. Seattle pitching now boils down to Johnson and pray for rain, a bad plan for a dome team.

The Texas **Rangers** signed Mike Henneman to save whatever leads their sad rotation provides. Ken Hill heads a pack of starters who need line-drive insurance. Will Clark, Juan Gonzalez and Mickey Tettleton make a formidable middle of the order, but they're surrounded by question marks. How do guys like Kevin Gross (9–15, 5.54 ERA) and shortstop Benji Gil (.219 with 147 whiffs) get into the Ballpark for free?

The **Athletics'** Mark McGwire gets hurt so often you tend to forget what a fearsome talent he is. Last year he clubbed 39 homers in 317 at bats. That translates to 65 over a full season. These A's with their D-minus rotation and incomplete offense may be even worse than last year's last-placers, but as Tony LaRussa flees inland and Oakland sinks into the bay, McGwire still makes a ticket worth the price.

National EAST League

Atlanta's win in the Series was a fitting finale. From 1991, when the Twins sneaked by them, through postseason losses to the Jays in 1992, the Phillies in 1993 and lawyers in 1994, the **Braves** have been the best team on the planet. The proof is in the pitching. Atlanta's superior arms can win all week, then go back to Greg Maddux and do it again. It wasn't predestined—the Cubs had to fumble Maddux away first—but now the puzzle is complete. Reliever Mark Wohlers finally matured, just as GM John Schuerholz promised he would, becoming the closer Atlanta needed. Meanwhile, Maddux won his fourth-straight Cy Young award with a 1.63 ERA, two and a half runs per game better than the league average. His support features Tom Glavine, John Smoltz, Steve Avery and rookie Jason Schmidt. Watch for Avery to improve in 1996, making Ted and Jane's team so pitcher-perfect it will hardly need hitters.

With all its prime-time exposure, Atlanta's lineup is actually more famous than fabulous. The champs batted .250, 26th among the 28 big-league teams. They scored fewer runs than the lousy Marlins or Giants. Schuerholz saved the day by re-signing cleanup man Fred McGriff for $20.5 million. McGriff drives the offense. He'll get more help as Marquis Grissom bounces back from a curiously quiet season and three young Braves enter their primes. Ryan Klesko and catcher Javy Lopez will soon be All-Stars, and Larry Jones is even better. Never heard of Jones, the shoulda-been rookie of the year? Goes by Chipper. He's going to be an MVP.

How fast can a team rebuild? Two years ago the **Mets** were coming off a 103-loss debacle. They had a starter in 1993 whose 3.77 ERA was better than the league average and whose record was 1–16. But good scouting and drafting stocked Kingsport, St. Lucie and Pittsfield, their low-minors clubs, with bright futures. As in Atlanta a few years ago, the good news starts with young starters: Jason Isringhausen, 23, and Bill Pulsipher, 22, are two of the finest. Paul Wilson, top pick in the 1994 draft, makes scouts drool. Bobby Jones, a Mets vet at 26, and rehabbing Pete Harnisch can reel off a few shutouts of their own. The once-comatose attack shows signs of life as well. No current Met had even nine steals, but new leadoff man Lance Johnson stole 40 for the White Sox. Another new arrival, Bernard Gilkey, adds speed and power. Rey Ordoñez, a magical shortstop prospect, may move José Vizcaino to second and powerful Jeff Kent to third, creating a logjam in the outfield. Manager Dallas Green has five fine young outfielders to choose from, including Alex Ochoa, who was pried out of Baltimore's future in the Bobby Bonilla trade. Ochoa, 24, is a rocket-armed, line drive–hitting keeper. He may flop this year (or merely lose out to gifted Carl Everett), but he's sure to be a hit soon, just like these Mets.

Florida's **Marlins** signed Cuban defector Livian Hernandez to the richest bonus-baby deal ever. Hernandez, only 21, may be ready to join a retooled rotation with AL vets Kevin Brown and Al Leiter plus holdovers John Burkett (a PBA-rated bowler with numerous

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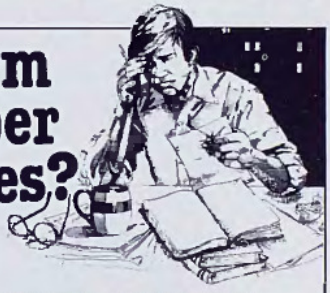

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300 games to his credit) and Chris Hammond. All of Miami thinks the rotation is a commanding bunch, but it was just 44–40 last year. Florida hitters, conversely, are underrated. Catcher Charles Johnson, a peerless defensive talent, is a comer with the bat. Left fielder Jeff Conine had Hall of Fame numbers last year. New center fielder Devon White is still stellar at 33. Right fielder Gary Sheffield hit .324 with 16 homers in half a season before he hurt his shoulder. Surgery fixed it, but the troubled Sheffield got shot in the other shoulder during a carjacking. He gave a semicoherent account of the crime. Then he got hit with a restraining order by an ex-girlfriend, who said she found a nasty note and two bullets on her doorstep. He says everything's fine now. The Marlins, too, claim to have solved their problems, but like Sheffield's police report, they look fishy to me.

The **Phillies** finished 21 games behind the Braves. Their response: signing ho-hum third baseman Todd Zeile to replace yawn Charlie Hayes, signing catcher Benito Santiago so Darren Daulton can move to the outfield. They also traded flash-in-the-Vet closer Heath Slocumb to Boston to make room for sharp soph Ricky Bottalico. Twenty or 30 more good ideas and the Phils might start worrying Atlanta.

Former Montreal GM Kevin Malone went to Baltimore as an assistant rather than continue dismantling the **Expos.** Multitalented Rondell White, Cliff Floyd and kid pitcher Ugueth Urbina are worth a look, but the Spos will be ex-Spos, relocated and renamed, before they win again.

Drayton McLane had a heart and wallet as big as Texas when he bought the **Astros** in 1992. He instantly shot himself in the foot. McLane bankrolled the signings of pitchers Doug Drabek and Greg Swindell, high-priced Texans who have stunk up the Dome ever since. That blunder overshadowed the decade's epic deal: In 1990 Houston fleeced Boston, trading a month's worth of Larry Andersen for Jeff Bagwell. Bagwell now leads a team no division rival can match, atop an organization that's the envy of the Central. GM Gerry Hunsicker cemented 1996 by shelling out $22 million to retain Craig Biggio, who showed loyalty to team, town and buddy Bagwell by spurning richer deals elsewhere. Those two join outfielder Derek Bell and ex-Expo third baseman Sean Berry in a potent lineup sparked by leadoff man Brian Hunter, who may change his name to Bunter to fit in with the rest of the Houston Bs. The rotation figures to be Drabek, gifted Shane Reynolds, wily kid lefty Mike Hampton, Swindell and Darryl Kile. Rookies Billy Wagner, who led the minors in strikeouts, and Donne Wall will play major roles soon. Then there's baby batsman Bob Abreu, 22, who lit up every level of the minors. The Astros, who lost Bagwell and Bell to the DL, still would have made the 1995 playoffs if not for two extra-inning disasters during the final week. They should win by ten this time around.

The St. Louis **Cardinals** are the Midwest's kinkiest team. After the team's five underachieving years with Joe Torre, Anheuser-Busch lured manager Tony LaRussa out of Oakland. A vegetarian lawyer and occasional extra in an opera or ballet, LaRussa promptly got arch with a St. Louis landmark: He demoted Ozzie Smith to benchwarmer. A still better move for this pitiful offense was replacing third baseman Scott Cooper, who hit three home runs, with 35-homer man Gary Gaetti. With an outfield of Ron Gant in left, Ray Lankford in center and Brian Jordan in right, GM Walt Jocketty could trade for pitching. Signee Andy Benes, the ace, isn't much better than fellow starter Alan Benes, his little brother. Todd Stottlemyre, an ex-Oaklander, trailed only Randy Johnson in AL strikeouts last year. Donovan Osborne and Danny Jackson fill out the rotation. For a closer the Cards have a choice of Dennis Eckersley, another distinguished Oaklander, ex-Oriole Gregg Olson or rookie John Frascatore. They might even talk Tom Henke out of retirement. One question: If these Cards win, will Ozzie do somersaults?

Cincinnati GM Jim Bowden is a psychoeconomist. His boss, dotty owner Marge Schott, believes in voodoo. She has called her black players "million-dollar niggers." She makes club executives pay their own way to league meetings and saves quarters by making the **Reds** pay for their own newspapers on the road. Bowden humors Schott and uses her pinched pennies to build a winner every year. But not this year. New skipper Ray Knight inherits a club that stars league MVP Barry Larkin and outfielder Reggie Sanders. The rotation starts with lefties Pete Schourek and John Smiley and falls off to Mark Portugal and Dave Burba. Bowden hopes to catch lightning in a cheap bottle with the signings of Vince Coleman—who'll probably win the leadoff slot—and Eric Davis. Remember when Davis hurt his kidney diving for a ball in the 1990 Series? Marge made him pay his own way home. The Reds have Schott but no shot.

Ryne's back! So forget the fact that **Cubs** pitching won't improve without expensive free agents. Forget that MVP candidate Sammy Sosa makes the outfield seem like one big banana peel, that Mark Grace is a middling star at best, that rookie Brooks Kieschnick is a born DH and that the new closer tandem, slowballer Doug Jones and madman Rob Dibble, belong in a sitcom. Recall that in 1994, with his team still alive in the NL East, Ryne Sandberg quit. Just took off. Imagine the reaction if, say, Albert Belle were to try that. But Sandburg, shy and pale, gets the hero treatment upon his return. He'll help the Cubs stay out of last place.

Pittsburgh skipper Jim Leyland burst into tears during a September home stand. He was worried his team would be sold and/or moved. Unfortunately for Leyland, who weeps at store closings, the **Pirates** are still in Pittsburgh and still lousy. Their best pitcher is Denny Neagle, who has a 29–30 career. Their top hitter is Orlando Merced. 'Nuff said, except to say that Leyland, one of the best baseball thinkers, deserves better.

Snooze and lose? Tommy Lasorda, accused of dozing off in the dugout, won his eighth division title but almost lost his job. Like most Lasorda teams, the **Dodgers** were thought to be better than their record. As the team crept home an inch ahead of the Rockies (and then got vacuumed in the playoffs), Dodgers fans called for the manager's head. Owner Peter O'Malley spared it. Tommy has one more chance to win his first pennant since 1988.

Don't bet against him. Lasorda's "Dodger Blue" blah-blah may have worn as thin as Frank Sinatra's hair, but the man has four World Series and one other thing on his side. In 1988 he insisted the club use a 62nd-round draft pick on his rich buddy Vince Piazza's kid. Young Mike Piazza became 1993 Rookie of the Year. He missed a month last summer but still hit .346 with 32 homers. When a

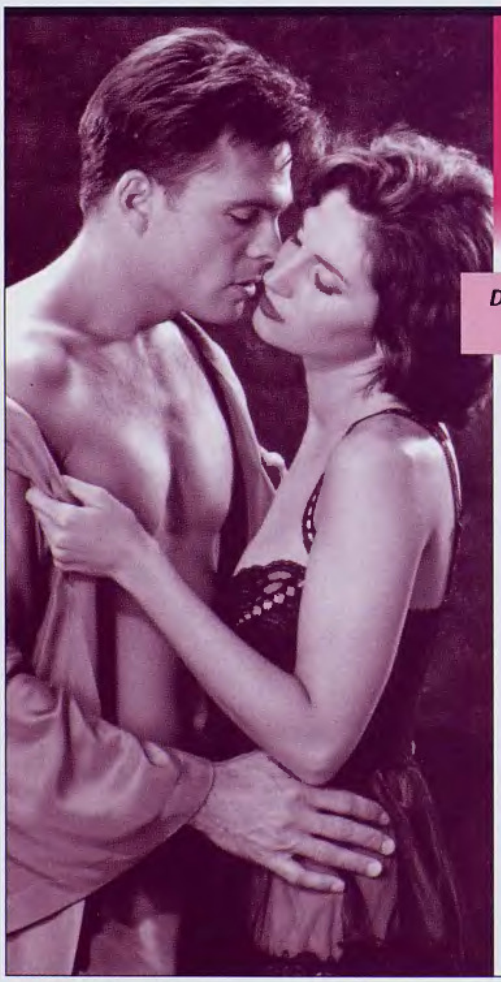
guy with Babar speed bats .346, you know he's hitting nothing but tracers. Piazza, my MVP pick, is going to make this season so exciting Tommy won't want to nod off.

Dodgers GM Fred Claire clinched the NL West by re-signing leadoff scrapper Brett Butler and number two hitter Delino DeShields. They set the table for Raul Mondesi (26 homers, 27 steals in an off year), Piazza and Eric Karros (32 homers, 105 RBIs). Left fielder Todd Hollandsworth, 23, is a star in the making. Third baseman Mike Blowers had 23 homers in Seattle. More important, shortstop Greg Gagne, fresh from Kansas City, is the shortstop Los Angeles pitchers have prayed for after four years of José Offerman's fumbles. Lasorda's soon-to-be-famous United Nations rotation starts with Dominican fastballer Ramón Martinez. Next come rookie of the year Hideo Nomo (who eats with chopsticks but uses a forkball at work), Mexican whiz Ismael Valdes, American knuckleballer Tom Candiotti and either Korean whirlwind Chan Ho Park or Pedro Astacio, who is Swiss (OK, he's Dominican, but that won't help in this group). The closer is Todd Worrell, with Antonio Osuna poised to take over that role soon. It all adds up to a few more years of Lasorda. Tommy's not ready for the big sleep just yet.

How does Don Baylor spell relief? Role aids. **Rockies** pitchers all have specific, limited roles. Starters in home games go five or six if they're lucky, then get a pat on the butt for lasting so long in pitchers' mile-high hell. Baylor then goes to his middlemen—a lefty here, a submarining Steve Reed there—before juggling closers Bruce Ruffin, Darren Holmes and Curt Leskanic to finish another 12–9 win. Necessity invented this mother. In 1993, Colorado's virgin year, the staff had nine complete games, but as Baylor saw how cruelly Denver's thin air pressured pitchers he hit on a new plan: endless fresh arms. The Rocks had four complete games in 1994. They had one last year as Baylor set a record for switching pitchers. Colorado's octopus bullpen worked in 1995, but it's bound to show some wear soon, and there's a similar thinness in the lineup. Outfielder Dante Bichette deserved the MVP award over Cincinnati's Larkin. (Games played in Denver count in the standings, so why not in MVP voting?) Still, I'll eat yellow snow if Bichette and Vinny Castilla combine for more than 70 homers and 200 RBIs again. Larry Walker, now asked to play center, is an injury about to happen. Andres Galarraga is aging fast as his whiffs approach infinity. The Rockies are due for a fall.

But the **Padres** are better than you think. With butterball immortal Tony Gwynn in right, Steve Finley in center and Rickey Henderson in left, they have an All-Starrish outfield. Wally Joyner and Ken Caminiti are sharp at the infield corners. Young starters Andy Ashby and Joey Hamilton don't stink, though vet Bob Tewksbury does—his sole virtue is not walking people, so fewer runs score on the doubles and homers he allows. You have to hate San Diego for signing washed-up Fernando Valenzuela in a cynical attempt to boost the Mexican gate. You have to love Fernando for nibbling desperately at the corners, cobbling together a six-game winning streak and winning a new $500,000 contract. The Pads may contend.

Even with a pitching coach named Dick Pole, **Giants** hurlers weren't macho. They had a 4.86 ERA, worst of any NL club outside Denver. Ace lefthander Terry Mulholland went 5–13. Closer Rod Beck, who is looking like a case study in the arm erosion that stalks splitfinger artists, was almost as bad. San Francisco should trade Barry Bonds and Matt Williams for 20 primo prospects, but management seems to lack the *cojones* for such a move. This is the way a franchise dwindles, not with a bang-up trade but a wimp year.



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MUSIC TO THEIR EARS

electronic toys of the stars

Ever wonder what kind of sound equipment great musicians listen to when they're not making music themselves? We asked a number of rock, country, soul, jazz and blues notables to name their personal playback and recording gear. Hit the power button.

Chris Ballew and **Dave Dederer** (Presidents of the United States of America): "Lo-fi. That's definitely us. It prevents us from slipping into clichés." This goal of achieving more with less extends to the Presidents' listening equipment. Dederer spins vinyl platters through a 12-year-old Aiwa boom box. Ballew recently invested in a hockshop bookshelf stereo of low repute, to mate with a portable CD spinner presented by his record label. (It pays to have your album go gold on Sony.) "The CD player is a nice one," he says, "but I like how these cheap little speakers warm up the digital sound. The guy wanted $50 for the stereo. I got him down to $35."

Adrian Belew (solo artist and member of King Crimson): According to Belew, the favorite new tool of independently minded musicians is the ADAT recorder. "ADAT offers eight tracks of digital audio recording and playback on inexpensive S-VHS videotapes, and the unit is not much bigger than a conventional VCR. This has allowed people like me to enter into the world of owning a recording studio. For $12,000 to $15,000, you can buy 32 tracks of ADAT plus a remote-control system and a small board. That sort of setup used to cost more than $100,000."

Kenny "Babyface" Edmonds: "I will create reasons to get in the car and drive, so I can listen to my mixes. At the moment, I own a 1995 Toyota Land Cruiser and a 1996 Porsche 911 Tiptronic. Both have the factory CD-changer sound systems—Panasonic in the Toyota, Becker in the Porsche. Factory systems have gotten much better. Listening to Madonna's Bose sound system in her Mercedes turned me around."

Billy Joel: Joel's 1995 Jaguar XJR is his favorite place to hear music. "The sound's much better than you can get with a conventional home stereo. And there's something about being mobile, driving by yourself, that really goes with listening to music." The Jag roars to life with a premium Harman Kardon nine-speaker system, a 240-watt amplifier and a six-disc autochanger hiding in the trunk. What's the piano man playing? "Mostly I listen to classical music, a lot of symphonies. Mozart, Debussy and especially Beethoven."

Paul Leary (Butthole Surfers): "I'm really into my Panasonic SV-3900 DAT machine, which I use to record a lot of Butthole guitar parts. A Rotel CD player is the most recent thing I bought. I needed a player to hear the CD demos I came out of the mastering plant with. My old player wouldn't track them. But the truth is, I haven't been home to listen to it much. I bought the thing and left town."

Wynton Marsalis: "I have a pair of Infinity Epsilon speakers in the bedroom that have a tremendous sound, such depth. They're about five feet tall and use these special planar drivers—flat rather than cone shaped—for all but the woofer. I like to sit on the floor right between them and pretend I'm there where the music's being played."

Kevin Martin (Candlebox): "We invested in a portable audio-video system which is custom built into two equipment cases that we just roll backstage when touring. We've got a Bryston preamp and 500-watt amplifier, Tascam CD, DAT and cassette players, a Proton 31-inch stereo TV, a Mitsubishi S-VHS VCR and a pair of amazing B&W 803 Series II loudspeakers. We also carry Sony Playstation, Sega Saturn and 3DO game systems and an RCA DSS satellite system. The whole thing cost about $12,000—excessive, but worth it."

Paddy Moloney (Chieftains): "I get me best compositional ideas for an album track or movie theme while walking down a road or sitting on an airplane. Being an old-fashioned guy, I used to grab a piece of scrap paper or an airsickness bag to scribble down the idea. But I've finally gotten smart and invested in tape recorders that I can hum into. My walking machine, a Sony TCS-580V cassette recorder, has stereo mikes and a speaker on it, so I don't have to listen to the playback on headphones. The other machine is an Olympus Pearlcorder. I use it on airplanes, because the microphone is very sensitive. You can hum something into it at a low volume and it reproduces tremendously."

Carl Querfurth (Roomful of Blues): "We're on the road a lot so we have a good sound system on the bus, with CD and cassette, Bose 901 speakers and a Harman Kardon A300 tube amp. We use a Sota Deluxe 78/45/33-speed turntable when the bus is parked. There's nothing like a good 78 played through a vintage amp, and the aging Harman Kardon has a warm sound to it."

Joey Ramone (Ramones): "Rock and roll is about imperfections—that's why I still prefer analog. I think my Sony Sports Walkman has the truest sound of any I've heard. I listen to it with these cool yellow-and-black Sony turbodrive bud headphones that I got in Japan. This Walkman is definitely shock-resistant. I've bounced and caught it like a Duncan yo-yo and it still plays."

Jim "Soni" Sonefeld (Hootie & the Blowfish): "The thing we've used the most is our Sony 8mm video cassette recorder. We have a cool collection of stuff on video that we did last year—wild partying in Paris, the Fairway to Heaven VH1 golf tournament, Darius Rucker singing at the first game of the World Series, playing with Al Green at the Billboard Awards, doing Neil Young's Bridge School benefit and the Sinatra gala. And we always had it in the studio in San Rafael, where we were recording our new album."

Pam Tillis: "I held up work on my recent album *All of This Love* so I could apply the new high-definition compatible disc mastering process. I'm the first person in Nashville with a Rotel RCD-990 HDCD player. Using HDCD improves the performance of a disc on any CD player, and the disc sounds even better when it's played on an HDCD model."

Bob Weir (Grateful Dead and Ratdog): Weir credits much of the high-fidelity impact of the Grateful Dead's live performances to the loudspeakers of John Meyer, an acoustics physicist in Berkeley "who I first met up with 15 years ago at an Audio Engineering Society convention. He's a real speaker guru. I've installed a pair of Meyer's bi-amped, HD-2s in my living room that are really accurate and natural sounding."

—JONATHAN TAKIFF

SOUND ADVICE

(continued from page 88)

tial for double duty is top-notch. It encompasses seven speakers—three identical left, right and center models, two subwoofers (designed so the left and right speakers can be placed on top of them) and two triangular surround speakers with separate drivers on each side, which create a radiant feel. The entire speaker set goes for about $7000.

Once you've wed the ideal AV receiver to your choice of speakers, consider acquiring a CD jukebox (they're also called mega CD changers). Sony initiated the category a few years ago with the first 100-disc changer. Come fall, the company will offer a model that stores 200 discs—the largest mega CD changer to date. In the meantime, Technics has come out with a 111-disc model with a connection that allows you to hook up an IBM-compatible computer keyboard to assign 14-character names to your discs. Select CD number 94 and "R.E.M.'s *Green*," for example, will scroll across the front-panel display. The $500 SL-MC700 also allows you to program up to 32 tracks for playback and to organize your CD collection by musical genres, as well as by special categories.

Other mega CD changers are available from Pioneer (you can link up to three of its 100-disc models), Aiwa and JVC. Each is priced at less than $1000. JVC has developed a particularly innovative system that consists of a receiver which is placed with other home theater components and a separate 100-disc changer that can be stored in a closet.

Connect any one of these jukeboxes to Pioneer's recordable compact disc player and you can make excellent compilation CDs from your collection. This single-disc PDR-05 sells for under $2000 and records on blank 60-minute compact discs priced around $20 each.

And to operate all these gadgets—without juggling a slew of remotes—check out Sony's RM-V21 ($30). This universal remote control rests vertically in a tabletop stand, ready for action. It's preprogrammed with codes for most major brands and even features a keypad with backlit buttons for easy surfing late at night. And speaking of late-night surfing, you can let your partner sleep in peace with Sennheiser's IS 850 headphones (about $1400). This digital infrared model lets you listen within a 400-foot radius of the column-shaped base station. Headphones such as these are also a great way to take advantage of the picture-and-picture function found on new TV sets by Sony, JVC and others. Picture-and-picture allows you to watch two programs simultaneously—one plays through your speakers and the other through your headphones.

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MEDIA

(continued from page 18)

powerful airheads, not powerless women. For instance, Liza despises getting hot-coffee enemas as part of sex play with her boyfriend of two years, restaurateur George Santo Pietro (who later married Vanna White). You can't much blame her, of course, since it's hard to figure what the upside might be of a coffee enema. However, she endures them and then writes, "It wasn't these hot-coffee enemas that drove us apart." No, it turns out that the real problem was that Santo Pietro was cheating on her. Hello? Coffee enemas are OK, but infidelity is a problem?

If stupidity is one of the culprits, drugs are clearly another. These girls snort enough cocaine to allow a Colombian drug lord to take early retirement, and it's because of drug use—not prostitution—that this book has its gothic moments. When bad things happen to these women—and bad things do—you can pretty much be sure a line of coke or a bottle of quaaludes is nearby.

The drug use is so rampant, the stupidity so continual and the star-fucking so blatant, these women can't engender sympathy even when they deserve it. One of the book's most disturbing scenes involves Tiffany's descent into sadomasochism with producer Don Simpson. Looked at as a single episode, it's a horrendous experience. Within the context of the book, it becomes, sadly, just another boneheaded move by a drug-addled hooker, someone who by that point in time had enough experience to know better and to seek help.

Because the book dishes real names and talks dirty—and has the imprimatur of Steinem—it packed an enormous PR wallop when it was released. The myth became even bigger when Simpson died at the age of 52, in his bathroom, reading a book. The name of that book? The rumor mill claimed it was *You'll Never Make Love in This Town Again*. Upon seeing himself exposed as a sadomasochist, his heart simply stopped beating.

It makes for a good story, unless you've read the book. No one who has made it all the way through *You'll Never Make Love* would think this book could embarrass anyone to death. If that were true, Simpson would still be alive and the authors would be dead.

"May already! We'll never get to Bethlehem with all these cigarette breaks!"

FRIENDS

(continued from page 60)

Then what? Do you experience a higher level of anxiety when you move into the general population?

You have difficulty getting into relationships. In college it's easy to meet people. In the real world, you can't say, "What's your major?" You have to find a new group. Even in New York, I find it's easier to be part of one circle that's connected to others.

How present is the threat of AIDS? Do you know heterosexuals who got AIDS?

I don't hear of heterosexuals who are HIV-positive other than those the media has brought to our attention: Allison Gertz, Ryan White, Magic Johnson. Personally, the people I know who are HIV-positive contracted HIV through sex with a gay man, not through heterosexual sex. I don't know anyone who has contracted it through needles, either, but that says more about my social circle than anything else. Most middle-class 20-somethings fall in the same category. They get HIV through sex with a gay man. But everyone I know—everyone—says they are afraid of getting AIDS. And they still don't understand that it's not that easy to get. I am asked, "Can I get it from kissing?" Or, "Can I get it easily if I go down on a woman?" Things they should be able to understand, they still don't understand. And this comes from a generation that had AIDS education in school! They've heard the answers.

But they want constant reassurance?

Exactly. Most of their school districts had AIDS education. They have heard the scare tactics, but they're just not conscious of the answers. However, they are afraid. A small percentage always uses condoms, some never do and most use them except when neither partner has one. Or they use them at first but stop because they're sure they can trust each other—until they find out one of them has cheated.

How about the AIDS test? Has it become a dating ritual?

Absolutely. Most 20-somethings who want a committed, monogamous relationship will convince their lover to get tested. Or they'll get tested together. But most of the people who get the test are at so little risk. I've talked with women in college who have had sex with only two men—with condoms—but they still worry enough to get tested. And that's fine. If they want reassurance, fine. It's an inexpensive test. But they don't realize they have to wait six months—using condoms throughout—and get tested again to make sure they don't have it. This generation wants to stop using condoms in relationships. Most I've talked to have had sex with and without.

When you say it's hard to use a condom, do you speak from experience?

As a sex educator, I don't just say, "Use

a condom every single time." I tell people tips I've learned about how to have more fun with condoms. A man is much more willing to use a condom if he's presented with it in an enjoyable way. Little tricks like putting lubricant inside the condom. When I tell men about it they say, "Now that you mention it, gee, a condom might feel better with lubricant." I mean the men I teach in workshops. In my book I teach women to put condoms on with their mouths. Those are things that can help people my age.

Does having sex without a condom sound like more fun to you than with a condom? Or would that cause more anxiety?

I value my sexual health as I value my general health. The only way to have sex that's safe is to use a condom. Those are my personal values.

Do you look forward to the day when you don't have to use a condom?

Actually, I don't think about it in terms like that. That's interesting. I don't know. I've been thinking and talking about this since 1988. But most people my age resent using condoms because we feel we were promised a sexual revolution we never got. They use them because it's a fact of life, it's a normal function of having sex. The issues that I personally deal with have more to do with relationships than they do with sexual intercourse.

Would you ever date a sex educator?

I would not be interested in a guy in this field. I'm more compatible with people in other industries—say, movie stars. Who wants a sex educator when you can date a movie star? Except for people who want to date me.

You want to name names?

Not yet. In the past few months I've dated movie stars, students, doctors, lawyers, TV people, writers. That's kind of a lot of people, isn't it? [*Laughs*] But it's just dating. Once I find someone great I'll commit to him. I need someone strong and successful who can deal with all that I've accomplished. I'm traditional—I want a farm and puppies and kids and marriage. I hope I'll have marriage first. But there's no chance of my getting pregnant right now when I'm single because I, uh, am not having sex now.

Why is that?

I can't have sex while I'm dating all these people, so I abstain. It would probably be too confusing: "Who's this inside me now?"

Is anyone having good sex?

Sure, plenty of people are having good sex. I think, though, they want to have mind-blowing sex, to take it a step further. Most 20-year-olds have problems with not knowing or not feeling comfortable with their bodies. Body-image problems are so pervasive. The sexual prowess of a young guy—how much fun he will have in bed—is tied up with how big he thinks his penis looks to his new partner. When a couple is naked

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together for the first time, they are very evolved if they do not wonder, How shall I roll over so he or she doesn't notice my butt?

Is this because they see themselves as being part of a movie?

Part of it is the impact of the media, the impact of seeing perfect images of bodies. Or we can talk about ads if you want. You could say it's the diet industry or the billions spent on exercise.

Is that a major issue—how they look?

Yes. Developmentally, their bodies are still new. They're getting used to sex with those bodies. Let's say they started having sex when they were 15, 16, 17.

Is that the normal age?

Sure, 16 is the average. Fifty percent have had sex by age 16. Their bodies are not fully developed. Let's say they have sex throughout college. They've started to understand their bodies fairly well by the time they're 20. By their early 20s it's the first time they feel stuck in those bodies or notice they're gaining weight. They find they need some upkeep to have a body that looks at all like the media images. And you can't enjoy sex until you feel comfortable with your body.

Is this a big postcollege thing? Do they see themselves rolling around in the surf on "Baywatch"?

I think more *Friends*, *Melrose Place*. Those are the age groups of TV characters I think about. We call my TV show a reality version of *Friends* because people sit around talking. But on *Friends* they never talk about body image because they have perfect bodies. And they always talk about body image with me on my TV show.

What about women in their 20s who admire how their female friends look and worry, "Hey, do I want to have sex with her?"

It's common for a woman in her 20s to experiment with another woman, very common. Many women want to try lesbianism because they feel an attraction for women. And that's because of the prevalence of erotic images of women—like in PLAYBOY. The images of women in our society are so beautiful, it's so easy for a woman to look and say, "She's so beautiful. I can see myself with her sexually. But I'm not gay." Compare that with a man looking at images of men.

Like Antonio Banderas?

Yeah. He played bisexual characters in those Almodóvar movies: *Law of Desire, Matador*—the old ones before *Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown* was a hit. When men look at a sex symbol like him they don't think, Hey, I can be sexual with him. Instead, they think, Hey, is he gay? He did play a gay guy. Then they think, I can't be turned on by a gay guy. They don't know whether these stars are gay or straight so they won't let themselves feel attracted, while a woman is able to feel attracted to a female sex symbol. That's the new sexuality, the new sexual orientation women have adopted. "I'm not bisexual but sometimes I like to experiment with women because I find them attractive." I think that has to do with images. By now we know that men and women—not just men—are turned on by sexual images. And 20-somethings are well aware of it.

Are women fooled by their feelings because everything is sexually charged? Or do they think, Well, sex with a woman might be nice?

Sometimes they do it because their boyfriend wants to have sex with another woman—it's almost never another guy. What the women don't stop to consider is that not only will they have a threesome but they're also going to have sex with a woman for the first time. Often that's the way a woman is introduced to sex with another woman.

If two women are with one guy, who says the women have to touch each other?

Last week on my TV show, three or four out of the six guys said they had threesomes. One of them, an absolutely adorable guy, 25, said he didn't like his threesome because he was an accessory. I hear that so much.

Doesn't someone always get left out?

Yeah, but again, the women are experimenting with bisexuality. They have a guy present so they don't feel like lesbians. It's very prevalent.

It's not like it's a chance for the guy to fuck around—with his girlfriend's approval?

There's so much less of that today. It's more a way for a woman to experiment with another woman than a way for a guy to cheat. I hear far more stories of threesomes that go wrong because the guy feels left out than a woman who feels hurt because the guy is cheating.

Are we loosening up about cheating?

What I hear from women is "I want to stay with my boyfriend even though he's cheating." It's a sad fact.

Toys, role-playing, videos—there are many sexual treats out there. What kind of an impact do they have?

Phone sex is fun. The big question is, "How do you know the other person got off and wasn't acting?" Still, people enjoy it if they do it well. We're bored with this talk of cybersex—I hear that all the time. Sex online is just like phone sex—except it's easier because you have more time to think before you type. They say they're bored with CD-ROMs. They'd rather look at videos. I think we are jaded because we have looked at more sexually explicit material than any other generation. No other generation saw S&M exposed the way we have. Yet it's still only a turn-on for the few who like to do it or who just have a leather fetish.

Isn't it a big trend for people to say they have tried everything once?

Well, I think as far as anal sex, some people say that's a forbidden area. But I get lots of questions about it. It seems like a lot of people are enjoying it. One guy on my show said the best oral sex he ever got was when a woman started exploring his anus with her finger and tongue. He was shocked, but then he realized how good it felt and got over the inhibition. As Funkadelic George

"Listen carefully, fuckface. This next one's a trick question that will tell us how well you handle stress."

Clinton said, "Free your mind and your ass will follow."

Will a woman your age talk with another woman this graphically about anal sex?

They will talk about it far more casually than a man. If a woman is anally liberated her friends take it to mean she's comfortable with her body. Unless the friend says, "That's disgusting, I never do that." But if a man expresses that he's anally liberated, his friends will say, "Oh, you want guys to do that to you? What are you, gay?" There's much more fear for men.

How popular are porn tapes?

Recently, I did a show with six guys and I asked, "Who masturbates to porn videos?" All of them said they did. I think couples do that also—some couples act out sex in front of videos, some couples just watch. The only problem is when the sex scene ends and you're not done. Next thing you know you're watching two guys fully dressed on a cheesy set, and you don't know what they are talking about because, of course, you haven't followed the plot. I recommend that you preview the movie quickly first.

Are MTV or B movies with nudity sexier than porn?

I think more people get aroused seeing sex. But there are still some women who like romance and the seduction of seeing something that hints of sex.

Which group are you in?

I'm in an interesting category. When I'm in my office looking at a porn magazine or looking at a porn video, it doesn't even occur to me to get turned on. It's just work. You know?

Well, I'll be surprised if there's not one image that doesn't catch my attention. Do you get turned on by erotic images?

I don't like to get into my personal life. That's where I tend to stop. I mean, if I'm looking at a piece of erotica in my bedroom, I'll feel turned on. If that same piece is in my office, I won't. That's how I've integrated this career with my life. If you come to my office at home you will notice that the door to my bedroom is shut. I don't let reporters into my bedroom and I don't get turned on by my work. But sure, I can get turned on by anything that's erotic to me.

How can you treat erotica so conditionally?

If I'm hosting my show and my guests are six totally gorgeous, single guys talking about sex and telling erotic stories, there is no way I would hook up with one of them. But if I'm at a club with a friend and I meet a gorgeous single guy and he tells me an erotic story, sure I'm going to get turned on. It's the context.

That seems reasonable. Who do you give more advice to, women or men?

Split. 50-50. Different advice. Women ask for emotional advice. Guys say, "I like sleeping with my ex, but I don't know if it's a good idea."

Guys ask their friends, "Did she swallow?" What do women say?

A woman knows a guy wants to be swallowed so he'll feel more psychological acceptance.

He likes it because it feels better.

Or because he might think it feels better. I'm sorry—because it feels better. So she's thinking, Should I swallow to make him feel better? But at the same time, as she's thrusting her head up and down on his penis, she is also thinking, Am I more at risk of HIV if I swallow? Am I going to gag and vomit on him? The next day, she might say to her friend, "Last night I swallowed. Am I going to get AIDS?"

How about, "I wonder when this guy's going to eat me out?"

A lot of young women feel insecure about a man performing oral sex on them because they're afraid he's not going to like the smell or the taste. They feel self-conscious in totally letting go.

Is it a big deal for a young woman to go out and buy a G-string?

No, it's not. Some women don't like the way their butts look so they don't wear them. They might buy one or lingerie that's cut out if the guy wants them to. Turnoffs to women: Guys who are out of college who wear boxers with their college emblem and guys who wear plain white cotton briefs, though Calvins are OK. If a woman cares about how she looks sexually, she wants some reciprocation from the man. Sexy lingerie

"Very well, Jennings, you may remove the chair."

has been so integrated in our culture through the Victoria's Secret catalog. Women don't think it's a big deal unless they feel pressure.

How conversant are the people you know about sex toys?

I've held up dildos in front of 400 people in universities. I have seen some shocked faces while others say, "Where's the studded dildo? Where's the one that looks like a dolphin?" At school, when someone says she's unable to have an orgasm, she's told a vibrator will help. There's that sharing of information.

How does that work?

I was once approached after a lecture by two 19-year-olds. Sue had never had an orgasm. Her friend Ellen told her to use a vibrator. Sue went to a store and asked, "What's the best vibrator?" "The Hitachi Magic Wand." Sue used it and had orgasms with it. They wanted to know if you could get addicted to a vibrator. I told Sue she was relying too much on the vibrator and to go cold turkey. "Learn to use your hand," I said. She pouted but said she'd try.

The Hitachi Magic Wand is a mythic device, isn't it?

Any 20-something woman who knows anything about vibrators knows about the Hitachi Magic Wand. It's the best-seller and you can buy attachments.

What are some common fantasies for people in their 20s?

Exotic locations, oh my God, exotic locations are huge. They want to do more. They're doing it in the office, in the elevator, in the plane, the park, the bar.

The danger is exciting?

They don't do it in a public place to see if they get caught. It's more the feeling of, "We can have sex. Let's conquer the world with sex. Let's do it everywhere we can." And it's a great, celebratory feeling.

What do you think of other sex educators, such as Dr. Ruth, say, or Dr. Judy Kuriansky?

A lot of sex educators have overblown images. Dr. Ruth has become a caricature of herself. Dr. Kuriansky went on *Ricki Lake* dressed like a referee. It's like, wait a minute, we're talking about sex. Why not just be yourself?

In your book you say your friends at college got politicized about sex.

We have to get rid of sexual politics. Even PLAYBOY is falling victim to the politicization of sex. Once, a magazine about sex was about human relationships. Now there's so much politics laced through the *Playboy Forum*.

That's our platform for our political issues. What else would we put there?

I think it's unfortunate that politics is so much in the fore. I resent feminists from the Seventies and Eighties who said the personal is political.

Beyond the headlines, do you think what they say has actually affected how people date or fall in love?

Oh gosh, it does. A woman goes out on a date and thinks, I don't know if I should invite him back to my room because he might rape me, instead of thinking, I don't know if I should invite him back to my room because I don't know if I like him enough. Or, If I fool around I don't know if I can express how much I do or don't want him.

Wait a minute. Aside from its current political context, can't you see how date rape can be a practical subject?

No, no, no! Talk about dating! Not date rape! Dating is a sensible subject. They don't talk about it. All they talk about is the politics of date rape. Their talk shouldn't be in the context of rape, it should be in the context of dating. This generation thinks in terms of politics first. When a woman is in college, she is exposed to the pro-choice versus pro-life debate. But when she goes out into the real world, if she gets pregnant, she is at a total loss. So I teach college students how to deal with personal, emotional issues because they have no clue.

Are they that clueless? Don't their friends have any answers?

To politics! Women in their early 20s who get pregnant say to me, "I never thought about this. I'm pro-choice." I say, "Yes, but do you want to keep your baby or have an abortion?" They've never thought about it.

Is it so unusual to support a woman's right to choose and at the same time not want to have an abortion?

They spend four years at an institution where all they learn to do is talk about sex in a pretentious way. They don't know how to deal with people on a date. They don't know how to make decisions about sex. They don't want to use a condom, but they don't know what to do about disease. That's why I get so angry. We have to stop the sexual politics and learn to talk about practical issues. About pleasure. About fucking.

"In this hospital, Miss Jackson, when we prep a patient for surgery, we don't comment on the size of his penis."

PLAYBOY ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

SMART SHOOTERS

It's about the most innovative development in cameras since the single-lens reflex. That's right—a new film format. Developed by a consortium of industry leaders, including Kodak, Fujifilm, Minolta and Nikon, Advanced Photo System combines pocket-size cameras similar to 35mm automatics with a new 24mm film that's packed with smart conveniences. When using an APS camera, for example, you can change the aspect ratio of photos from standard to wide to panoramic with each shot. You can also remove film in the middle of a roll (say, to switch from black and white to color). But best of all, APS film features a magnetic strip that records digital info related to lighting conditions, allowing processing equipment to adjust automatically for better-looking prints.

Information Exchange, another APS advantage, lets you print the date and time on the back of a photo. It also allows you to choose print quantities in advance of processing and more. This feature is available in high-end APS cameras such as Fujifilm's Endeavor 300 Zoom APS camera and Kodak's Advantix 3700ix (pictured, left to right). The former also offers a 30mm to 90mm zoom, autofocus, a multiprogrammed flash and red-eye reduction (about $300), while the latter combines a 24mm f3.6 lens, autofocus and a flip-up flash ($195). Film prices start at $4.50.

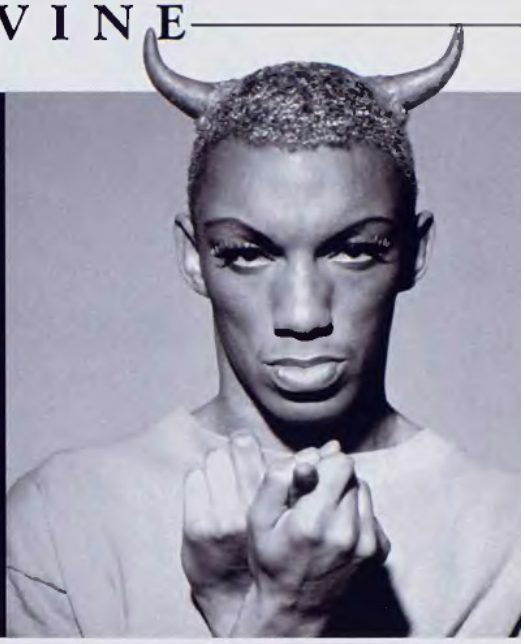
JAMES IMBROGNO

Petty Girl

LORI PETTY has played tomboys in *Point Break*, *A League of Their Own* and *Tank Girl*. But when she goes out to party, her outfits speak in more womanly tones. Lucky for us.

The Horns of a Dilemma

What to call TRICKY's music—British dancehall, trip-hop, ambient? No matter, his first CD, *Maxinquaye*, took on the slow groove. He's now writing new material to get out another album by fall.



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© GARY LEWIS/WIREIMAGE

Water Nymph

LAUREL likes to go by one name. Featured on cable's *Red Shoe Diaries*, on video in *Lovebites* and on Playboy TV, Laurel is definitely swimming upstream.

© LEVERETT BRADLEY

© JAY BLAKESBERG/RETNA LTD.

Good, Better, Best

BETTER THAN EZRA's album *Deluxe* went platinum, and *Rosealia* is a Hot 100 single. The band is back in the studio, working on a follow-up that's due out in September. Let Ezra try to top that.

© PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Let's Stay Together

AL GREEN and ARETHA FRANKLIN sang a duet that rocked the house at the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame opening. Al is touring off his *Your Heart's in Good Hands* CD and Aretha is soaring on the *Waiting to Exhale* soundtrack. Neither needs breathing lessons.

To Thai For

PATCHAREE is from Thailand. She has already graced *Baywatch*, *Baywatch Nights* and the *Rock World '95* video. She graces this body of water, too. Amen.

© PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Our Choice for Rock

The critics and fans agree: Grammy nominee JOAN OSBORNE's bluesy growl is something worth hearing. Her debut, *Relish*, sold more than a million copies.

© LIVERETTE BRADLEY

POWER PLAY

According to its manufacturer, Playcare, Inc., the G. Gordon Liddy's Hardball Politics '96 board game "is so rotten, vile and ruthless that, until now, only politicians would play it." In a presidential race, players have the choice of taking the high road and running a clean campaign or using power, influence and dirty tricks to acquire votes and win the election. Playing pieces are modeled after Messrs. Clinton, Dole and others. Price: $29.95; call 800-731-GAME.

ALL SHOOK UP

We know that James Bond prefers his martinis shaken, not stirred. So if you're looking for the perfect vessels in which to make and serve a vesper (Ian Fleming's name for the Bond martini, which is made with gin, vodka and Lillet), check with C.C. Purdy and Co. in Evanston, Illinois. Its classic nine-ounce martini glass sells in sets of four for $29. The stainless steel Italian-designed cocktail shaker that's also pictured here is $78. Call 800-449-9556 to order.

JOHN SCHELTER

PLAYING THROUGH WITH THE GRATEFUL DEAD

We don't know how many Deadheads golf, but those who don't may want to take up the sport. Custom-made golf bags with the Grateful Dead's signature dancing skeletons are now available for $895 from a company called Limit Dead Editions, while a set of 13 Grateful Dead golf clubs sells for $1850. Plus, there are Dancing Bear golf balls ($15 a half dozen) and club covers ($45 for three). And for a cool day on the links, Limit Dead Editions offers a numbered-series black leather-and-wool varsity jacket ($298) emblazoned with the words GRATEFUL DEAD FOREVER and that famous skull with roses. Phone 954-351-6840 to order.

RECIPES FOR ROMANCE

"Every recipe is tested twice in the kitchen and once in the bedroom" is how the Cooking Couple, Michael and Ellen Albertson, describe the contents of their book *Food as Foreplay*. With chapter titles that include "Champagne Saturday," "Caveman's Delight," "Lobster Love Affair" and "Gooey, Drippy, Slurpy" (no forks allowed), your biggest problem may be deciding who has to get out of bed to do the dishes. There are also recipes for the perfect mimosa and rumrunner. On the same page with the latter are easy-to-follow footprints that show how to do the samba. Sure you will. The book is available in stores for $14.95, or call 800-247-6553.

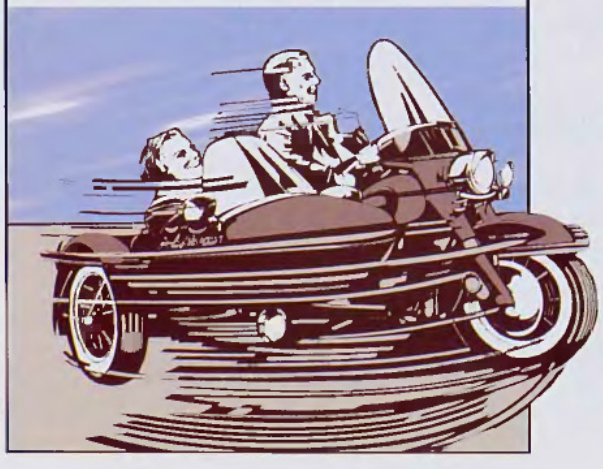
TEATIME ON CLOUD NINE

Cloud Nine, the candy company that offers confections that contain no dairy products or refined sugar, has introduced a new treat—Green Tea Crisp. "I came up with the idea because I love green tea ice cream," says Josh Taylor, chief executive of Cloud Nine. *Chocolatier* magazine calls Green Tea Crisp "the most sophisticated piece of chocolate ever made by Cloud Nine." Price: about $2.50.

STEVE BOSWICK

AND THREE TO GO

Hack'd, "the magazine for and about sidecarists," is devoted to three-wheel motorcycles. "What other vehicle can safely make a 180-degree turn in the width of one lane and maintain a speed of 35 mph?" asks Jim Dodson, the editor of *Hack'd*, adding that "you can't be a sidecarist and an introvert." A subscription (four issues) is $29 sent to P.O. Box 813, Buckhannon, West Virginia 26201.



PETER PALOMBI

BUNNY AND BETTIE TOGETHER AGAIN

Bunny Yeager, the extraordinary pin-up photographer pictured near right, has just published *Bunny Yeager's Foto File*, a 50-page catalog containing 170 black-and-white photos of Bettie Page. The photos, which were taken by Yeager in 1954 and 1955, are available as museum-quality prints in sizes ranging from 8″ x 10″ ($200) to 20″ x 24″ ($750). Black-and-white 16″ x 20″ posters of Bettie in stockings and black lace, in a jungle setting and in the surf are $10. Such a deal. To receive the catalog, send $9 to Yeager at 9301 NE Sixth Avenue, Suite C-311, Miami, Florida 33138.

ALL THAT JAZZ

Davidoff of Geneva, the popular purveyor of cigars, lighters and other elegant tobacconalia, now sells a CD titled *Savor the Flavor of All That Jazz*, which is as smooth and mellow as the company's best smokes. Included in the 12 cuts are Louis Armstrong's rendition of *Just One of Those Things*, Billie Holiday singing *Autumn in New York*, Sarah Vaughn's take on *Lullaby of Birdland* and Count Basie's *April in Paris*. Price: $21. Call 800-328-4365.

HUNG UP ON MICKEY

Mickey & Co., the manufacturer of adult Disney products such as fountain pens, key rings, money clips, ties, stud sets and the handsome wristwatch featured in December's PLAYBOY, has come up with several new items of male apparel that aren't Mickey Mouse. Silk sleepwear goes on sale this spring at major retail outlets, including Macy's, JCPenney, Belks and Dillard's, priced about $22 for boxer shorts and $32 for lounging pants. A one-size-fits-most silk robe sells for a mere $75. Can an elegant Mickey Mouse smoking jacket be far behind?

DAN CLYNE

NEXT MONTH

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

COMPUTER TRICKS

DEATHBALL

TWIN PEAKS

THE DEVILS OF DON SIMPSON—NO HOLLYWOOD PRODUCER LIVED AS LARGE AS DON SIMPSON. HIS FRIENDS WERE RICH AND FAMOUS, HIS SUCCESSES WERE PHENOMENAL. UNFORTUNATELY, SO WERE HIS EXCESSES, WHICH MAY EXPLAIN WHY HE DIED AT THE AGE OF 52. A TALE OF AGONY AND ECSTASY BY **BERNARD WEINRAUB**

PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF JAZZ & ROCK: THE EIGHTIES—MADONNA GETS MATERIAL, GRUNGE GOES NATIONAL AND RAPPERS SET THE RECORD STRAIGHT. PART NINE IN A SERIES BY **DAVID STANDISH**

A MAN'S GUIDE TO "MELROSE PLACE"—PETER WON'T REST UNTIL HE STEALS AMANDA FROM BOBBY, BILLY THINKS HE'S RID OF BROOKE AND MICHAEL REMARRIED KIMBERLY, WHO IS SLIGHTLY PSYCHOTIC (BUT, HEY, NOBODY'S PERFECT). A PRIMER FOR THE PRIME-TIME IMPAIRED BY **BRENDAN BABER** AND **ERIC SPITZNAGEL**

CENSORSHIP IN CYBERSPACE—WHO'S OUT TO JAM THE FREE FLOW OF INFORMATION? HAVE YOU BEEN BLEEPED WITHOUT KNOWING IT? WHAT CAN BE DONE? AN IMPORTANT REPORT BY **EDWIN DIAMOND** AND **STEPHEN BATES**

DEATHBALL—IT'S THE YEAR 2045. YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY TO THE WORLD SERIES AND YOU'RE TRYING TO CHEER UP THE BEST PITCHER ON YOUR TEAM—A WOMAN WITH A PROBLEM. FICTION BY **ASA BABER**

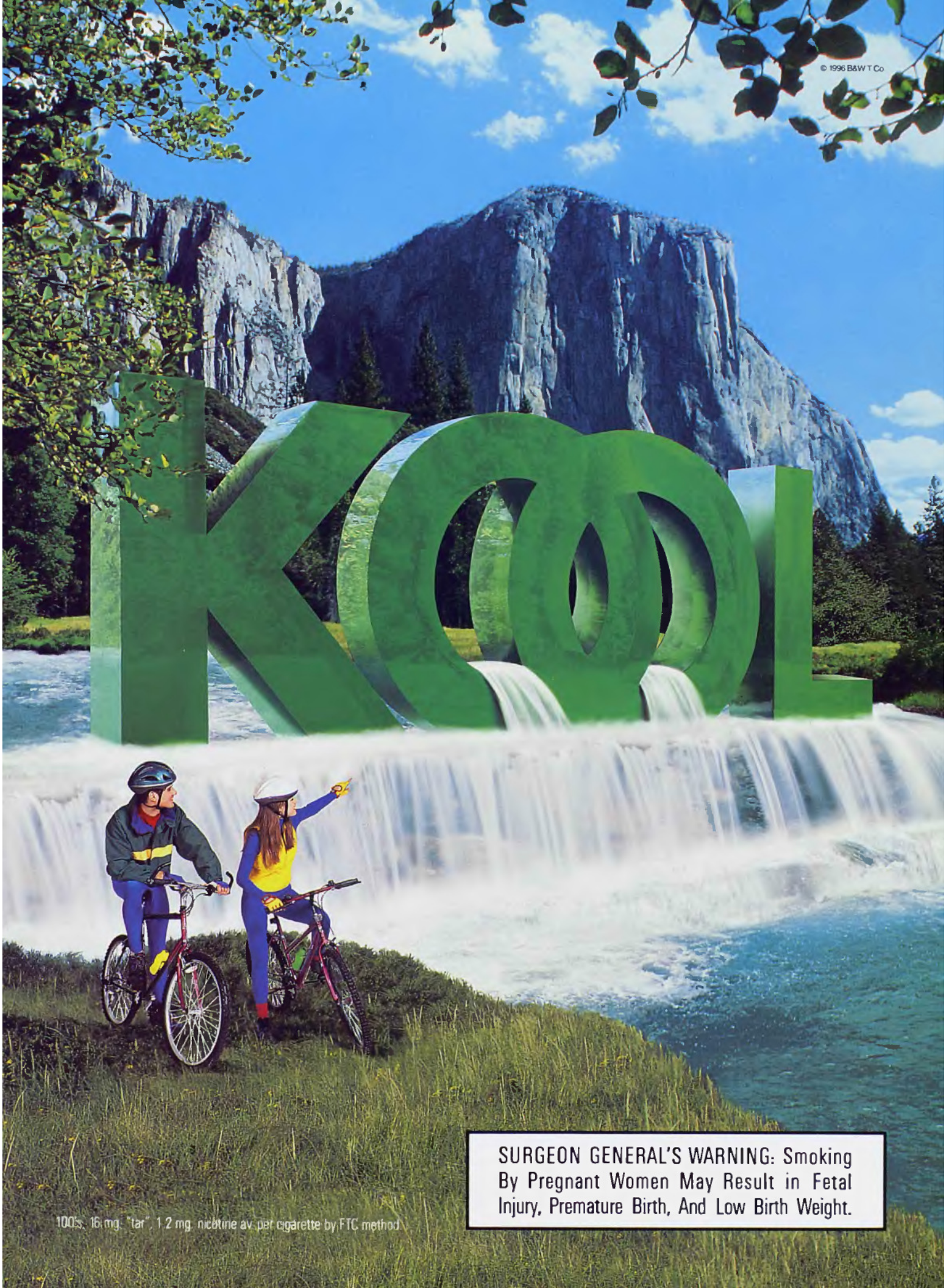
DENNIS MILLER—THE PUNDIT WHO TOOK HIS SHOW ON THE ROAD WAXES WRYLY ABOUT POP CULTURE, THE STATE OF THE STATE AND HIS OWN TWISTED PSYCHE. A PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **DAVID RENSIN**

COMPUTRICKS—YOUR PC HAS MORE POWER THAN THE APOLLO MOON SHOT, SO HAVE A BLAST. CREATE WEB PAGES, GO TO SCHOOL, GET DATES, GET RICH—THE FANCY STUFF MADE EASY BY **TED C. FISHMAN**

PEAKS SENSATION—RUSS MEYER'S LATEST FIND IS THE HORNYCOPIA WITH THE—WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT. **PANDORA PEAKS** IS THIS MONTH'S CIRCULATION BUSTER

JULIA LOUIS-DREYFUS—SEINFELD FOIL AND BEST GAL PAL REVEALS ELAINE'S SECRET DYSFUNCTION, WHY SHE LOVES PAJAMAS AND WHEN A MAN IS SPONGE-WORTHY—20 QUESTIONS BY **DAVID RENSIN**

PLUS: OUR GIFT BONANZA FOR DADS AND GRADS, SUMMER SWIMWEAR, A TERRIFIC MISS JUNE, THE ASTON MARTIN—JAMES BOND'S CAR—AND OUR ANNUAL BIT OF HEAVEN, THE **PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR**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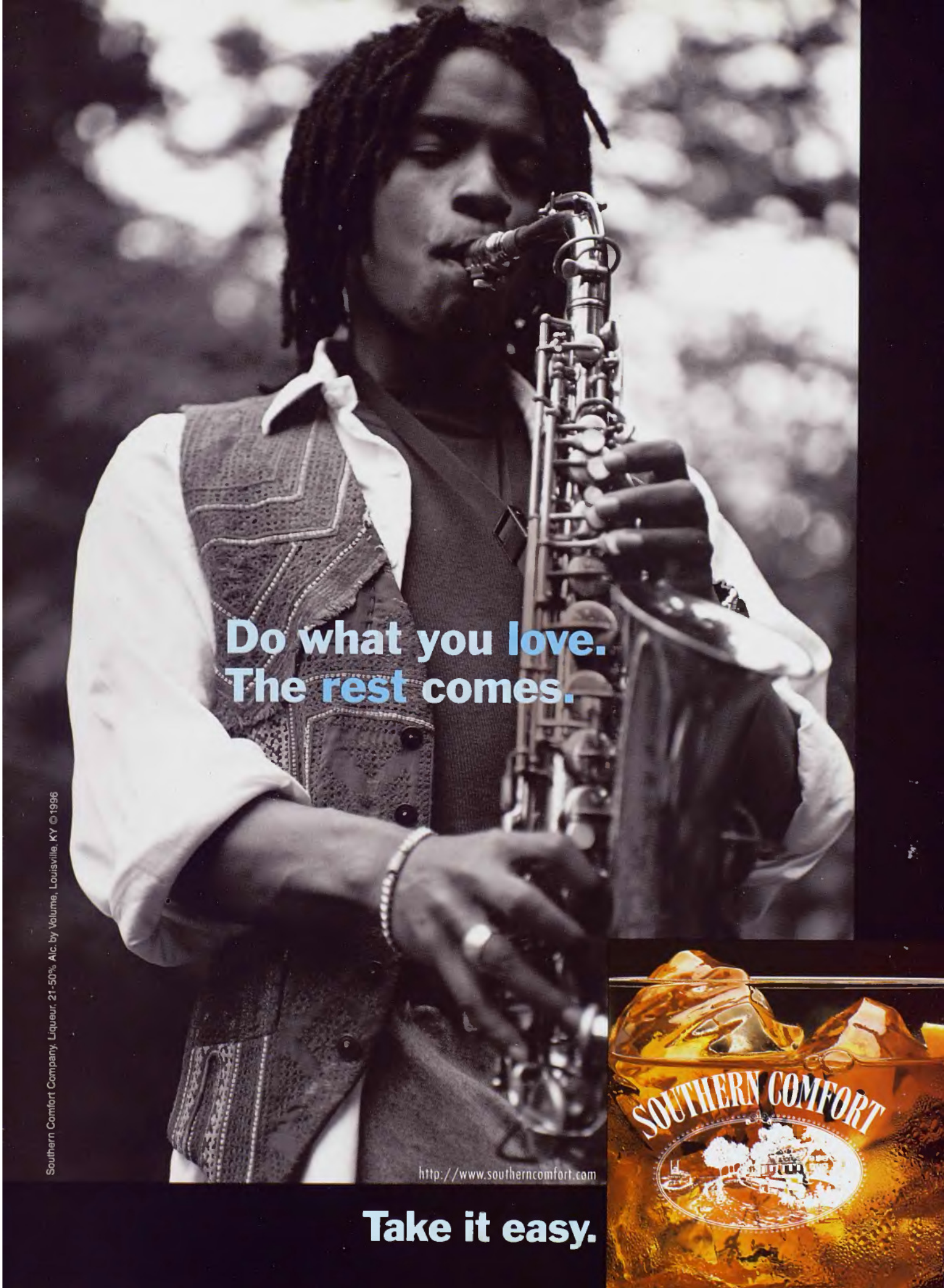
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